

# Gates of Eden

Arlo Guthrie

Of war and peace the truth just twists  
Its curfew gull it glides  
Upon four-legged forest clouds  
The cowboy angel rides  
With his candle lit into the sun  
Though it's glow is waxed in black  
All except beneath the trees of Eden

The lamp post stands with folded arms  
It's iron claws attached  
To curbs 'neath holes where babies wail  
Through its shadow's metal badge  
All in all can only fall  
With a crashing but meaningless blow  
No sound ever comes from The Gates of Eden

The savage soldier sticks his head  
In the sand and then complains  
Unto the shoeless hunter who's gone deaf  
But still remains  
Upon the beach where hound dogs bay  
At ships with tattooed sails  
Heading for The Gates of Eden

The time rusted compass blade  
Aladdin and his lamp  
Sits with Utopian hermit monks  
Side saddle on the golden calf  
And on their promises of paradise  
You will not hear a hush  
All except inside The Gates of Eden

Relationships of ownership  
They whisper in the wings  
To those condemned to act accordingly  
And wait for succeeding kings  
And I try to harmonize with songs  
The lonesome sparrow sings  
There are no kings inside The Gates of Eden

The kingdoms of experience  
In the precious winds they rot  
While paupers change possessions  
Each one wishing for what the other has got  
And the princess and the prince discuss  
What's real and what's not  
It doesn't matter inside The Gates of Eden

The foreign sun it squints upon  
A bed that is never mine  
As friends and others, strangers  
From their fates try to resign  
Leaving men holy and totally free  
To do anything they wish to do but die  
And there are no trials inside The Gates of Eden

At dawn my lover comes to me

And tells me of her dreams  
With no attempts to shovel the glimpse  
Into the ditch of what each one means  
At times I think there are no words  
But these to tell me what's true  
There are no truths outside The Gates of Eden