

Garden Grove

Sublime

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 fuck around with my dog
All that I can see I steal; I fill up my garage
'Cuz 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
Sittin' through a shitty band
Gettin' dog shit on my hand
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' with out 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
They're waiting for you
Yeah
Madness
Madness
Madness
Madness
Madness
Madness, madness
Madness
Madness, madness
Madness

Madness
Madness, madness
Madness, madness Yeah

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