

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