

## Fill in the gaps

I'm feeling rough, I'm (1)\_ raw 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ heroin and fuck with the stars You man the island And the (3)\_\_\_\_\_ and the (4)\_\_ cars This is our decision To live (5) \_\_\_\_\_ 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 jobs in offices And (6) up for the morning commute Forget about our mothers and our friends We're fated 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 my father Miss my dog and my home Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom And the (7)\_\_\_\_\_ (8)\_\_\_\_\_ alone But there is really nothing Nothing we can do Love must be forgotten Life can always start up anew The (9)\_\_\_\_\_ will have children 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, yeah



- 1. feeling
- 2. some
- 3. cocaine
- 4. elegant
- 5. fast
- 6. wake
- 7. time
- 8. spent
- 9. models
- 10. find

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