

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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ for wives I'll (2)\_\_\_\_\_ to Paris Shoot some heroin and fuck (3)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 wake up for the morning commute Forget about our mothers and our friends We're fated to pretend To pretend We're (4)\_\_\_\_\_ to pretend To pretend I'll miss 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, miss my father
Miss my dog and my home
Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom
And the (5) spent alone
But there is really nothing
Nothing we can do
Love (6) be forgotten
Life can always start up anew
The models will have children
We'll get a divorce
We'll find some more models
Everything (7) run it's course
We'll choke on our vomit
And (8) will be the end
We were fated to pretend
To pretend
We're fated to pretend
To pretend
I said yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah



## 1. models

- 2. move
- 3. with
- 4. fated
- 5. time
- 6. must
- 7. must
- 8. that

## Fill in the gaps