I don't think I'll ever mind If you ask what's on my mind Do you think that I am blind? You never know what you will find Do you think that this is just? On my mind this is a must On a pie this is the crust My mind is turning into dust I'm a horse you've got my reigns You won't stop messing with my brains I'm dry and hot, I hope it rains I'm getting on the leaving trains I've got to know just what you think It's very important to me Next to shit, you really stink Fuck reality, give me a drink