

Fill in the gaps

I'm feeling rough, I'm (1)	raw
I'm in the prime of my life	
Let's make some music, make son	ne money
Find (2) models for wive	es
I'll (3) to Paris	
Shoot some heroin and fuck with the	ne stars
You man the island	
And the cocaine and the (4)	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 comr	mute
Forget about our mothers and our	friends
We're fated to pretend	
To pretend	
We're (5) to pretend	
To pretend	
I'll miss the (6)	and the animals
And digging up worms	
I'll miss the (7) o	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 boredom and the freedom	
And the time (8) alone	
But (9) is really nothing	
Nothing we can do	
Love must be forgotten	
Life can always start up anew	
The models will have children	
We'll get a divorce	
We'll find some more models	
Everything must run it's course	
We'll (10) 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, yeah, yeah	



- 1. feeling
- 2. some
- 3. move
- 4. elegant
- 5. fated
- 6. playgrounds
- 7. comfort
- 8. spent
- 9. there
- 10. choke

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