

## 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 (1) music, make some money		Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom	
Find some models for wives		And the (7)	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 (8) some more models	
Now let's have some fun		Everything must run it's course	
Yeah, it's overwhelming		We'll choke on our vomit	
But (2) else can we do		And that will be the end	
Get jobs in offices		We were fated to pretend	
And wake up for the morning commute		To pretend	
Forget about our (3)	and our friends	We're fated to prete	end
We're fated to pretend		To pretend	
To pretend We're fated to pretend		I said yeah, yeah, yeah	
		Yeah, yeah	
To pretend		Yeah, yeah, yeah	
I'll miss the (4)	and the animals	Yeah, yeah, yeah	
And digging up worms			
I'll (5) the (6) of my mother			
And the weight of the world			



- 1. some
- 2. what
- 3. mothers
- 4. playgrounds
- 5. miss
- 6. comfort
- 7. time
- 8. find

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