

Irma Thomas

"Evening On The Ground"

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Hey man
Evening on the ground
And there is no one else around
So you will
Blame me

Blame me for the rocks and baby bones
And broken lock on our
Garden

Garden wall of eden
Full of spiderbites and all your lovers
We were

We were born to fuck each other
One way or another

But i'll only lie
Down by the waterside at night

Hey man
Tiny baby tears
I will collect a million years
And you can
Blame me

Blame me, i will wear it
In the empty hollow part of my
Garden

Garden wall of eden in the clamour
As they raise the curtain
You will

You will never make me
Learn to lay beneath the mountain

Because i'll only lie
Down by the waterside at night

