

Hey Bret (You Know What Time It Is)

Cracker

My people came out of the forests and the mountains,
into this unpromising land.
Scratched out a living in this desert valley,
hard living for any man.

It weren't no Eden, as cold as Sweden,
like Hades in the summer time,
We built the cities, we dug the ditches,
we picked the fruit from the vine.

Hey, Bret! You know what time it is?
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Skip forward four generations, comes a great first world nation
But I'm living in the third.
Trying to make a living, playing on my SG Gibson,
Tending bar and sometimes selling herb.

We live like serfs, in this new feudal land
we pay the bills and fight the wars.
I ain't no wobbly, no pinko Commie,
let's start the end times right now!

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