

My Generation

Starfield

There is something more
Hello, We're going down the hallway to the door
We know there's something more.
Our soul has got a hole, we know, but what's it waiting for?

Scattered in the streets like dreams and gasoline
The things we wanna be, are scattered in the streets
And if we're coming clean, we seem to know we're incomplete

How do we feel? How do we feel?
My Generation is aching for real
Dying for love, crying for truth
My Generation is aching for You

A country of our own, is all we're asking for
A place to call our home, a country of our own
We know it must be close, our souls are searching through the c
old, the cold, the cold...