

## Deja Voodoo

### "Weed On"

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Hate it in the morning when I wake up and I'm not stoned.

It makes me feel like I just dont know what's going on.  
Walk into the kitchen put the elements on,  
where are the knives with the handles made of bone?

Everybody's talking' but I just can't get myself involved.  
Thousand conversations but he whole fuckin room just leaves me cold.

See a million faces but I feel so alone,  
Sneak into the toilets and I pack myself a cone.

Weed on green man, Weed on green woman  
Weed on green man, Weed on green woman

Turn on the tv, thousand channels but I think I seen 'em all.

This show's so boring that I might as well be staring at the wall.

Pick up the phone and I call up my man, Twenty minutes later got a tinny in my hand.

Weed on green man, Weed on green woman  
Weed on green man, Weed on green woman

Everybody light up  
Everybody light up  
Everybody light up now  
Everybody light up

Walk into the kitchen put the elements on,  
where are the knives with the handles made of bone?

Weed on green man, Weed on green woman  
Weed on green man, Weed on green woman  
Weed on green man  
Weed on green woman  
Weed on, everybody weed on

Hate it in the morning when I wake up and I'm not stoned.

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