

Generation Y

By Peter Roberts

Why did we get up to die generation,
I got a toupee on my mind generation,
Suck it 'til it all runs dry generation,
Why why why...?

When you get so high but you don't know what it means,
Like a vandalised slush puppy machine,
Like the fashionable rips appearing in my jeans,
Wave a plastic flag at a golden carriage.
I'm a psychopath with a bunch of keys,
I'm a paper jam with 2.9% APR,
I'm an ass licker,
I'm a soul sucker,
I'm oozing out of a sausage and bean melt,
Waving my plastic flag...

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I don't drink and drive or have the odd line once in a while,
I don't dress up like a lady in secret,
I never think about blowing up the White House,
I got hope for salvation but I don't know why.
I felt sick so I took an anti sickness pill,
I felt disconnected so I bought a new telephone,
Got a payment plan and a fake sun tan,
Some health and safety regulations,
But I just can't relax...

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