

The Gardener

Animal Liberation Orchestra

I spend my night in the garden
I plant my hands in the dirt
I dig a pea up for a pillow
And fall asleep into the Earth

The marching ants draw straws to save me
From falling deep too gone to tell
Without avail, I'm floating softly
Awakened by a ringing bell

My message to you is
Be true to what grows on you
Plantlife lives in a dream
So let me dream a little too

I work all day at the Harbor
Stretching out my thoughts insist
Another dream that I've created
Watch it grow or let it sit

A big fat fly sits down beside me
Her bulging eyes begin to shift
She spots the edible orchid flower
That was earlier picked