

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw

I'll miss the comfort of my mother And the weight of the world Fill in the gaps

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 heroin and fuck with the stars
You man the island
And the (1) 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 (2) our mothers 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 digging up worms

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 (3) spent alone
But there is (4) nothing
Nothing we can do
Love must be forgotten
Life can always start up anew
The models will (5) children
We'll get a divorce
We'll (6) more models
Everything must run it's course
We'll choke on our vomit
And that (8) be the end
We (9) fated to pretend
To pretend
We're fated to pretend
To pretend
I said yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah



Fill in the gaps

- 1. cocaine
- 2. about
- 3. time
- 4. really
- 5. have
- 6. find
- 7. some
- 8. will
- 9. were