

Panics

"Something In The Garden"

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There's a place they sit
Where the wind don't hit
With a shadow hanging over it
And sing with a sigh
My dirt, my dirt is dry

They put us on the steep
Side of the hill
Into our weather board shack on stilts
And all of the while
The deeper the spiral

Inside, all eyes
Fix upon a great divide
Outside, all eyes
Fix upon an empty sky

There's something in the garden
That makes her unhappy
There's something in the garden
That makes her unhappy

I dreamt that they found us
The color of coal
As smoke crept through the fly wire holes
And my dirt it was drier
Than the ash from the fire

I count the days
In sand and sticks
And act brave on the face of it
There's not a cloud in the sky
My dirt, my dirt is dry

Inside, all eyes
Fix upon a great divide
Outside, all eyes
Fix upon an empty sky

There's something in the garden
That makes her unhappy

There's something in the garden
That makes her unhappy

Come on, let it wash us down
Down deep
Come on, let it wash us down
Down deep
Come on, let it wash us down
Down deep

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