

Velvet Generation

Douwe Bob

I really don't think you should judge a book by it's cover
Oh my God, what are they wearing?
Give me a break

Born in a free land, brought up by soft hands, cruisin' the left lane
Paint by numbers, results [?], go the game plan
Silver tongues and rusty lungs
My love and hate relation of velvet generation

Too rich to try
But too poor to buy
Too smart to fool yourself into thinking that this is the life
You're too young to reach
But too old to teach
We got everything, or do we have nothing at all?

Sweet escape, you got to sugarcoat
We hit the ground running on a perfect robe
Give me love, give me real
Give me something I can feel, now
Senses are all bubblewrapped
All high on medication of blurry generation

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But too poor to buy
Too smart to fool yourself into thinking that this is the life
You're too young to reach
But too old to teach
And we got everything, or do we have nothing at all?

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