

Garden Grove
Sublime

Sublime - Garden Grove

A **G** **A**
We took this trip to Garden Grove.
G **A** **G**
It smelled like Lou-dog inside the van, oh yeah
A **Bm**
This ain t no funk---y reggae party,
G **A**
five dollars at the door.
A **G** **A** **G**
It gets so real sometimes, who wrote my rhyme.
A **G**
I ve got the microwave, got the V.C.R
A **G** **A** **G** **A** **G**
I got the deuce-deuce in the trunk of my car, oh yeah
A **G** **A** **G**
If you only knew all the love that I found
A **G** **A** **G**
It s hard to keep my soul on the ground
A **G** **A**
You re a fool, don t fuck around with my dog

A / G /

All that i see I steal I filled up my garage cause in my mind music from
jamaica
All the love that I found, pull over there s a reason
Why my soul is 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 hand
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 at the pound, Livin in a tweeker pad
Getting yelled at by my dad, Saying I m happy when I m not
Finding roaches in the pot

All these things I do
They re waiting for you