

Geraldine Quinn

"(Talkin' 'Bout My) Carcinogeneration"

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Sometimes I'm feeling lonely
Sometimes my edges fray
The weather's cold and miserable
I feel a little grey
But I know of a secret place
That helps me clear my head
It's between the glowing insides
Of an ultraviolet bed

I'm mad for melanoma
I'm crazy for skin cancer
And when you're feeling all washed out
A solarium's the answer
So pop your pinhole goggles on
Lie down on fluorescent tubes
Because apart from your looks, your health, your life
You've got a-nothing you can lose

We don't care for melanin
This is the carcinogeneration
Long sleeves in summer is a sun
This is the carcinogeneration
There's no such thing as beauty inside
You're not sexy until you're thoroughly fried
And your complexion's as thick as a donkey's hide
You're in the carcinogeneration

Take your kit off at the beach
All the sunscreen is a joke
Sunbathing makes you gorgeous
And it lasts longer than a smoke
Broil, flambe and baste yourself
Why hide it all within?
Who wants tumours tucked away inside?
Wear yours proudly on your skin!

You can count your moles and spots
This is the carcinogeneration
While your largest organ rots
Under the UV radiation
They reckon some can't admit
That when they're orange they look shit

Just get your arse on the spit!
Become a member of the carcinogeneration

Dipped in oil and lie in the heat to bake
Until you've gone the colour of an old potato cake
Each beauty spot's a ticking time bomb waiting to
explode
And a flap of skin is clinging to what's remaining of
your nose
There's no charm in freckles; cook yourself till they
blend in
Then on your overexposed skin
So you cut it out and run to the sun to get some colour
on that scar
Until your face is so weatherbeaten your family don't
know who you are

How much damage could it do
To be the carcinogeneration?
Your tits look like the mirror image of a
This is the carcinogeneration
You make your sunbed on which you lie
Burn yourself till the day you die
So you can look like you're a granny when you're
twenty-five
This is the carcinogeneration

Your skin looks like a leather purse
And bleaching your hair only makes it worse
A tan is no good in a hearse
This is the carcinogeneration

This is the carcinogeneration
This is the C-A-R-C-I-N-O-G-E-N-E-R-A-T-I-O-N
Pretty sure that spells...
Carcinogeneration

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