

# Jack Johnson - My Mind Is For Sale

Tom: G  
Intro: D

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  
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

( D Bm A )  
( D Bm A )

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

[Solo] D Bm A  
D Bm A

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 it's balanced in the end  
And the good guys always win

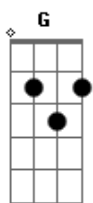
I don't care for your paranoid  
Us against them fearful kind of walls

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

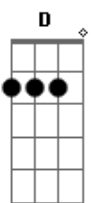
Us against them fearful kind of walls

[Final] D Am G  
D Am G

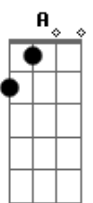
## Acordes



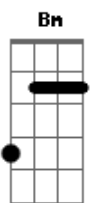
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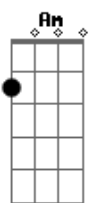
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