

# Snot, Mr. Brett

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  
Now Corporate punk's the thing to do  
Obnoxiously, you raised your fee,  
You'll see to it we'll all get screwed.