

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 (1)____ cars This is our decision To (2)_____ fast and die young We've got the vision Now let's have some fun Yeah, it's overwhelming But (3)_____ (4)___ can we do Get jobs in offices And (5)_____ up for the morning commute Forget about our mothers and our friends We're fated to pretend

I'll (6)_____ the playgrounds and the animals

And (7)_____ up worms
I'll miss the comfort of my mother
And the weight of the world

To pretend

To pretend

We're fated to pretend

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 (9) 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 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, yeah



1. elegant

- 2. live
- 3. what
- 4. else
- 5. wake
- 6. miss
- 7. digging
- 8. miss
- 9. there

Fill in the gaps