

## **Lowest Of The Low "Last Lost Generation"**

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You'll never make wine out of these grapes of wrath  
The bells are tolling and our ship is sinking fast

And this brave new world we're living in,  
The walls are tar the roof is tin  
It seems the revolution has become a sin  
Nothing but humiliation for the last, lost generation  
I can't believe we're gonna go through that again

I'd go downtown and drink some Guinness from a tin  
But I'm flat broke and my U.I. ain't coming in

And excuse me if I take my time, she used to be a  
friend of mine  
It feels weird standing in her unenjoyment line  
In the Catholic mission of her mind, I'm down and out  
on my behind  
But I remember her soup kitchen used to taste so fine

(Jackboots) The dream you bury  
(Dog-hoops) Is the torch you carry  
(Bad news) But is it necessary to fade away?

Whoops, there goes another thousand city workers  
The tightrope walkers of this economic circus

And before you build that Hooverville  
Beware the "Triumph of the Will",  
Is just around the corner in a movie-still  
And I have got some mouths to fill,  
And I think you should take a pill  
And learn a lesson from the boys on Suicide Hill

I suffer from a slight hallucination  
I share it with this whole lost generation

So pass the needle and the spoon  
A cool death in the afternoon  
I never thought mortality would come so soon  
Or I could sit inside my room  
Ejaculate another tune  
And masturbate the day away like poets do

So true... You are the one

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