

Garden Grove

Sublime (1992)

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

A G Bm G A
This ain't no funky reggae party, five dollars at the door.

G A G A
It gets so real sometimes, who wrote my rhyme,

G A G A
I've got the microwave, got the V.C.R

G A G A G
I got the deuce-deuce in the trunk of my car, oh yeah.

A G A G A G A G
If you only knew all the love that I found, it's hard to keep my soul on the ground.

A G A
You're a fool, don't fuck around with my dog.

G A G A G
All that I see I steal, I filled up my garage, 'cause in my mind

A G A G A G A G
Music from Jamaica, all the love that I found, pull over there's a reason why my soul is unsound.

A G A G A
It's you - it's that shit stuck under my shoe, it's that smell inside the van,

G A G A
It's my bed sheet covered with sand, sitting through a shitty band,

G A G A
Getting dog shit on my hand, getting hassled by the man,

G A G A
Waking up to an alarm , sticking needles in your arm,

G A G A
Picking up trash on the freeway, feeling depressed every day,

G A G A
Leaving without making a sound, pickin' up my dog at the pound,

G A G A
Livin' in a tweaker pad, getting yelled at by my dad,

G A G A
Saying I'm happy when I'm not, finding roaches in the pot.

G A G A G A
Oh, ... all these things I do, ... they're waiting for you.