

Almond Grove

Cracker

Said goodbye to Miss Jenny, sleeping on a subway grate
Say goodbye to all the ladies, waiting for the tricks to show
Got a hundred dollars, more than I need to score
Got a hundred dollars, just enough to get me home

Yeah I'm going back home, to the cotton fields
To the almond groves, to the old homestead
See my Ma and Pa, mighty brother Jack
He went to Kandahar, but he never come back

Came from Maricopa, had no family left
Working for Evoclin, fell in with the narco set
Ended up a junkie, living in my brother's car
Don't shed a tear for me, home ain't so far

No he never come back

In a national boulevard, ladies don't you weep and moan
I've gone to a better place off the dirty streets
Mr Patel, won't you send my ashes home?
Spread 'em in the old family almond grove