

Fill in the gaps

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw			
I'm in the prime of my life			
Let's make (1) music, make some money			
Find some models for wives			
I'll move to Paris			
Shoot some heroin and fuck 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 (2) fun			
Yeah, it's overwhelming			
But what else can we do			
Get jobs in offices			
And (3) up for the morning commute			
Forget (4) our mothers and our friends			
We're (5) to pretend			
To pretend			
We're fated 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 weight of the world			

I'll miss my sister, miss n	ny father		
Miss my dog and my home			
Yeah, I'll miss the (6) and the freedom			
And the time spent alone			
But there is really nothing			
Nothing we can do			
Love must be forgotten			
Life can (7)	(8)	up anew	
The (9)	will have childre	en	
We'll get a divorce			
We'll (10) some more 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			



- 1. some
- 2. some
- 3. wake
- 4. about
- 5. fated
- 6. boredom
- 7. always
- 8. start
- 9. models
- 10. find

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