

Whitmore, Wallace

Soul searching
Looking for the life you know that you will never lead
Still searching
Looking for the things in life that you will never need

Why don't you just come inside
Take a seat and just get out of your mind

Still searching
You look for the grass you dropped when you were round here last
Stop searching
'Cause you know we caned it all in my bong last week

There's no way There's no how
If you left your ganja here
There'll be anything left now