

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw

I'm in the prime of my life

## Fill in the gaps

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 (1) 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 (2) to pretend	
To pretend	
I'll miss the (3) a	and the animals
And digging up worms	
I'll miss the comfort of my mother	
And the weight of the world	

I'll (4) my sister, (5)	my father
Miss my dog and my home	
Yeah, I'll miss the (6)	and the freedom
And the time (7) alone	
But (8) is really nothing	
Nothing we can do	
Love must 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 must run it's course	
We'll choke on our vomit	
And that (9) 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. else
- 2. fated
- 3. playgrounds
- 4. miss
- 5. miss
- 6. boredom
- 7. spent
- 8. there
- 9. will

## Fill in the gaps