

B.R.M.C. (Black Rebel Motorcycle Club) "Generation"

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I don't feel at home in this generation
The ones without a need they ain't got a reason
I've been feeling alone in this generation

I've had a realization
No one really listens nothing's really there
I'm choosing sides
I'm keeping up with you and your invasion eyes
You got the world in a coma
You put the knife in our back and no one even cares

I've been feeling alone in this generation
I ain't found the need I ain't found the reason
I got nowhere to go in this generation

You're ready to take them on
You're ready to take them on
You're ready to take it
I've had a realization

Don't tell me to listen nothing's ever there
I'm choosing sides
I'm keeping up with you and your invasion eyes
You got the world in a coma and the trick bag
You put the knife in our back and no one even cares

I think I've had enough of this generation

Ain't you bad enough
I think I had enough of this generation
The ones without a need they ain't got a reason
I don't feel at home in this generation

You're ready to take them on
You're ready to take them on
You're ready to take it

I've had a realization
No one really listens nothing's really there
I'm choosing sides
I'm keeping up with you and your invasion eyes
You got the world in a coma

You put the knife in our back and no one even cares

Ain't you had enough
I've had enough

Don't fuck with me
Don't fuck with me
Don't fuck with me
Don't fuck with me

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