

Generation Love

Jennette McCurdy

I found a picture of my mother
In her bell-bottom jeans
Flowers in her hair
Two fingers up for peace
In that Polaroid she smiled, a grown up baby boomer
Maybe mama walked down the wild side
Walking on the moon
What will they say about us?
I've heard stories about my grandpa
Child of the Great Depression
How growing up broke creates
And deep and dark impression
He sits in a rocker down at the veterans' home
Even when I go to visit
He still rocking all alone
What will they say about us?
They call us generation lost
Or generation greed
Or the connected generation
To a plasma screen
Or a generation why
Enough is not enough
Or maybe they'll call us
Generation love, generation love
We are children of divorce
Victims of dysfunction
We spell check, of course
And GPS the proper junction
We've gotten pretty good at shifting all the blame
But I think I hear an old song
Calling my new name
Generation love
Not generation lost
Or generation greed
Or the connected generation
To a plasma screen
Or a generation why
Enough is not enough
Or maybe they'll call us
Generation love, oh, generation love
And when they open up our time capsule
A hundred years from now
Maybe they'll look inside
And see we figured out
How to live with less
And give ourselves away
Just maybe they'll call us
Just maybe they'll call us
Generation love
We are a brand new generation on the rise
Generation love
We are a brand new generation on the rise

(Generation love)
Oh, generation love

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