

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

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, make some money	Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom
Find some models for wives	And the (6) spent alone
I'll move to Paris	But (7) is really nothing
Shoot (1) heroin and fuck (2) 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 (3) fast and die young	We'll get a divorce
We've got the vision	We'll find some (8) models
Now let's (4) 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 jobs in offices	We (9) 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 fated to pretend	To pretend
To pretend	I said yeah, yeah
We're fated to pretend	Yeah, yeah, yeah
To pretend	Yeah, yeah, yeah
I'll (5) the playgrounds and the animals	Yeah, yeah, yeah
And digging up worms	



Fill in the gaps

- 1. some
- 2. with
- 3. live
- 4. have
- 5. miss
- 6. time
- 7. there
- 8. more
- 9. were