

GARDEN GROVE (SUBLIME)

A - G, A - G

We took this trip to Garden Grove
It smelled like Lou-dog inside the van, oh yeah

This ain't no funky reggae party, Five dollars at the door
It gets so real sometimes, Who wrote my rhyme?
I've got the microwave, Got the VCR
I got the deuce-deuce, 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
You're a fool, don't **** around with my dog
All that I can see I steal, I fill up my garage, 'Cause 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 **** stuck under my shoe
It's that smell inside the van
It's my bed sheet covered with sand
Sittin' through a ***** band

Gettin' dog **** 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 makin' a sound...Pickin' my dog up at the
pound

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

Oh, all these things I do...Here waiting for you