

## Trees

### "Garden of Jane Delawney"

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The poet's voice lingers on  
His words hang in the air  
The ground you walk upon  
Might as well not be there  
Might as well not be there  
I'll take you through my dreams  
Out into the darkest morning  
Past the blood filled streams  
Into the garden of Jane Delawney  
Into the garden now  
Though the rose is fair  
Don't pluck it as you pass  
For a fire will consume your hair  
And your eyes will turn to glass  
Your eyes will turn to glass  
In the willow's shade  
Don't lie to hear it weep  
For its tears of gold and jade  
Will drown you as you sleep  
Will drown you now  
Jane Delawney had her dreams  
That she never did discover  
For the flow that feeds the stream  
Is the life blood of her lover  
Is the life blood of her lover  
And the purifying beam  
Of the sun will shine here never  
While the spirit of her dream  
In the garden lives forever  
Lives forever now

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