Iron Horse "Beneath The Tree"

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In this garden full of good Lies a garden full of evil Awaits strange, bizarre, Unusual people Here is where Tripping and nobody cares Here is where The setting sun is never feared It goes on and on and on Oh, it never ends It goes on and on and on Welcome My Friends... Beneath The Tree of heaven Lies The Horror Of The Clay Beneath The Tree of heaven Come as you please, do as you may Crooked minds Like a crooked tree Never caring where one's branches have been or where they're gonna be People so seedy People so greedy But in the end, Ain't we all a little needy?

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