

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw

I'll miss the comfort of my mother And the weight of the world

Fill in the gaps

I'm in the (1) of my life
Let's (2) some music, (3) (4)
money
Find some models for wives
I'll (5) to Paris
Shoot some heroin and (6) 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 (7) else 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 fated to pretend
To pretend
I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals
And digging up worms

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 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 (8)_____ 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 Yeah, yeah, yeah



Fill in the gaps

- 1. prime
- 2. make
- 3. make
- 4. some
- 5. move
- 6. fuck
- 7. what
- 8. choke