

# Generation Love

C. Colls

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 got 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  
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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