

# Tomorrows Bad Seeds - Bad Seeds

Tom: G

G Am  
Wake up in the morning  
G Am  
Wipe the sleep from my eyes  
G Am  
Reach for my stash and zags  
G Am  
Ready to twist one up real fast  
G Am G Am  
For tomorrows seeds them grow up to be bad  
G Am G  
And though my clothes are a bit shabby  
Am  
I still hold my head up high  
G Am G Am  
Rockin this rub a dub style oh oh oohh

C D  
But then i think to myself oh lord what can i do  
Gbm C D G  
Old mary jane i got to learn to not to love you ohh ohh

Open the door  
To take a walk outside  
When i'm with mary  
Everything seems just right  
And when i come home late  
And miss jane is nowhere to be found  
It seems my luck has all run out ooh oohh oohh

But when i think to myself oh lord what can i do  
Old mary jane i got to learn to not to love you ohh ohh

Turn down the light  
Said gettin ready for tonight  
Reach for my stash and zags  
It seems my sister stole my stash  
See how tomorrows seeds  
Them grow up to be bad like me

G Am  
Reggae music make me feel so irie  
G Am  
Do you wanna get high with me  
G Am  
It'll make you feel real irie  
G Am  
When you rockin with tomorrows bad seeds

But then i think to myself oh lord what can i do  
Old mary jane i got to learn to not to love you ohh ohh

Reggae music make me feel so irie  
Do you feel the way i do  
It'll make you feel real irie  
When you rockin reggae dub old school  
Oh how the music make me feel so irie  
Do you wanna get high with me  
It'll make you feel real irie  
When you rockin with tomorrows bad seeds

## Acordes

