

# My Generation

## Starfield

There is something more  
Hello, we're going down  
The hallway to the door  
We know there's something more  
Our soul has got a hole  
We know but what's it waiting for? Scattered in the streets  
Like dreams and gasoline  
The things we wanna be  
Are scattered in the streets  
And if we're coming clean  
We seem to know we're incomplete How do we feel? How do we feel?  
My generation is aching for real  
Dying for love, crying for truth  
My generation is aching for You A country of our own  
Is all we're asking for  
A place to call our home  
A country of our own  
We know it must be close  
Our souls are searching through the cold  
The cold, the cold How do we feel? How do we feel?  
My generation is aching for real  
Dying for love, crying for truth  
My generation is aching for You How do we feel? How do we feel?  
My generation is aching for real  
Dying for love, crying for truth  
My generation is aching for You How do we feel? How do we feel?  
My generation is aching for real  
Yeah, dying for love, crying for truth  
My generation is aching for You

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