

Thea Gilmore, Generation Y?

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, la da, la da da da da da da
Oh, oh, la da da da da da da
La da, la da, la da da da da da da
Talkin' bout degeneration

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 backs
Saying I'm a product of my generation. You could make a film about that

La da, la da, la da da da da da da
Oh, oh, la da da da da da da da
La da, la da, la da da da da da da
Talkin' bout degeneration

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

La da, la da, la da da da da da da
Oh, oh, la da da da da da da da
La da, la da, la da da da da da da

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

La da, la da, la da da da da da da
Oh, oh, la da da da da da da da
La da, la da, la da da da da da da
Talkin' bout degeneration
Said I'm talkin' bout degeneration
Said I'm talkin' bout degeneration