

# My Closed Mind

## Swingin' Utters

don't want to write  
don't want to talk  
don't want to fight  
don't want to fuck  
don't want to clear my mind  
'cause i'm a non-believer, babe  
i won't speak those lines  
i'm not innocent or naive words on long distance lines  
would ease your mind  
and clear my name from any crimes  
maybe a taste of beer and wine  
would by some time  
(or would i just forget my lines?) don't want to hate  
don't want to weep  
don't want to wait  
don't want to walk away  
don't want to give it up  
'cause i'm not the quitting kind  
and i'm a cynic and a clod  
and i don't see the good in all your gods i won't open up at all today  
sing songs so happy and full of praise  
i've shut my mind, stowed it away  
i won't open up at all today

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