

# 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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