

Fill in the gaps

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw	I'll (8) my sister, miss my father
I'm in the (1) of my life	Miss my dog and my home
Let's (2) some music, (3) 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 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 (9) have children
To live fast and die young	We'll get a divorce
We've got the vision	We'll (10) 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 what else can we do	And that will be the end
Get (4) in offices	We were fated to pretend
And (5) up for the morning commute	To pretend
Forget about our mothers and our friends	We're fated to pretend
We're (6) to pretend	To pretend
To pretend	I said yeah, yeah, yeah
We're fated to pretend	Yeah, yeah, yeah
To pretend	Yeah, yeah, yeah
I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals	Yeah, yeah, yeah
And (7) up worms	
I'll miss the comfort of my mother	
And the weight of the world	



1. prime

- 2. make
- 3. make
- 4. jobs
- 5. wake
- 6. fated
- 7. digging
- 8. miss
- 9. will
- 10. find

Fill in the gaps

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