

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw

I'm in the prime of my life

Let's make some music, make some money

Find some models for wives

I'll move to Paris

Shoot some heroin and (1)\_\_\_\_\_ with the stars

You man the island

And the cocaine and the (2)\_\_\_\_ cars

This is our decision

\_ and die young To live (3)\_\_\_

We've got the vision

Now let's have (4)\_\_\_\_\_ fun

Yeah, it's overwhelming

But what else can we do

Get jobs 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 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'll miss my sister, miss my father

Miss my dog and my home Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom And the time spent alone But (5)\_\_\_\_\_ is really 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 (6)\_\_\_\_\_ models Everything must run it's course We'll choke on our vomit And that will be the end

We (7)\_\_\_\_\_ fated to pretend

To pretend

We're fated to pretend

To pretend

I (8)\_\_\_\_\_ yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah



## Ansv 1. fuck

- 2. elegant
- 3. fast
- 4. some
- 5. there
- 6. more
- 7. were
- 8. said

## Fill in the gaps