

Fill in the gaps

I'm (1)	rough, I'm feeling raw
I'm in the (2)	of my life
Let's make some music, make some money	
Find some models for wives	
I'll (3) to Paris	,
Shoot some (4)	and fuck with the stars
You man the island	
And the cocaine and the	(5) cars
This is our decision	
To live fast and die young	
We've got the vision	
Now let's have some fun	
Yeah, it's overwhelming	
But what else can we do	
Get jobs in offices	
And (6) up for	the morning commute
Forget (7)	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	

I'll (8) 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 there is really nothing	
Nothing we can do	
Love must be forgotten	
Life can always (9) up anew	
The models will have children	
We'll get a divorce	
We'll find some (10) models	
Everything must run it's course	
We'll choke on our vomit	
And that will be the end	
We were fated to pretend	
To pretend	
We're fated to pretend	
To pretend	
I said yeah, yeah	
Yeah, yeah	
Yeah, yeah	
Yeah, yeah	



- 1. feeling
- 2. prime
- 3. move
- 4. heroin
- 5. elegant
- 6. wake
- 7. about
- 8. miss
- 9. start 10. more

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