

## Fill in the gaps

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw		I'll miss my sister, miss my father	
I'm in the prime of my life		Miss my dog and my home	
Let's make (1) music, (2) 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 (3)	and the elegant cars	Life can (8)	start up anew
This is our decision		The models (9)	_ have children
To (4) fast and die young		We'll get a divorce	
We've got the vision		We'll find (10) 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 jobs 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	
To pretend		Yeah, yeah	
I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals		Yeah, yeah, yeah	
And digging up worms			
I'll miss the (7) of my mother			
And the weight of the wo	rld		



- 1. some
- 2. make
- 3. cocaine
- 4. live
- 5. wake
- 6. fated
- 7. comfort
- 8. always
- 9. will
- 10. some

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