

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 some music, (1) some money	Yeah, I'll (5) the boredom and the freedor
Find some models 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 (6) 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 (2) some fun	Everything must 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 (3) 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 (4) to pretend	To pretend
To pretend	I (7) yeah, yeah, yeah
We're fated to pretend	Yeah, yeah
To pretend	Yeah, yeah
I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals	Yeah, yeah
And digging up worms	
I'll miss the comfort of my mother	
And the weight of the world	



Fill in the gaps

- 1. make
- 2. have
- 3. jobs
- 4. fated
- 5. miss
- 6. will
- 7. said