

## Sublime "Garbage Grove"

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They come now, you see that?  
Yep, both of the crews, I told you  
Now they look like they gonna fight  
Try 'em on

We took this trip to garden grove  
It smelt like lou-dog inside the van, oh yeah  
This ain't no funky reggae party, five dollar at the door  
It gets so real sometimes, who wrote my rhyme?

I've got the microwave, got the VCR  
I got the duece, duece in the trunk of my car, oh yeah  
If you only knew all the love that I found  
It's hard to keep my soul on the ground

Your a fool, don't fuck around with my God  
All that I can see I steal, my folks don't understand  
And in my mind, music from Jamaica all the love that I  
found  
Pull over there's a reason why my soul's unsound

It's you, it's that shit stuck under my shoe  
It's that smell inside the van  
It's my bed sheet covered with sand  
Sitting through a shitty band

Getting dog shit on my hands  
Gettin' hassled by the man  
Wakin' up to an alarm  
Stickin' needles in your arm

Pickin' up trash on the freeway  
Feelin' depressed every day  
Leavin' without making a sound  
Pickin' my dog up at the pound

Livin' in a tweeker pad  
Gettin' yelled at by my Dad  
Sayin' I'm happy when I'm not  
Findin' roaches in the pot

Ooh, all these things I do

They're waiting for you

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