

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw

Fill in the gaps

I'm in the prime of my life
Let's make some music, make some money
Find some models for wives
I'll move to Paris
Shoot some heroin and fuck with the stars
You man the island
And the (1) 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 what else can we do
Get jobs in offices
And wake up for the morning commute
Forget (2) 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 ii miss my sister, miss my father
Miss my dog and my home
Yeah, I'll (3) the (4) and the
freedom
And the time spent alone
But there is (5) nothing
Nothing we can do
Love must be forgotten
Life can always start up anew
The (6) will have children
We'll get a divorce
We'll find some more models
Everything (7) run it's course
We'll choke on our vomit
And (8) 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. cocaine
- 2. about
- 3. miss
- 4. boredom
- 5. really
- 6. models
- 7. must
- 8. that

Fill in the gaps