

Mind Bender

Stillwater

While browsing through a pawn shop I saw this old guitar.
It's keys were bent and rusty, It's body scratched and scarred.

HOLY- MOSES !

Would you believe that guitar began to talk, I swear it did.
Now it's not like your thinkin, I wasn't stoned or drinkin

When I heard that talkin guitar say,
(Talk Box)

My daddy was a GIBSON, My mama was a FENDER.
That's why they call me Mindbender. Mindbender, that's my name.

You better believe it. It was a mind-bending thing.

I said now listen guitar, What you tryin to do?
People will think I'm crazy If they see me talkin to you.

He said,
(Talk Box)
What's that you say?

I said you better hold your tongue.
Now it's not like your thinkin, I wasn't stoned or drinkin.

I swear I heard that guitar say,
(Talk Box)

My daddy was a GIBSON, My mama was a FENDER. That's why they call me Mindbender. Mindbender,
that's my name--my name.

You better believe it brother, It was a mind bending thing.

Lyrics submitted by Merlin.

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