Garden State

Raspberry Pie

My native state is not a state of disaster
Set out from home and come back after
Being away for less than a day
And I just can't wait to be back in the garden state

It smells like trash
And tollbooth cash
But I just can't wait to get back and spend
Some quality time
In the traffic lines
That take me up and down the turnpike and home again
The Florida sun, and oily seas
They never did appeal to me
The swamps and the sands
I never could stand, maybe it's just me

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The boardwalk and beach
Are all within reach
From here it doesn't take much time
To visit the land
Of the spray on tan
And inebriated state of mind
I never enjoyed the ice and the snow
Of the winter in Ontario
Those crazy canucks would tell me America sucks but at least

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I don't know just why I chose
To leave this place, but now I know
That even if it isn't everybody's cup of tea
It's still my one and only home

From Cape May down to Bayonne
There's nowhere else on planet earth I'd rather be

So if you're around
If you come to town
From Trenton down to Cumberland Bay
The people you meet
and the signs on the street
Will bid a Jersey get out and enjoy your stay in the
In the garden state, in the garden state
My native state is not a state of disaster
In the Garden state, in the garden state

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