

NOFX, Mister Jones

My name is mister jones I get inside your bones I know just 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 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 mr. jones do I still have any choice ?