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