

## 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 da La da da, la da da, la da 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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generation

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

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