

## Fill in the gaps

| rough, i'm reeling raw                    | r ii miss my sister, miss my ratner         |
|---|---|
| I'm in the prime of my life               | Miss my dog and my home                     |
| Let's make some music, (2) (3) 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 cocaine and the elegant cars      | Life can always (8) up anew                 |
| This is our decision                      | The models will have children               |
| To (4) fast and die young                 | We'll get a divorce                         |
| We've got the vision                      | We'll find some 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 wake up for the morning commute       | To pretend                                  |
| Forget about our mothers and our friends  | We're fated to pretend                      |
| We're fated to pretend                    | To pretend                                  |
| To pretend                                | I said yeah, yeah, yeah                     |
| We're (5) to pretend                      | Yeah, yeah, yeah                            |
| To pretend                                | Yeah, yeah, yeah                            |
| I'll miss the (6) and the animals         | Yeah, yeah, yeah                            |
| And digging up worms                      |   |
| I'll miss the comfort of my mother        |   |
| And the (7) of the world                  |   |



## 1. feeling

- 2. make
- 3. some
- 4. live
- 5. fated
- 6. playgrounds
- 7. weight
- 8. start

## Fill in the gaps