

This is a song for one of the godfather's of punk
All the rock star bullshit he wasn't afraid to debunk
Labeled himself a musical commie
When in fact he was everyone's mommy

Gave the kids a good place to go
And the unheard of bands somewhere to show
Now he is dead for over five years
Where are all the tributes for all your careers

NOFX for years made their way
Laughing at what the political punks had to say
Taking the piss out of everyone's anger and passion
While being a shill for the warped sneaker tour fashion

Epitaph, you make us cry and laugh
As you kick back and rake in the cash
You're the chief magnate of the music money machine
Yeah and you could say you fucked up the scene

Raking in fucking millions in dough
What does the scene have to show?
Shrewd business men, you made your big score
For the bands charging thirty dollars at the door

Well you fat cats slap yourselves on the back
Your greed and piggishness are documented facts
You all think you're special and swell
Real punks everywhere hope you burn in hell

So this song is for you Timmy you were true blue
You could see where it was going, you already new
Bad Religion hanging out with Britney Spears
Pink and Rancid helping each others careers

Sell yourself out for better distribution
It's an old line, a shitty solution
Now you're part of the music conglomeration
Selling your punk attitudes to the whole nation

So I am sorry if it all doesn't mean shit to me
This music was supposed to set us free
Not to buy houses up in the Hollywood Hills
All you beautiful so talented people give me the chills