

Holy Mother "Prince Of The Garden"

Visit "[Prince Of The Garden](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Golden tiles and golden lines
Reflections blinding me
I see your eyes like mirror blinds
The only thing I see

Hands across a cotton tie
The hands that once were free
Alone you sleep in space tonight
Far away from me

You're the prince of the garden
Tie your hair back in a bow
Time to tell someone you love them
The wind is growing cold

Leave the world
That you created
You've got flowers
In your hair
All the ashtrays full
Of blue tears
They're the ones
Who really care

I'm alive

You've got seven counts
Against you
You've got cuffs
Of serrated steel
All the charges
Brought against you
Can't believe
That this is real

And the only
Thing that matters
If by chance
That you really care
To be in the arms

Of the one you love

With flowers in your hair

I'm alive

I'm alive

I'm alive

Holding times

And holding rhymes

Holding life today

In silent strokes

The river flows like water

Through my veins

A tunnel with a golden light

Is something in your way

I'm alive

I'm alive

You're the prince of the garden

Tie your hair back in a bow

Time to tell someone you love them

The wind is growing cold

Leave the world

That you created

You've got flowers

In your hair

All the ashtrays full

Of blue tears

They're the ones

Who really care...

Visit [Holy Mother](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.