

Priscilla Renea **"Stonegarden"**

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There's a stonegarden where my lover lies
The flowers never grow, they bloom there and die
Much like the day when the earth was tilled up
And tears in my eyes, to the brim they filled up
Days and night pass, but still I must go
To lay in the grass and weep by the willow

In the stonegarden, the garden, the garden
Where old seeds are planted but nothin sprouts up
In the stonegarden, the garden, the garden
The love lays forever then turns into dust

Some days I put on my Sunday best
And take a picture in your favorite dress
To lay it beside your permanent bed
To replace the one that's been blown with the wind
Days and nights pass but still I must go
To lay in your dress and weep by the willow

In the stonegarden, the garden, the garden

Where old seeds are planted but nothin sprouts up
In the stonegarden, the garden, the garden
The love lays forever then turns into dust

Well I know you'd want me to live out my life
But I've got no purpose, no reason to try
So I'll lay right here till that old chariot comes
In the stonegarden, I'll set with the sun

In the stonegarden, the garden, the garden
Where old seeds are planted but nothing sprouts up
In the stonegarden, the garden, the garden
The love lays forever then turns into dust

In the stonegarden, the garden, the garden
Where old seeds are planted but nothing sprouts up
In the stonegarden, the garden, the garden
It's growing and blowing with lovers like us

