

Garden Grove (Acoustic)

Sublime

We took this trip to Garden Grove
It smelled like Lou-dog inside the van, oh yeah
This ain't no funky reggae party, \$5 at the door
It gets so real sometimes, who wrote my rhyme
I've got the microwave, got the VCR
I got the deuce-deuce in the trunk of my car, oh yeah If you only knew all the love that I found
It's hard to keep my soul on the ground
You're a fool, don't fuck around with my dog
All that I can see I steal, I fill up my garage 'Cause in my mind
Music from Jamaica, all the love that I found
Pull over there's a reason why my soul's unsound It's you
It's that shit stuck under my shoe
It's that smell inside the van
It's my bed sheet covered with sand
Sitting through a shitty band
Getting dog shit on my hands
Getting hassled by the man Waking up to an alarm
Sticking needles in your arm
Picking up trash on a freeway
Feeling depressed everyday
Leaving without making a sound
Picking my dog up at the pound
Living in a tweaker pad
Getting yelled at by my dad Saying I'm happy when I'm not
Finding roaches in the pot
All these things I do
They're waiting for you

Songwriters

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