Garden Grove

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 dollars 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 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 tweeker 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

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