

Sullivan "Gardens"

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Gardens, under the light. Seasons, change overnight.
I've been out searching for you. Mister, have a nice
day, but quickly get out of the way, because I miss you
something awful. To beg and plead to thee, to cut my
roped hands free, I'd be in debt to you forever.
Sundrops, spill through the clouds and show us what's
left all around and I'll be out searching for you. Cherie,
all your mistakes barely keep me awake, because I
miss you something awful. To beg and plead to thee, to
cut my roped hands free, I'd be in debt to you forever.
Gardens, under the light. Seasons, change overnight.

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