

# Whiskeytown, Blank Generation

I was saying let me out of here before I was even born  
It's such a gamble when you get a face  
It's fascinatin' to observe what the mirror does  
But when I dine it's for the wall that I set a place

I belong to the blank generation and  
I can take it or leave it each time  
I belong to the generation but  
I can take it or leave it each time

Triangles were fallin' at the window as the doctor cursed  
He was a cartoon long forsaken by the public eye  
The nurse adjusted her garters as I breathed my first  
The doctor grabbed my throat and yelled, "god's consolation prize!"

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To hold the tv to my lips, the air so packed with cash  
Then carry it up flights of stairs and drop it in the vacant lot  
To lose my train of thought and fall into your arms' tracks  
And watch beneath the eyelids every passing dot

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