

Generica

Winger

My land is wide
My skies are blue
My goals are high
My mark is you

My hands are red
My legs are long
My word is spread
Be it right or wrong

Good luck getting me to commit
My a.k.a. is hypocrite
Rather be bullying the underfed
And treat you like you got a hole in your head

I go...
Right round pushing out the riff raff
No matter where it came from
Never mind the wisdom
Only see it my way
Take it or the highway
Welcome to the land of Generica

My grass is green
My bonds are junk
My truth looks sheen
My soul's in a funk

My eyes are blind
My talk is cheap
My heart is fickle
My tax is steep

Try my McNuggets and a side of fries
Just might kill you off but never-mind
Call my doctor to set up a time
Two hundred grand oughta do just fine

I go...
Right round pushing out the riff raff
No matter where it came from
Never mind the wisdom
You only have two choices
Guest list or black list
Welcome to the land of Generica

Don't go thinking outside of the box
Might have to kick you right in the crotch
Stick with me Mr. Stereotype
You know it man, I'll keep you up on the hype

I go...
Right round imposing my creation
Mass produce it for you
Everything looks brand new
Put it all on credit
A hundred years to pay it

Force you to agree
While your smiling at me
Whoopee!

I go...
Right round pushing out the riff raff
No matter where it came from
Never mind the wisdom
Only see it my way
Take it or the highway
Welcome to the land of Generica, Generica