

# Television, Blank Generation

(Hell)

I was sayin' let me outta here before I was even born,  
It's such a gamble when you get a face,  
It's fascinatin' to observe what the mirror does,  
But when I dine it's for the wall that I set a place.

I belong to the blank generation,  
And I can take it or leave it each time.  
I belong to the     generation,  
But I can take it or leave it each time.

Triangles were fallin' at the window as the doctor cursed,  
He was a cartoon long forsaken by the public eye,  
The nurse adjusted her garters as I breathed my first,  
The doctor grabbed my throat and yelled, "God's consolation prize!"

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To hold the TV to my lips, the air so packed with cash,  
Then carry it up flights of stairs and drop it in the vacant lot,  
To lose my train of thought and fall into your arms tracks,  
And watch beneath the eyelids every passing dot

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