

Gary Jules, Jeremiah Weed

Poor Jeremiah,
His body is broken,
Lying in the alley where he fell.
His head is racing home,
To the hill of California,
Poor Jeremiah weed.

He's got his friends,
He's got his devices,
He got no need for you.
No need for sympathy,
No need for surprises,
Poor Jeremiah weed.

Well I know, when it comes to those,
The paint he laid down never fade,
I hope Jeremiah knows,
That's the way it goes,
The Son will find no shame upon him

Poor Jeremiah,
Seven pockets stuffed with empty
People walking everywhere,
But no one says a word.
He's tried killing time,
But it won't sit still,
Poor Jeremiah weed.

Well I know, when it comes to those,
The paint he laid down never fade,
I hope Jeremiah knows,
That's the way it goes,
The Son will find no shame upon him.

Poor Jeremiah
All hail the Holy Roller
A winner in the city
Make you think you're in hell
It's hard to believe
He was laughing at you
Poor Jeremiah weed
Oh, poor Jeremiah weed.
Oh poor Jeremiah weed.

Poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah weed
Poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah weed
Poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah weed
(fades)