

I'm feeling rough, I'm (1)\_\_\_\_\_

## Fill in the gaps

I'm in the (2) of my life
Let's make some music, make (3) money
Find some models for wives
I'll move to Paris
Shoot (4) 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 morning commute
Forget about our mothers and our friends
We're fated to pretend
To pretend
We're (5) to pretend
To pretend
I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals
And digging up worms
I'll miss the (6) of my mother
And the weight of the world

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 (7)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (9)\_\_\_\_\_ 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



- 1. feeling
- 2. prime
- 3. some
- 4. some
- 5. fated
- 6. comfort
- 7. have
- 8. choke
- 9. will

## Fill in the gaps