

Lost Generation

Colin Hay

Beautiful girl, from the southland
I don't quite understand, but I know who you are
Last night you told me about your sister
How you loved and how you missed her
I don't know why but you say that you like me
But sometimes yeah, you despise me

You tell me you're the lost generation
So much anger, and so much frustration
It's not your fault it's the situation
When all you want is to rest your body

Under the sun, in the long grass
Your life has not been fun this is clear
You don't understand why
Everybody else has got every little thing
You joined a group but you don't sing
I know that you've got things to say
You want tomorrow, when it's still today

You tell me you're the lost generation
I saw you talk on Face the Nation
You want the truth, you seek salvation
But you got no time, you got no patience
Your daddy's a big shot in construction
Your mother's just had liposuction
You thought that your life came with a list of
instructions
All you want is to lay your body down

It's love that we seek
The future looks
Sometimes we feel so small
Hate the ones who spoiled it all

You tell me you're the lost generation
All you want is a good occupation
Then you drink too much you spit damnation
Start to sound like my old poor relations
But don't worry darling it'll be alright
There's nothing to win nobody to fight
What seems wrong may soon be right
Under the moon we'll lay our bodies down

Lay our bodies down in the long grass under the sun
Lay our bodies down down down