

Cracker "Hey Bret"

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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? (X 4)

Skip forward four generations, comes a great
transformation (not sure about last word)
But I'm living in the (?) - rhymes with 'herb'

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 woppy(?), no pinko Commie; let's start the end
times right now!

Hey, Bret! You know what time it is? (X 4)

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