

# Starfield, My Generation

There is something more  
Hello, we're going down the hallway to the door  
We know there's something more.  
Our soul has got a hole, we know, but what's it waiting for?  
Scattered in the streets like dreams and gasoline  
The things we wanna be, are scattered in the streets  
And if we're coming clean, we seem to know we're incomplete  
How do we feel? How do we feel?  
My Generation is aching for real  
Dying for love, crying for truth  
My Generation is aching for You  
A country of our own, is all we're asking for  
A place to call our home, a country of our own  
We know it must be close, our souls are searching through the cold, the cold, the cold...