

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw				
I'm in the prime of my life				
Let's make some music, make some money				
Find some (1) for wives				
I'll move to Paris				
Shoot some heroin and fuck with the stars				
You man the island				
And the cocaine and the elegant 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 (2) 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 (3)_____ the comfort of my mother

And the weight of the world

Fill in the gaps

I'll (4)_____ my sister, miss my father

Miss my dog ar	d my home		
Yeah, I'll miss t	ne boredom	and the fr	eedom
And the time (5	5)	_ alone	
But (6)	is (7)_		nothing
Nothing we can	do		
Love must be fo	orgotten		
Life can always	start up ane	·W	
The models will	have childre	en	
We'll get a divo	rce		
We'll find some	more model	s	
Everything mus	t run it's cou	rse	
We'll choke on	our vomit		
And that will be	the end		
We were fated	to pretend		
To pretend			
We're fated to p	retend		
To pretend			
I (8)	yeah, yeah,	yeah	
Yeah, yeah, yea	ah		
Yeah, yeah, yea	ah		
Yeah, yeah, yea	ah		



1. models

- 2. what
- 3. miss
- 4. miss
- 5. spent
- 6. there
- 7. really
- 8. said

Fill in the gaps

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