

Generation Handclap

Library Voices

Used up your best days working on yourself
Trying to turn your bones and blood into something you could sell
Something you could pawn off as intelligent
You spend your whole life working on your health
Until one day your atoms disassemble and go on to form something else
Try telling that to your therapist Well, we stand for nothing, sugar, it's just generation drunk-text
Gonna love you like a cherub, gonna leave you like a lap dance
Oh, you wanna save it, oh, you wanna save the world
You keep pouring out your heart but all I ever hear is oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh Oh, oh-oh-oh oh

Ode to generation handclap

Oh, oh-oh-oh oh

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Ode to generation handclap

Oh, oh-oh-oh oh

Ode to generation handclap A movement without motion
Like altered states or religious grace
All the chemical burns and miracle cures
The target market debates, mercury in retrograde
The boyfriend cannon fodder, the dragonfly blotter
Another complicated lover, another pharmaceutical summer
They say you are what you read
Well you can be Coupland, I'll be Murakami

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