

# Machine Head, Blank Generation

They say we been  
going down and going  
down  
Been traveling on the road  
to nowhere  
Going down, round and  
round  
Trying to get to the place  
where we started  
When I was just a boy  
at four years old thought  
the world was joy  
As a kid I'd play, just  
create the day  
as I saw it my way  
But time blows by  
And strips us to the bone  
poisoned wind of woe  
Teach us that we're  
alone in this world  
We learned to see all the  
corruption and greed  
All its hate, all its pain, so  
a toast to the end of our  
innocence  
A toast to our blank generation  
They say we been  
going down, been going  
down  
Been traveling on the road  
to nowhere  
Going down, round and  
round  
Trying to get to the place  
where we started  
When I was seventeen  
realizing the world wasn't  
what she seemed  
Underneath the night San  
Francisco sky  
I would see, too clearly  
But time blows by  
And strips us to the bone  
poisoned wind of woe  
Teach us that we're  
alone in this world  
We learned to take all the  
corruption and greed  
All its hate, all its pain, so  
a toast to the end of our  
innocence  
A toast to our blank generation  
So here's to our collagen  
lips and saline tits  
To our growth hormones  
and antibiotics  
To the Hollywood world  
we made out of Barbie doll  
hearts  
After we melted them down  
so we could make our new  
start  
Here's to a generation  
scared and always

wondering why  
Instead of playing doctor,  
we play shoot each other  
and die  
Instead of ring around the  
Rosie, we play hide from  
Mommy  
'Cause Mommy's been drinking  
again and we don't  
want to get beat  
Even with all our tattoos,  
and all our cheap thrills  
there's still a hole inside  
of us that may not ever get  
filled  
So we give back a little bit  
of what the world's given  
us  
Giving back a bit of never  
giving a fuck  
Here's to the justice never  
dealt, to innocent, proven  
guilty  
Here's to bad cops turning  
cheeks when real cops are  
on the street  
Here's to the rat-tat-n-tat  
of gun shots, and your life  
is shattered  
Here's to "Gimme me your  
cash or your brains is  
gettin' splattered"  
Here's to mad cow disease  
and all that yummy MSG  
Here's to Mickey d's serving  
all those mutant chick-a-dees  
This is a toast to celebrate  
the end of our innocence  
This is a toast to celebrate  
how...  
We've become desensitized  
if life is to grow  
some life must die  
We learned to take all the  
corruption and greed  
All its hate, all its pain, so  
a toast to the end of our  
innocence  
our generation  
We now embrace all the  
corruption  
and greed, all its hate, all  
its pain, so  
a toast to the end of our  
innocence  
our blank generation.