

Alice Cooper, Generations Landslide

Please clean the plates, dear.
The Lord above can see ya.
Don't you know people are starving in Korea?
Alcohol and razor blades and poison and needles,
Kindergarten people - they use 'em, they need 'em.
Over-indulging machines were their children.
There wasn't a way down on Earth to cool 'em,
'Cause they look just like humans at Kresges and Woolworths.
But decadent brains were at work to destroy.
Brats in battalions were ruling the streets,
Sayin' generation landslide closed the gap between 'em.
And I laugh to myself at the men and the ladies
Who never conceived of us billion dollar babies.
Militant mothers hiding in their basement
Using pots and pans as their shields and their helmets.
Molotov milk bottles heaved from pink high chairs,
While Mothers' Lib burns birth certificate papers.
Dad gets his allowance from his sonny, the dealer,
Who's public to the world but involved in high finance.
Sister's out 'til five doing banker's son's hours.
But she owns a Maserati that's a gift from his father.
Stopped at full speed at one hundred miles per hour.
The Colgate invisible shield finally got 'em.
And I laugh to myself at the men and the ladies
Who never conceived of us billion dollar babies.