

Fill in the gaps

rm reeling rough, rm reeling raw			i ii miss my sister, miss my father	
I'm in the (1) 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 time spent alone	
I'll move to Paris			But there is really nothing	
Shoot some (2)	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 find some more models	
Now let's have some fun			Everything (8)	run it's course
Yeah, it's overwhelming			We'll choke on our vomit	
But what else can we do			And that (9)	be the end
Get (3) in offices			We were fated to pretend	
And wake up for the (4) 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 (10) yeah, yeah, yeah	
We're (5) to pretend		Yeah, yeah, yeah		
To pretend		Yeah, yeah, yeah		
I'll (6) the (7)		and the	Yeah, yeah, yeah	
animals				
And digging up worms				
I'll miss the comfort of my mothe	r			
And the weight of the world				



- 1. prime
- 2. heroin
- 3. jobs
- 4. morning
- 5. fated
- 6. miss
- 7. playgrounds
- 8. must
- 9. will
- 10. said

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