

## In the Yard, Behind the Church

Eels

In the yard, behind the church where  
Butterflies and blackbirds search for  
A safe place to rest the night away  
We will go down to the brook and  
Sit upon the overlook then  
Forget about the troubles of the day

We will walk among the graves of  
Men long dead with presidents' names and  
Listen to the water flow softly by  
I will kiss you on the lips now  
And as the sky grows dark we'll strip down  
And let the water wash away all lies

In the yard, behind the church where  
Butterflies and blackbirds perch on  
Gray stones as the garden's growing dim  
We will lay down on the ground and  
Put our cheeks against the dirt down  
Where it no longer matters  
Where you've been