

# 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