

# Where's Your Dirty Mind

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Where's your dirty mind when  
You need it, you left that in your  
8th grade suit, maybe some girls  
Would think it cute if you put it on  
Show 'em what you're made of, yeah  
What happened to love, in it's first stage  
We left that when we wanted more  
Now tell me what should be in store  
Be adventurous, show 'em what  
You're made of, yeah

All this time to die, all this time to die,  
Too much time to die, and I just want to die.  
All this time to die, all this time to die,  
Too much time to die, and I don't wanna die.

Where'd you put your mind, now you need it  
Haven't focused in a while, and don't you

Wish that you could smile,  
Try your hardest, show 'em what you're made of.  
Try your hardest, show 'em what you're made of.  
Try your hardest, show 'em what you're made of.  
Try your hardest, show 'em what you're made of.

Do you feel good, like a sunray  
Does your guitar squeak on the sheets  
And do you feel incomplete, not enough sleep  
Nothing nice around to eat, yeah.

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