

Roger Hodgson

"The Garden"

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Walk around the garden, choking at the weeds
Won't you come and help me try and sow some seeds
All the trees are weeping, branches hanging low
Seems as if they know that they haven't long to go
All the world's a funfair, hide behind your mask
Say that you're enjoying it if anybody asks
Don't believe in sinners, don't believe in sin
Love is all the answers so why don't we begin
Taking up the story that Jesus told
It's older than the years
All the seeds he planted have blossomed
Into concrete walls of fear
Lying in the gutter, gazing at the stars
Like to send a letter to the men on Mars
Asking if they'd help us, help us if they could
Come and weed this garden ... or do you think they
should

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