Generation Love

C. Colls

I found a picture of my mother
In her bell-bottom jeans
Flowers in her hair
Two fingers up for peaceIn 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 impressionHe 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 screenOr a generation why
Enough is not enough
Or maybe they'll call us
Generation love, generation loveWe are children of divorce
Victims of dysfunction
We spell check, of course
And GPS the proper junctionWe've gotten pretty good at shifting all the blame
But I think I hear an old song
Calling my new name
Generation loveNot generation lost
Or generation greed
Or the connected generation
To a plasma screen or a generationOr a generation why
Enough is not enough
Or maybe they'll call us
Generation love, oh, generation loveAnd when they open up our time capsule
A hundred years from now
Maybe they'll look inside
And see we figured outHow to live with less
And give ourselves awayJust maybe they'll call us
Just maybe they'll call us
Generation loveWe 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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