

## **Bryan Ferry**

# **"Gates Of Eden"**

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[Originally by Bob Dylan]

Of war and peace the truth just twists  
Its curfew gull just glides  
Upon four-legged forest clouds  
The cowboy angel rides  
With his candle lit into the sun  
Though its glow is waxed in black  
All except when 'neath the trees of Eden.

The lamppost stands with folded arms  
Its iron claws attached  
To curbs 'neath holes where babies wail  
Though it shadows metal badge  
All and all can only fall  
With a crashing but meaningless blow  
No sound ever comes from the Gates of Eden.

The savage soldiers sticks his head in sand  
And then complains  
Unto the shoeless hunter who's gone deaf  
But still remains  
Upon the beach where hound dogs bay  
At ships with tatoed sails  
Heading for the Gates of Eden.

With a time-rusted compass blade  
Alladin and his lamp  
Sits with Utopian hermit monks  
Side saddle on the Golden Calf  
And on their promises of paradise  
You will not hear a laugh  
All except inside the Gates of Eden.

Relationships of ownership  
They whisper in the wings  
To those condemned to act accordingly  
And wait for succeeding kings  
And I will try to harmonize with songs  
The lonesome sparrow sings  
There are no kings inside the Gates of Eden.

The motorcycle black madonna  
Two-wheeled gypsy queen  
And her silver-studded phantom cause  
The gray flannel dwarf to scream  
As he weeps to wicked birds of prey  
Who pick up on his bread crumb sins  
And there are no sins inside the Gates of Eden.

The kingdoms of Experience  
In the precious wind they rot  
While paupers change possessions  
Each one wishing for what the other has got  
And the princess and the prince  
Discuss what's real and what is not  
It doesn't matter inside the Gates of Eden.

The foreign sun, it squints upon  
A bed that is never mine  
As friends and other strangers  
From their fates try to resign  
Leaving men wholly totally free  
To do anything they wish to do but die  
And there are no trials inside the Gates of Eden.

At dawn my lower comes to me  
And tells me of her dreams  
With no attempts to shovel the glimpse  
Into the ditch of what each one means  
At times I think there are no words  
But these to tell what's true  
And there are no truths outside the Gates of Eden.

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