

## **Aaron Thompson**

# **"The Garden The Road"**

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On the last train to Providence  
I will wear my mask  
And believe that all my joyful thoughts  
Will bring the colors back

The radio was playing  
There's a memory of a note  
That cries and recedes, and gnashes it's teeth  
As it drifts along the coast

My wrongs they are many  
But my regrets they are none  
Only a lonely shadow ever hurt no one

And I dreamed a life I've never known  
Filled my pockets with the falling snow  
I stand in time between the past and the unknown  
Between the garden and the road

As the last great war hero  
Looked upon his men  
He said 'My weary sons I fear  
My faith is wearing thin.'

For he had come to love them  
And he saw them as his own  
He stepped back from the podium  
And followed his thoughts home

As he gazed upon that open road  
He filled his pockets with the falling snow  
He walks in time between his past and his unknown  
Between his garden and the road.

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