

And the weight of the world

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 some music, make 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 (7) nothing
Shoot some (1) and fuck (2) the	Nothing we can do
stars	Love must be forgotten
You man the island	Life can always start up anew
And the cocaine and the (3) cars	The (8) will have children
This is our decision	We'll get a divorce
To (4) fast and die young	We'll find (9) more models
We've got the vision	Everything must run it's course
Now let's have some fun	We'll choke on our vomit
Yeah, it's overwhelming	And that will be the end
But what else can we do	We (10) fated to pretend
Get jobs in offices	To pretend
And wake up for the morning commute	We're fated to pretend
Forget (5) our mothers and our friends	To pretend
We're fated to pretend	I said yeah, yeah
To pretend	Yeah, yeah
We're fated to pretend	Yeah, yeah
To pretend	Yeah, yeah
I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals	
And digging up worms	
I'll miss the (6) of my mother	



1. heroin

- 2. with
- 3. elegant
- 4. live
- 5. about
- 6. comfort
- 7. really
- 8. models
- 9. some
- 10. were

Fill in the gaps