

# 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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