

Mr. Brett

Snot

Born into the middle class yeah, all you had to do was ask
And mom and dad would give you what you needed
And though I didn't know you then, I know you'll probably defend
And take the stand in the life that you'd been cheated So you adopt a punk rock life, a leather jacket, hair with
spikes
And join a band 'cause you must have a say and though you
Helped out with it that time there's those of us, who keep on
Trying to make a living and not sound like 'Green Day' Trade rags say you're making it
Now you're old, you don't give a shit
Subconsciously fulfilled prophecy
You've become your own nemesis Mr. Brett, we won't pay that fee
To keep you livin' in luxury
Some say genius, some say mistake
But you've become what you used to hate So now we're in the 90's and punk's not what it used to be
It's gone downhill since 1982
And though I liked most of your bands and listen to them, all I can
It's fucked up that you think it's 'cause of you You think that you're still part of the scene nail painted black
Hair dyed dark green for you this mid life crisis has come on strong
Now punk rock's been accepted and they've realized it's not just a fad
Please, stay behind that desk where you belong Punk rock life's been good to
You know corporate punk's the thing to do
Obnoxiously, you raised your fee
You'll see to it we'll all get screwed Mr. Brett, we won't pay that fee
To keep you livin' in luxury
Some say genius, some say mistake
But you've become what you used to hate Stupid, [Incomprehensible]
Don't tell me the truth, there's no excuse
Don't tell me the truth, motherfucker speak out Mr. Brett, we won't pay that fee
To keep you livin' in luxury some
Say genius, some say mistake
But you've become what you used to hate Stupid, [Incomprehensible] Fuck it

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