

# Weeds Ii (the Origin Of The Species)

## Pulp

This is the true story of the weeds, the origin of the species  
A story of cultivation, exploitation, civilization  
Found flowering on wasteland unnoticed, unofficial, accidental  
A cutting was taken but weeds do not thrive under hothouse  
Conditions and wilt when in competition with more exotic strains  
A charming naivety, very short flowering season  
No sooner has the first blooming begun than decay sets in  
Bring your camera, take photo of life on the margins  
Offer money in exchange for sex and then get a taxi home  
The story has always been the same  
A source of wonder due to their ability to thrive on poor quality soil  
Offering very little nourishment, drinking 'Nourishment'  
But weeds must be kept under strict control  
Or they will destroy everything in their path  
Growing wild, then harvested in their prime  
And passed around at dinner parties, care for some weed?  
So natural, so wild, so unrefined  
And someone's gonna make a fortune one day  
If only they can market this stuff right  
Come on, do your dance  
Come on, do your funny little dance  
Germination, plantation, exploitation, civilization  
A sensational buzz, zzz  
Crop rotation. genetic modification  
The creation of expectation, ultimate frustration  
This is the story of the weeds, the origin of the species

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