

Generation Y

Thea Gilmore

Four o'clock in the morning and my coffee got cold And I've been watching the streetlamps flick off with the dawn So I take a deep breath inwards and my hair's pulled down my throat I look up at the sky ask "do you mind if I smoke?"

La da da, la da da, la da da da da da Oh, oh, la da da da da da La da da, la da da, la da da da da da Talkin' bout de generation

And what about democracy and what about equality? We're all asking the age old question so what about me? And we turn to face the cameras pointing knives towards each others back Saying I'm a product of my generation. You could make a film about that

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And the bigwigs down on fleet street are cashing in on this parade Selling hot dogs by disaster zones counting every dollar made And we pay out for the gossip and the latest on our own demise Like the prints supposed to be our ears, like the screens supposed to be our eyes

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You said that it meant nothing You said that you just met her Well as far as your excuses go baby You could do better

La da da, la da da, la da da da da da Oh, oh, la da da da da da La da da, la da da, la da da da da da Talkin' bout de generation Said I'm talkin' bout degeneration Said I'm talkin' bout degeneration