

Fill in the gaps

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 some (1) and fuck (2)
stars
You man the island
And the cocaine and the (3) cars
This is our decision
To live fast and die young
We've got the vision
Now let's have (4) fun
Yeah, it's overwhelming
But what (5) can we do
Get (6) in offices
And wake up for the morning commute
Forget about our (7) 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 (8) up worms
I'll miss the comfort 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 the 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 (9)_____ 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 said yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah



- 1. heroin
- 2. with
- 3. elegant
- 4. some
- 5. else
- 6. jobs
- 7. mothers
- 8. digging
- 9. find

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