

Meshell Ndegeocello, Come Smoke My Herb

My voices tell me
Be still
Have faith
Stay clear of the rat race
It's alright
I'm simple like the flowers
And just love
And worry not
About tomorrow

Be simple like the flowers
Come smoke my herb
Make your heart like the ocean
Your mind like the clear blue sky
Come smoke my herb
Make your heart like the ocean
Your mind like the clear blue sky
Come smoke my herb

Do you believe
Creation desires your devotion
Through murder and death
We squabble over
The pieces of the earth
The true beasts are
Those who believe in creation
Without mother, womb or birth
Be simple like the flowers

Come smoke my herb
Make your heart like the ocean
Your mind like the clear blue sky
Come smoke my herb
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Your mind like the clear blue sky
Come smoke my herb...

Clear blue sky
Clear blue sky
Clear blue sky

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Make your heart like the ocean
Your mind like the clear blue sky
Clear blue sky
Your mind like the clear blue sky.