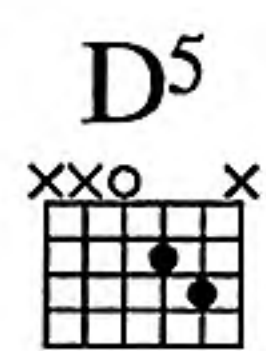
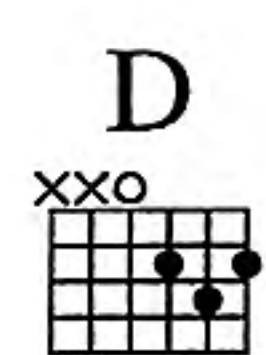
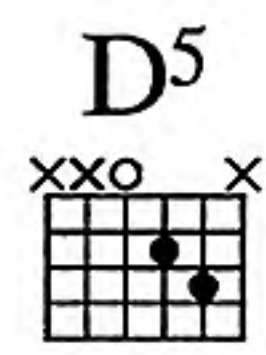


# Time To Pretend

Words & Music by Andrew Vanwyngarden & Benjamin Goldwasser

♩ = 101



1. I'm feel-ing rough, I'm feel-ing raw, I'm in the prime of my life.\_\_\_\_  
2. I'll miss the play-grounds and the an - i - mals and dig-ging up worms.

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Gadd9



Let's make some mu-sic, make some mon-ey, find some mod-els for wives..  
I'll miss the com-fort of my moth-er and the weight of the world..

D<sup>5</sup>



I'll move to Par-is, shoot some  
I'll miss my sis-ter, miss my

Gadd9

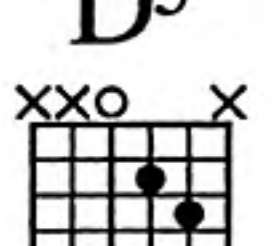


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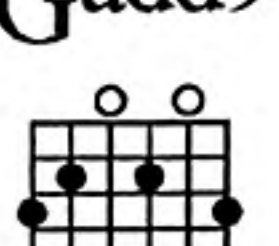


her-o-in and fuck with the stars.\_\_\_\_  
fa-ther, miss my dog and my home.\_\_\_\_

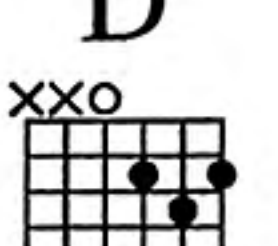
D<sup>5</sup>



Gadd9



D



You man the is-land and the co-caine and the el-e-gant cars.\_\_\_\_  
Yeah, I'll miss the bore-dom and the free-dom and the time spent a-lone.\_\_\_\_






This is our de - ci - sion, to live fast and die young.  
 But there is real - ly noth - ing, noth - ing we can do.





We've got the vi - sion, now let's have some fun.\_\_\_\_  
 Love must be for - got - ten, life can al - ways start a - new.\_\_\_\_





The





Yeah, it's o - ver - whelm - ing, but what else can we do? Get jobs in of - fic - es and  
 mod - els will have child - ren, we'll get a di - vorce. We'll find some more\_ mod - els,\_\_\_\_







wake up for the morn-ing news.  
 ev - 'ry - thing must run it's course.





For - get a - bout our  
 We'll choke on vom - it and





moth - ers and our friends.  
 that will be the end.

We're fat - ed to pre - tend.  
 We were fat - ed to pre - tend.





To pre - tend. We're



Gmaj<sup>7</sup> D Gmaj<sup>7</sup> D

fa - ted to pre-tend.\_\_\_\_ To pre-tend.\_\_\_\_

1. Gmaj<sup>7</sup> 2. Gmaj<sup>7</sup> D

Said, yeah yeah\_ yeah.\_\_\_\_

Gmaj<sup>7</sup> D Gmaj<sup>7</sup>

Yeah yeah\_ yeah.\_\_\_\_ Yeah yeah\_ yeah.\_\_\_\_

D Gmaj<sup>7</sup> D

— Yeah yeah yeah.\_\_\_\_