

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 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 (2) our mothers and our friends					
We're (3) 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 (4) the comfort of my mother					
And the weight of the world					

l'II (	ō) r	ny sister,	miss	my father		
Miss my dog and my home						
Yeal	n, I'll miss the	boredom	and	the freedo	m	
And	the time spen	t alone				
But	(6)	is (7)_			nothing	
Noth	ing we can do	)				
Love	must be forg	otten				
Life	can always (8	3)		up anew		
The models will have children						
We'll get a divorce						
We'll find some more models						
Ever	ything must ru	ın it's cou	ırse			
We'll	choke on our	rvomit				
And (9) will be the end						
We١	were (10)		to pr	etend		
Тор	retend					
We'r	e fated to pret	tend				
Тор	retend					
I said	d yeah, yeah,	yeah				
Yeal	n, yeah, yeah					
Yeah, yeah, yeah						
Yeah, yeah						



## 1. wake

- 2. about
- 3. fated
- 4. miss
- 5. miss
- 6. there
- 7. really
- 8. start
- 9. that
- 10. fated

## Fill in the gaps