

Society tells me who I can be
Tells me who I can know
Tells me what I can grow

Some office slob tells me when I can talk
Tells me when I can choke
Tells me what I can smoke

Well the critics criticising, analysing
Tell me what do they know?
People pushing, people showing
Too much hate and not enough loving
Guess that's the way it goes
Now the cops are on my land
Took my garden in the sand
I'm feeling kinda low

All for a l'il weed
All for a l'il seed

What comes out of the dirt
Tell me how it can hurt
Tell me who it can harm

It works on a man
I coaxed her out of the ground, baby

From just a l'il seed
Comes some mighty fine weed

Yeah, the critics criticising, theorising
Tell me what do they know?
People pushing, people showing
Too much hate and not enough loving
Guess that's the way it goes
Now the cops are on my land
Now they've broken up my band
I'm feeling kinda low

All for a l'il weed
All for a l'il seed