

Fill in the gaps

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw	I'll miss my sister, (8) my father
I'm in the prime of my life	Miss my dog and my home
Let's (1) some music, make (2) money	Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom
Find some models for wives	And the time (9) alone
I'll (3) to Paris	But (10) is really nothing
Shoot some heroin and fuck (4) the stars	Nothing we can do
You man the island	Love must be forgotten
And the cocaine and the elegant cars	Life can always start up anew
This is our decision	The models will have children
To live fast and die young	We'll get a divorce
We've got the vision	We'll find some more models
Now let's have (5) fun	Everything must run it's course
Yeah, it's overwhelming	We'll choke on our vomit
But what else can we do	And that will be the end
Get (6) in offices	We were fated to pretend
And wake up for the morning commute	To pretend
Forget about our mothers and our friends	We're fated to pretend
We're fated to pretend	To pretend
To pretend	I said yeah, yeah
We're fated to pretend	Yeah, yeah
To pretend	Yeah, yeah
I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals	Yeah, yeah, yeah
And (7) up worms	
I'll miss the comfort of my mother	
And the weight of the world	



- 1. make
- 2. some
- 3. move
- 4. with
- 5. some
- 6. jobs
- 7. digging
- 8. miss
- 9. spent
- 10. there

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