Last of the Mullets

The Gamits

Bring me your tired and your downtrodden.
Show me what you've got left.
All those referred to as a dying breed.
The last of selflessness.Remember yesteryear when we ruled the scene without a care in the world and nothing to pretend?
I swear this town must be the capital.
You can't leave home without observing many fine examples of uninhibited rock.
These kids don't have a clue when it comes to being cool.
We'll have the last word at the maiden show.Whoa! Send me back to my time so I can be with my kind, forever outside the stadium.
And we'll fight! Fight for what we believe!
What was it we believe? Living this lie is dangerous.We're not going anywhere, oh no.
We're ready to rock out with reckless abandon no foolin'.
We'll throw caution out the window and show all how it's done.

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