

Fill in the gaps

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw		I'll miss my sister, miss my father	
I'm in the prime of my life		Miss my dog and my home	
Let's make (1) music, (2) some money		Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom	
Find some models for wives		And the time spent alone	
I'll (3) to Paris		But there is really nothing	
Shoot (4) heroin and fuck with the stars		Nothing we can do	
You man the island		Love must be forgotten	
And the (5) 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 (6) fun		Everything must run it's course	
Yeah, it's overwhelming		We'll choke on our vomit	
But what else can we do		And (10)	will be the end
Get (7) 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, yeah	
I'll (8) the (9)	and the	Yeah, yeah, yeah	
animals			
And digging up worms			
I'll miss the comfort of my mother			
And the weight of the world			



- 1. some
- 2. make
- 3. move
- 4. some
- 5. cocaine
- 6. some
- 7. jobs
- 8. miss
- 9. playgrounds
- 10. that

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