

# 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