

# Garden Grove

## Sublime

We took this trip to Garden Grove  
It smelled like Lou-dog inside the van, oh yeah  
This ain't no funky reggae party; five dollars at the door  
It gets so real sometimes  
Who wrote my rhyme?  
I've got the microwave, got the VCR  
I got the deuce-deuce  
In the trunk of my car, oh yeah  
If you only knew all the love that I found  
It's hard to keep my soul on the ground  
You're 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  
Sittin' through a shitty band  
Gettin' dog shit on my hand  
Gettin' hassled by the man  
Wakin' up to an alarm  
Stickin' needles in your arm  
Pickin' up trash on the freeway  
Feelin' depressed every day  
Leavin' with out makin' a sound  
Pickin' my dog up at the pound  
Livin' in a tweaker pad  
Gettin' yelled at by my dad  
Sayin' I'm happy when I'm not  
Findin' roaches in the pot  
Oh, all these things I do  
They're waiting for you  
Yeah  
Madness  
Madness  
Madness  
Madness  
Madness  
Madness, madness  
Madness  
Madness, madness  
Madness

Madness  
Madness, madness  
Madness, madness Yeah  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>