

Pulp

"Weeds LI"

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This is the true story of the weeds: the origin of the species. A story of cultivation, exploitation, civilisation. Found flowering on wasteland unnoticed, unofficial, accidental. A cutting was taken but weeds do not thrive under hothouse conditions & 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 & 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 'Nurishment'. But weeds must be kept under strict control or they will destroy everything in their path. Growing wild, then harvested in their prime & passed around at dinner parties. Care for some weed? So natural, so wild, so unrefined & 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 - zzzzzz. 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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