

Snot

"Mr. Brett"

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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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