

# James Lynn Strait, Mr. Brett

Born into the middle class  
Yeah, all you had to do was ask  
& mom & dad would give you what you needed  
& though I didn't know you then  
I know you'll probably defend  
& take the stand in the life that you'd been cheated  
So you adopt a punk rock life  
A leather jacket, hair with spikes  
& join a band  
'Cause you must have a say  
& though you helped out with it that time  
There's those of us, who keep on  
Trying to make a living & 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 & punk's not  
what it used to be  
It's gone downhill since 1982  
& though I liked most of your bands  
& listen to them all I can  
It's f\*\*ked 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  
& 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  
Now Corporate punk's the thing to do  
Obnoxiously, you raised your fee,  
you'll see to it we'll all get screwed.