

Evie's Garden

Freedy Johnston

In the middle of Evie's garden
Was a rock she could never move
Worn away by a faithful hand till
No one knows the date

Bring back the rain we'll go walking
Bring back the wind like you do

Of the flowers in Evie's garden
One would never go out of bloom
Planted over a well forgotten
Opened by the moon

Bring back the rain we'll go walking
Bring back the wind like you do
Bring back the rain to Evie's garden
I'm at the gate, looking through

In the middle of Evie's garden
Was a rock she could never move
Nearly buried in a Night Bloom tangle
Pale and smooth as skin