

Don't Mind

Jared Blake

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(Yeah, No, I don't mind)I was raised down an old dirt road
Put the grit in my teeth and the gravel in my throat
Put Jesus in my heart and the devil on my mind
Working my hands and the belt on my behindNever been the kind to run
From nobody, I'm a smokin' gun
I'm the bullet in the air and the fire in the night
Blood on your knuckles and a finish to your fightCHORUS
And ('Cause) I don't mind gettin' rowdy
I don't mind gettin' loud
I don't mind gettin' crazy
I don't mind gettin' down
I don't mind gettin' dirty
I don't mind raisin' hell
I don't mind, don't mind very wellWhen I was 16 I had an old Ford
Had rust on the hood, had a dent in the door
Had a big block engine; She was 4-wheel drive
Guess we was doin about 95Blue lights flashed outta my rear view
Small-town cops; nothin' better to do
Tore through a field; rolled the truck 3 times
Lucky for me, I crossed the county lineCHORUSBRIDGE
I am the son of a son of a son of a workin man
That's what I am
Aw, but when Friday comes
I cash my check with bottles in both hands
(Yeah, Yeah-Yeah)CHORUSNo, C'mon!

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