

Daddy's Weed

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I was out in Daddy's wood shop, 'bout seventeen years old
Stacking up some lumber, sweeping saw dust off the floor
Way over in the corner, I smelled something kinda strange
I looked behind a can of paint and found a bag of Mary Jane

(I thought "What the hell is this?")

It threw me for a loop, had me feeling all mixed up
'Cause Daddy always told me only hippies smoked that stuff
I knew damn good and well he wasn't leaning to the left
He'd rather die and go to hell than listen to the Grateful Dead

The day I found my daddy's weed
I knew the truth and it set me free
That's when I learned this apple didn't fall far from the tree
I did a lot of growing up the day I found my daddy's weed

Now, Mom was getting groceries and Dad was outta town
So I sat there on the workbench contemplating what I'd found
I went from feeling kinda pissed to thinking "What the hell"
I got my bowl out of the truck and broke off a little for myself

(Damn right)

That shit was awful sticky, had crystals on the leaves
Smelled kinda like a skunk and kinda like a Christmas tree
Might've come from California or maybe Colorado
But it was on different level than what I was getting down the road

The day I found my daddy's weed
One of my favorite memories
That's when I learned this apple didn't fall far from the tree
I did a lot of growing up the day I found my daddy's weed

I only hit it once and damn it hit me hard
Flew straight to the moon and back, sitting in the yard
Suddenly I understood why Daddy loved to work so much
When we heard him out there coughing it wasn't from the dust

The day I found my daddy's weed
Oh, it still gets to me
The little blonde haired boy who use to bounce upon his knee
Became the man out in the backyard stoned on daddy's weed...