

My Mind Is for Sale

Jack Johnson

Well, I heard the blinker's on
I heard we're changing lanes
I heard he likes to race
I heard that 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
Watch those strings go up and down
And the elephant in the room begins to dance
The cameras 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 subdivided
Divided into reasons why
My two opposing thoughts at once are fine
The residue from the price tag
On the tip of my tongue
The 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
With the residue from the price tag
On those two opposing thoughts in my mind
Us against them fearful kind of walls