

Jared Blake

"Don't Mind"

Visit "[Don't Mind](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

(Yeah, No, I don't mind)

I was raised down an old dirt road
Put the grit in my teeth and the gravel in my throat
Put Jesus in my heart and the devil on my mind
Working my hands and the belt on my behind

Never been the kind to run
From nobody, I'm a smokin' gun
I'm the bullet in the air and the fire in the night
Blood on your knuckles and a finish to your fight

CHORUS

And ('Cause) I don't mind gettin' rowdy
I don't mind gettin' loud
I don't mind gettin' crazy
I don't mind gettin' down
I don't mind gettin' dirty
I don't mind raisin' hell
I don't mind, don't mind very well

When I was 16 I had an old Ford
Had rust on the hood, had a dent in the door
Had a big block engine; She was 4-wheel drive
Guess we was doin about 95

Blue lights flashed outta my rear view
Small-town cops; nothin' better to do
Tore through a field; rolled the truck 3 times
Lucky for me, I crossed the county line

CHORUS

BRIDGE

I am the son of a son of a son of a workin man
That's what I am
Aw, but when Friday comes
I cash my check with bottles in both hands
(Yeah, Yeah-Yeah)

CHORUS

No, C'mon!

Visit [Jared Blake](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.