

Os Mutantes

"Blank Generation"

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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 fascinating 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 falling 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, gods
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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