

Annie Christian

"Love This Life"

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These rows and rows of nothing
They have to give us something
Pretty gardens disappear
There is another I am dreaming

With these dreams we can lose ourselves
Or so it seems
We might find ourselves
Another part time life
I love this life

I see the screaming children
Cement gardens out the kitchen door
The blind they see no warning of the numbness
It is taking over the city gardens and I like the cities
breathing
I think we're staying here
Pretty gardens disappear

With these dreams we will lose ourselves
Or so it seems
We might find ourselves
Another part time life
I love this life

These rows and rows of nothing
They have to give us something
Pretty gardens disappear
Well, there's another I am dreaming

So it seems
Another part time life
I love this life

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