

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling 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 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 some fun

Yeah, it's overwhelming

But what else can we do

Get jobs in offices

And (1)\_\_\_\_\_ up for the morning commute

Forget about our mothers and our friends

We're fated to pretend

To pretend

We're (2)\_\_\_\_\_ to pretend

To pretend

I'll (3)\_\_\_\_\_ the playgrounds and the animals

And digging 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, (4) my father
Miss my dog and my home
Yeah, I'll miss the (5) 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 (6) have children
We'll get a divorce
We'll (7) (8) more models
Everything must run it's course
We'll choke on our vomit
And that (9) be the end
We were fated to pretend
To pretend
We're fated to pretend
To pretend
I (10) yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah



- 1. wake
- 2. fated
- 3. miss
- 4. miss
- 5. boredom
- 6. will
- 7. find
- 8. some
- 9. will
- 10. said

## Fill in the gaps