

The Style Council

"The Gardener Of Eden"

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True I was a gardener, once upon a time
When the world was young and all the earth was mine
Mine to tend to, to plough and to sow
Before mankind came and rendered all things low
And beauty was it's first name by this I would call
And ready the harvest for one and for all

The orchards and the wheat fields which could of fed
the world
Were divided up like money and sold through human
slaves
The rivers fresh, the hillsides that had no need of
name
Now ran red with the life blood and drunk with guilty
shame

The gentle bough was broken and twisted out of shape
And who knows the consequences when the bough
doth break
The mother soil which reared it's young, now reared
her angry head
And rain fell down like teardrops upon the flower beds

The blame for this I'm in no doubt, is mine and mine
alone
But so proud was I of my work, I had to share it's
growth
'Tis true I was a gardener in the time before the flood
Now these green fingers of mine are stained by
angels' blood

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