

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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