

| I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw        |  |  |  |  |
|---|--|--|--|--|
| I'm in the prime of my life               |  |  |  |  |
| Let's make some music, (1) some money     |  |  |  |  |
| Find (2) models for wives                 |  |  |  |  |
| I'll move to Paris                        |  |  |  |  |
| Shoot some heroin and (3) with the stars  |  |  |  |  |
| You man the island                        |  |  |  |  |
| And the cocaine and the elegant cars      |  |  |  |  |
| This is our decision                      |  |  |  |  |
| To live fast and die young                |  |  |  |  |
| We've got the vision                      |  |  |  |  |
| Now let's have (4) fun                    |  |  |  |  |
| Yeah, it's overwhelming                   |  |  |  |  |
| But what (5) can we do                    |  |  |  |  |
| Get jobs in offices                       |  |  |  |  |
| And wake up for the morning commute       |  |  |  |  |
| Forget about our mothers and our friends  |  |  |  |  |
| We're fated to pretend                    |  |  |  |  |
| To pretend                                |  |  |  |  |
| We're (6) to pretend                      |  |  |  |  |
| To pretend                                |  |  |  |  |
| I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals |  |  |  |  |
| And digging up worms                      |  |  |  |  |
| I'll miss the comfort of my mother        |  |  |  |  |
| And the (7) of the world                  |  |  |  |  |

## Fill in the gaps

I'll miss my sister, (8)\_\_\_\_\_ my father

| Miss my dog and my home         |        |                 |
|---------------------------------|--------|-----------------|
| Yeah, I'll miss the (9)         |        | and the freedom |
| And the time spent alone        |        |                 |
| But there is really nothing     |        |                 |
| Nothing we can do               |        |                 |
| Love must be forgotten          |        |                 |
| Life can always start up anew   |        |                 |
| The models will have children   |        |                 |
| We'll get a divorce             |        |                 |
| We'll find some (10)            | models |                 |
| Everything must run it's course |        |                 |
| We'll choke on our vomit        |        |                 |
| And that will be the end        |        |                 |
| We were fated to pretend        |        |                 |
| To pretend                      |        |                 |
| We're fated to pretend          |        |                 |
| To pretend                      |        |                 |
| I said yeah, yeah, yeah         |        |                 |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah                |        |                 |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah                |        |                 |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah                |        |                 |
|                                 |        |                 |
|                                 |        |                 |



- 1. make
- 2. some
- 3. fuck
- 4. some
- 5. else
- 6. fated
- 7. weight
- 8. miss
- 9. boredom
- 10. more

## Fill in the gaps