

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 models 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 (1)_____ 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 (2)____ _____ and the animals And (3)_____ up worms I'll (4)_____ the (5)____ _____ of my mother

Fill in the gaps

I'll miss my sister, (6)_____ my father Miss my dog and my home Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom And the time spent alone But there is really nothing Nothing we can do Love must be forgotten _____ up anew Life can always (7)_ The models will have children We'll get a divorce We'll (8)_____ some more models Everything must run it's course We'll choke 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

And the weight of the world



- 1. what
- 2. playgrounds
- 3. digging
- 4. miss
- 5. comfort
- 6. miss
- 7. start
- 8. find

Fill in the gaps