

## Fill in the gaps

I'm (1) rough, I'm feeling	raw	I'll miss my sister, (5) my father
I'm in the prime of my life		Miss my dog and my home
Let's make some music, make some mone	y	Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom
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 (2)	cars	Life can always start up anew
This is our decision		The models will (6) 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 have some fun		Everything (7) run it's course
Yeah, it's overwhelming		We'll (8) on our vomit
But what else can we do		And that will be the end
Get jobs in offices		We were (9) to pretend
And wake up for the (3)	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 miss the (4)	and the animals	Yeah, yeah, yeah
And digging up worms		
I'll miss the comfort of my mother		
And the weight of the world		



- 1. feeling
- 2. elegant
- 3. morning
- 4. playgrounds
- 5. miss
- 6. have
- 7. must
- 8. choke
- 9. fated

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