# Robbie Seay Band
# "Do You Mind"

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This is a song full of metaphors
All I be needing is
Tobacco and draw
Better let me into your
Country though
Then I can show you what
You're missing me for
I'm a night kind of animal
Got a receiver
What you testing me for
I was scared so I ate 'em all
They tasted good
But they make me look old

And ooh, you teach
Like a toothache,
I'm not here for my sake,
How long will this mickey take
And ooh,
There's heavy entertainment,
Out here on the pavement
The men about you gotta
Get away

Do, ooh ooh, ooh, ooh ya mind,
If I, ii, I, I, ii, I touch ya?
Do, ooh ooh, ooh, ooh ya mind,
If I, ii, I, I, ii, I touch ya?

I'll think you're famous
If that's what ya want
But you can pick your
Own pulpit,
You must fill your own fonts
Bring some wine
And some sensodyne
Then you can be my
Favourite dodo
Anyone fancy Monaco
I'm a placebo they're
Chasing me fool

Don't be scared
You could eat 'em all
They taste good
But they make you look old

Ooh, you sick little cup cake,
You could be a keepsake,
You jukebox to generate
And ooh,
I'm heavy entertainment
In need of containment
I'm mad about you
Gotta get away

Do, ooh ooh, ooh, ooh ya mind,
If I, ii, I, I, ii, I touch ya?
Do, ooh ooh, ooh, ooh ya mind,
If I, ii, I, I, ii, I touch ya?

Anyone fancy Monaco?

Go get a portable
Recliner bin
Must take a photo for sure
Got our our problems and
A real long name
And she gets high on
Rollin' roll-ups

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Like a toothache,
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