

Avi Buffalo

"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 its 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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Too much time to die, and i don't wanna die.

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