

Fill in the gaps

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw
I'm in the prime of my life
Let's make some music, make (1) money
Find some models for wives
I'll move to Paris
Shoot (2) heroin and fuck with the stars
You man the island
And the cocaine and the (3) cars
This is our decision
To live fast and die young
We've got the vision
Now let's (4) 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 digging up worms
I'll miss the comfort of my mother
And the weight of the world

I'll miss my sister, miss my father
Miss my dog and my home
Yeah, I'll miss the (5) and the freedom
And the (6) spent alone
But there is really nothing
Nothing we can do
Love must be forgotten
Life can (7) start up anew
The models will have children
We'll get a divorce
We'll find some (8) 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



1. some

- 2. some
- 3. elegant
- 4. have
- 5. boredom
- 6. time
- 7. always
- 8. more

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