Matt Wertz, External Fix-It Remedies

These weeds keep poppin up
You thought you'd killed them all last week
Cause you dowsed them with that poison
Whose label read extra strength
But sure enough they're still there
Just as green as they'd been before
Strangling all the flowers
You'd created that garden for

You've tried all the external fix-it remedies And you've exhausted every ounce of your own strength But until you dig deep enough to find the root All you're doin is, all you're doin is yankin out the leaves

You say, my sin keeps poppin up Thought I'd killed it all last week Cause I told myself I could stop it all And I prayed I'd be released But sure enough it's still there Just the same as it'd been before Distracting you from righteousness And rotting out your solid core

My garden was once my favorite part about this place Its beauty overshadowed all others in this town You see, I hired a man to care for it and keep it And he was the best gardener around

But soon my old pride got to thinkin About doin' this job on my own. I fired the man that perfectly had kept it And that's when these weeds started a grow'n