

# The Garden

July Talk

I went walking in the garden  
I was tripping on snakes  
And I ain't asking for your loving  
I'm just asking what your love is gonna take

Ignorance is bliss when you're young enough to kiss uh uh uh oh

Young men don't need pardons  
How much love you gonna make  
Keep your head above the water  
And breathe before the ice of the lake

I ain't gonna let him twist my wrist,  
I ain't gonna let him kiss these lips no oh oh oh

You've been falling close to arson  
Didja leave your pills at home?  
You got a problem with your head  
And the doctor says you shouldn't be alone

Well I got hips and you got lips  
I plan to keep them oh oh oh oh

This ain't johnny carson  
I've got thoughts that ain't my own  
I'm talking black souls dressed in red  
And things that I never shoulda known

True love has its benefits  
And I plan to reap 'em

You got hips and I got lips  
I plan to keep 'em, oh oh oh