

A Flock Of Seagulls "Walking In The Garden"

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Somewhere down in New York town
There lives a friend of mine
But I haven't seen her face
For a very long, long time

She tried to tell me
That my life was getting harder
She took me by the hand
We went walking in the garden

Well, it's five past three in the afternoon
And the sun is burning down
I've gotta pack my bags
And get outta this sticking town

Don't try to tell me
That my life is getting harder
When it's seems so easy
Just like walking in the garden

When the sun goes down
And the moon comes up
And half the world goes dark
We find ourselves alone
Wandering through central park

Don't try to tell me
That my life is getting harder
Lay down beside me
We'll go walking in the garden

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