

And the weight of the world

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



- 1. feeling
- 2. some
- 3. some
- 4. heroin
- 5. fast
- 6. what
- 7. mothers
- 8. time
- 9. have

Fill in the gaps