Generation

Count Zero

We're here to cut the ropes off!
And get your hands untied!
Greet my generation
With yer arms open wide!
Yeah, meet my generation
We feed our morals no pride.
Meet my generation
We don't take our quarrels outside.
(no, we'd rather sing)
"Fomp Fomp Fomp, biddle-ee-bomp bomp."

Meet my generation
If we're pissed we'll say.
We won't bottle it 'til it comes out
Some convoluted way.
My generation
Leaves that crap behind.
We tolerate most any faith,
Any state of mind.

Meet my generation.
Please, ma'am just the facts.
We feel no need to spill no seed
But Truth upon these tracks.
Yeah, meet my generation
We don't fall in love with things.
Instead we save our soul to crave the gold
In human beings.
(let me hear ya say)
"Fomp Fomp Fomp, biddle-ee-bomp bomp."

My generation
Don't believe the hype.
We've seen too many false prophets
Crowned in twenty-point type.
My generation,
We're through playing cool.
We follow no bland recipes,
Make up our own rules.

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