

# Twigs and Seeds

## Jesse Winchester

Well, when I got home from work last night  
I headed straight for my stash  
'Cause I wanted some of my private blend  
Which is two parts grass to one part hash  
Well, when I got to my little secret hiding place  
And I checked out my little plastic bag  
Well, there wasn't a speck of that nice leaf left  
And I felt my whole spirit sag  
There's nothing but twigs and seeds  
Twigs and seeds  
And they sure don't deliver the punch  
That this ole head needs  
So I phoned up my old connection and I said  
"Look, Richard, this is an emergency, man  
Look, I have just discovered that I am  
Fresh out of that herb that's so dear to me  
You know what I mean man?"  
He said, Look, Jesse, I'd like to help you, man"  
Said, "I'm in business to supply you with the  
weed, you know  
But the man just busted a whole huge shipment  
of mine  
And now everyone in town's smokin'  
twigs and seeds" (that's right)  
There's nothing but twigs and seeds  
Twigs and seeds  
And they sure don't deliver the punch  
That this old head needs  
So you have morning glory seeds and nutmeg  
And LSD and model airplane glue  
And peyote buttons an' Methedrine, Benzedrine,  
Hexedrine  
Someone said banana peels would do  
Let us say the use of these various hallucinogens  
Was somehow no longer a legal misdeed  
Well, man, I still think there ought to be some  
sort of law  
About possession of nothin' but twigs and seeds  
There's nothing but twigs and seeds  
Twigs and seeds  
And they sure don't deliver the punch  
That this old head needs

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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