Sublime, Garbage Grove (Demo)

We took this trip to garden grove.
It smelt like lou-dog inside the van.
oh yea, This ain't no funky reggae party,
$5 at the door.
It gets so real sometimes,
who wrote my rhyme?
I've got the microwave, got the vcr.
I got the duece duece in the trunk of my car.
oh yea, If you only knew all the love that I found,
It's hard to keep my soul on the ground.
Your 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
Sitting through a shitty band
Getting dog shit on my hands
Getting hassled by the man
Waking up to an alarm
Sticking needles in your arm
Picking up trash on the freeway
Feeling depressed every day
Leaving without making a sound
Pickin up my dog up at the pound
Livin in a tweeker pad
Gettin yelled at by my Dad
Saying I'm happy when I'm not
Finding roaches in the pot

oh, all these things I do.. They're waiting for you