

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 (1)_____ and die young We've got the vision Now let's have (2)_____ fun Yeah, it's overwhelming But what else can we do Get jobs in offices And wake up for the morning commute Forget about our mothers and our friends We're fated to pretend To pretend We're fated to pretend

I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals

I'll miss the (3)_____ of my mother
And the (4)_____ of the world

To pretend

And digging up worms

Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. fast
- 2. some
- 3. comfort
- 4. weight
- 5. miss
- 6. models
- 7. find
- 8. choke
- 9. fated
- 10. said

Fill in the gaps