

Mr. Jones

NOFX

My name is Mr. Jones
I get inside your bones
I know how to make you tweak
You soon will be my freak Because I know what you need
I control your mind
I roll up your sleeves
I make ties that bind, I've got you You'll soon be begging on your knees
You've got the disease
All your money belongs to me
You've got the disease I can't seem to live without you
Without you what's the point
I wasn't born with a silver burnt spoon
Do I still have any choice?
(No)

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