

Fill in the gaps

\_\_ rough, I'm feeling raw l'm (1)\_\_\_ I'm in the prime of my life Let's make some music, make (2) 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 (3)\_\_\_ \_ commute Forget about our mothers and our friends We're (4)\_\_\_\_\_ to pretend To pretend We're fated to pretend To pretend I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals And (5)\_\_\_\_\_ up worms I'll miss the comfort of my mother And the (6)\_\_\_\_\_ of the world

I'll miss my sister, (7)\_\_\_\_\_ my father Miss my dog and my home Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom And the time spent alone But (8) 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 (9)\_\_\_\_\_ yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah



- 1. feeling
- 2. some
- 3. morning
- 4. fated
- 5. digging
- 6. weight
- 7. miss
- 8. there
- 9. said

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