

Fill in the gaps

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 (1) 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 (3) some fun
Yeah, it's overwhelming
But what else can we do
Get jobs in offices
And (4) 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 (5) the (6) 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 time spent alone	
But there is really nothing	
Nothing we can do	
Love must be forgotten	
Life can always start up anew	
The (7) will (8) child	Irer
We'll get a divorce	
We'll find 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 (9) yeah, yeah, yeah	
Yeah, yeah, yeah	
Yeah, yeah	
Yeah, yeah	



- 1. fuck
- 2. elegant
- 3. have
- 4. wake
- 5. miss
- 6. comfort
- 7. models
- 8. have
- 9. said

Fill in the gaps

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