

Dirty Minds

Lyrics and vocals by Corwin Fox

Music by David Tschoban, Dean Watson and Jeremy Gatten

2000

Comin' up, comin' up to four thirty
'Cause you know that your mind is dirty
If you don't have a body that is sturdy
At the time when your bird is lookin' perty
And you pick up the guitar and you sit down
Lookin' at the tar in the cracks on the ground
When you knew you walked home on the sidewalk
All you could think was how to talk
To the people that live in your place of residence
'Cause you know that the plants don't make no sense
When the plants are the answer
You know it's the question that is founded
Upon where we were grounded
You know stayin' in your room at night
The bass goin' on in your head causin' a fight
Between your parents
You know it was a sentence
A death sentence
That made you be wrath
And left
For death
Comin' to the MIA
'Cause I had a few things to say
So I laid it down at four thirty
Four thirty
When my mind was dirty