

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, (1) some mone
Find some models for wives
I'll move to Paris
Shoot some heroin and fuck with the stars
You man the island
And the cocaine and the elegant cars
This is our decision
To (2) 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 (3) in offices
And wake up for the morning commute
Forget about our mothers and our friends
We're fated to pretend
To pretend
We're fated to pretend
To pretend
I'll (4) the playgrounds and the animals
And (5) up worms
I'll miss the comfort of my mother
And the weight of the world

I'll miss my sister, r	niss my father	
Miss my dog and m	y home	
Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom		
And the (6)	spent alone	
But there is (7)	nothing	
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 find some (8) models		
Everything must run it's course		
We'll choke on our	vomit	
And (9)	will be the end	
We (10)	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. make
- 2. live
- 3. jobs
- 4. miss
- 5. digging
- 6. time
- 7. really
- 8. more
- 9. that
- 10. were

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