

## I'm feeling rough, I'm (1)\_\_\_\_ raw I'm in the (2)\_\_\_\_\_ of my life Let's (3)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 wake up for the morning commute Forget about our (4)\_\_\_\_\_ and our friends We're fated to pretend To pretend We're (5)\_\_\_\_\_ to pretend To pretend I'll (6)\_\_\_\_\_ the playgrounds and the animals And digging up worms I'll miss the (7)\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ 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 (8)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 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 (9)\_\_\_\_\_ will be the end We were fated to pretend To pretend We're (10)\_\_\_\_\_ to pretend To pretend I said yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah



- 1. feeling
- 2. prime
- 3. make
- 4. mothers
- 5. fated
- 6. miss
- 7. comfort
- 8. miss
- 9. that
- 10. fated

## Fill in the gaps