

## Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. some
- 2. models
- 3. some
- 4. wake
- 5. mothers
- 6. playgrounds
- 7. miss
- 8. boredom
- 9. must

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