

My Mind Is For Sale

Jack Johnson

Well I head the blinker's on
I heard we're changing lanes
I heard he likes to race I heard there's six or seven words he likes to use
Are always in bad taste
And I heard that "Monday"s just a word we say
Every seven times around
And then we pin the tail on Tuesday
And watch those strings go up and down The elephant in the room begins to dance
The camera zoom into his mouth
Begins to move
Those hateful words he uses
I don't care for your paranoid
"Us against them" walls
I don't care for your careless
"Me first", "gimme gimme" appetite at all And all the real estate in my mind
Is for sale, it's all been sub-divided
Divided into reasons why
My two opposing thoughts at once are fine
The residue from the price tag
On the tip of my tongue
Words don't come, they go
How many likes I gotta get
Before I know the truth
And the truth is
Season three will be a great reason
To forget all about
Reality's a slippery slope
Watch the TV scream and shout it
I don't care for your paranoid
"Us against them", fearful kind of walls
I don't care for your careless
"Me first", "gimme gimme" appetite at all Now I heard the blinker's on
I heard we're changing lanes
I heard we need more space
I heard that six or seven words are in bad taste
It's absurd to believe that we might
Deserve anything
As if its balanced in the end
And the good guys always win I don't care for your paranoid

"Us against them", fearful kind of walls
I don't care for your careless
"Me first", "gimme gimme" appetite at all
With the residue from the price tag
On those two opposing thoughts in my mind
"Us against them" fearful kind of walls
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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