

Fill in the gaps

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw		
I'm in the prime of my life		
Let's make (1) music, make some money		
Find (2) models for wives		
I'll move to Paris		
Shoot some heroin and fuck with the stars		
You man the island		
And the (3) and the (4)		
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 wake up for the morning commute		
Forget about 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 (5) up worms		
I'll (6) the comfort of my mother		

And the weight of the world

I'll (7) my sister, (8)_	my father
Miss my dog and my home	
Yeah, I'll miss the (9)	and the freedom
And the time spent alone	
But there is (10)	nothing
Nothing we can do	
Love must be forgotten	
Life can always start up anew	
The models will have children	
We'll get a divorce	
We'll find some more 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, yeah	
Yeah, yeah, yeah	



- 1. some
- 2. some
- 3. cocaine
- 4. elegant
- 5. digging
- 6. miss
- 7. miss 8. miss
- 9. boredom
- 10. really

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