

Toby Martin

"Garden of Exile"

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In the garden of exile,
You can never leave,
Apparently there's a back gate,
But I just don't believe it,
It's designed in such a way,
That each path eventually,
Leads you back to where you started,
In never ending aisles,
Walking
In the garden of exile.

In the garden of exile,
The exile sleep all day,
A flock of birds crosses the sky,
And the gulls the other way,
I rest my hand,
In the cool of the shade,
There's nothing but a humming,
As it crosses the tile,
In the garden of exile.

Chorus

I'm only half here,
I'm only half here,
I'm only half here,
I'm only half here,
I'm only half here.

In the garden of exile,
Our fathers built,
Statues of all the nation's heroes,
In the tops of the hills,
Everything's done before us,
Everything is will,

The future is the past,
There'll be no thinking for a while,
No thinking in the garden of exile.

Repeat Chorus

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