

## **Pulp** **"Weeds II"**

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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

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