

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw
I'm in the (1) of my life
Let's make some music, make some money
Find some models for wives
I'll move to Paris
Shoot (2) 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 (3) some fun
Yeah, it's overwhelming
But what (4) can we do
Get (5) in offices
And (6) up for the morning commute
Forget about our mothers and our friends
We're fated to pretend
To pretend
We're (7) to pretend
To pretend
I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals
And digging up worms
I'll miss the comfort of my mother
And the weight of the world

Fill in the gaps

i ii miss my sister, miss my ratner
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 (8) be forgotten
Life can always (9) up anew
The models will have children
We'll get a divorce
We'll find some more models
Everything must run it's course
We'll choke on our vomit
And that (10) 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



1. prime

- 2. some
- 3. have
- 4. else
- 5. jobs
- 6. wake
- 7. fated
- 8. must
- 9. start
- 10. will

Fill in the gaps