

Generation Of Me

Tor Miller

I'm a lazy, entitled, petulant little monkey
An STD-riddled telephone junkie
Test's reveal nothing but states got my money now

I live for badges and tragic notifications
I tip my hat at the cheapest of imitation
A show of hand maybe damage my reputation in town
So I don't get out

Race around the house in a frenzied infatuation
The lens of the living dead, the limits of imagination
My dearest, my dedication, my mirror, my medication
I dose with no hesitation
Make way its the generation of me
Generation of me
Generation of me
Oh yeah

I took a stab at my better-half
Slept in the back of a hearst
I did it all for a photograph
A good second verse or whatever works

You had a show now you're blowing up
And I only wanted a shirt
Don't ever count on me showing up
Indifference the curse of this universe
Well I'd try to help, but I'd only make it worse

Fact of the matter is we are growing up fast
There's a chaos that we've built and the graduating class
Keeps on breaking up with the future, mistaking it for the past
But what if it doesn't take us back?

Don't it freak you out?
Don't it freak you out?
Don't it freak you out?
Don't it freak you out?

Pace around the room in a tomb of my masturbation
Allergic to confrontation, I text every conversation
One nation under the thumb of behavior optimization
Sedation, summer vacation
Go gay for the generation of me
The generation of me
The generation of me