

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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ fun

Yeah, it's overwhelming

But what (3)\_\_\_\_ 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 time spent alone

But there is (5)\_\_\_\_\_ nothing

Nothing we can do

Love must be forgotten

Life can always start up anew

The models will (6)\_\_\_\_\_ children

We'll get a divorce

We'll find some (7)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (8)\_\_\_\_\_ yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. some
- 2. some
- 3. else
- 4. fated
- 5. really
- 6. have
- 7. more
- 8. said