

Noel Torres**"Mr. Jones"**

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My name is Mister Jones,
I get inside your bones,
I know how to make you tweek,
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!)

Because I know what you need,
I control your mind,
I roll up your sleeves,
I make ties that bind.

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