

## Thea Gilmore "Generation Y?"

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Four o'clock in the morning and my coffee got cold  
And I've been watching the streetlamps flick off with  
the dawn  
So I take a deep breath inwards and my hair's pulled  
down my throat  
I look up at the sky ask "do you mind if I smoke?"

La da da, la da da, la da da da da da da  
Oh, oh, la da da da da da da  
La da da, la da da, la da da da da da da  
Talkin' bout degeneration

And what about democracy and what about equality?  
We're all asking the age old question so what about  
me?  
And we turn to face the cameras pointing knives  
towards each others back  
Saying I'm a product of my generation. You could make  
a film about that

La da da, la da da, la da da da da da da  
Oh, oh, la da da da da da da  
La da da, la da da, la da da da da da da  
Talkin' bout degeneration

And the bigwigs down on fleet street are cashing in on  
this parade  
Selling hot dogs by disaster zones counting every  
dollar made  
And we pay out for the gossip and the latest on our own  
demise  
Like the prints supposed to be our ears, like the  
screens supposed to be our eyes

La da da, la da da, la da da da da da da  
Oh, oh, la da da da da da da  
La da da, la da da, la da da da da da da  
Talkin' bout degeneration

You said that it meant nothing  
You said that you just met her  
Well as far as your excuses go baby

You could do better

La da da, la da da, la da da da da da da

Oh, oh, la da da da da da da

La da da, la da da, la da da da da da da

Talkin' bout degeneration

Said I'm talkin' bout degeneration

Said I'm talkin' bout degeneration

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