

I'm feeling rough, I'm (1) ra	w
I'm in the prime of my life	
Let's make some 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 (2)	cars
This is our decision	
To live fast and die young	
We've got the vision	
Now let's have some fun	
Yeah, it's overwhelming	
But what else can we do	
Get (3) in offices	
And wake up for the morning commute	
Forget (4) our mothers and our f	riends
We're fated to pretend	
To pretend	
We're fated to pretend	
To pretend	
I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals	
And (5) up worms	
I'll miss the comfort of my mother	
And the weight of the world	

Fill in the gaps

I'll miss my sister, miss my father
Miss my dog and my home
Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom
And the (6) spent alone
But there is really nothing
Nothing we can do
Love must be forgotten
Life can always (7) up anew
The models will have children
We'll get a divorce
We'll find some more models
Everything must run it's course
We'll choke on our vomit
And (8) 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



Fill in the gaps

- 1. feeling
- 2. elegant
- 3. jobs
- 4. about
- 5. digging
- 6. time
- 7. start
- 8. that