

Fill in the gaps

I'm feeling rough, I'm (1)	raw	I'll miss my sister, miss my father
I'm in the prime of my life		Miss my dog and my home
Let's make some music, make some mone	у	Yeah, I'll (6) the boredom and the freedom
Find some models for wives		And the time spent alone
I'll move to Paris		But (7) is really nothing
Shoot some heroin and fuck (2)	the stars	Nothing we can do
You man the island		Love must be forgotten
And the cocaine and the elegant cars		Life can always start up anew
This is our decision		The models will (8) children
To live fast and die young		We'll get a divorce
We've got the vision		We'll find some more models
Now let's have some fun		Everything must run it's course
Yeah, it's overwhelming		We'll choke on our vomit
But what else can we do		And (9) will be the end
Get jobs in offices		We were fated to pretend
And wake up for the morning commute		To pretend
Forget about our mothers and our friends		We're fated to pretend
We're (3) to pretend		To pretend
To pretend		I said yeah, yeah
We're fated to pretend		Yeah, yeah, yeah
To pretend		Yeah, yeah, yeah
I'll miss the (4)	and the animals	Yeah, yeah, yeah
And digging up worms		
I'll miss the comfort of my mother		
And the (5) of the world		



1. feeling

- 2. with
- 3. fated
- 4. playgrounds
- 5. weight
- 6. miss
- 7. there
- 8. have
- 9. that

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