

# 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