

Looking for Eden

Ian Anderson

As I drove down the road to look for Eden
saw two young girls but left them standing there.
They were too late to get home on the underground
and probably too drunk, too drunk to care.

Can anyone tell me the way to Eden?
I'll ask them there, have they a job for me.
I'm not a fussy man, I can weed and hoe.
I'll be her Adam, she can be my Eve.

And where on earth are all those songs of Eden.
The fairy tales, the shepherds and wise men.
Just one old dosser lurching down Oxford Street
to spend his Christmas lying in the rain.

Don't anybody know the way to Eden.
I'm tired of living my life in free-fall.
They say it's somewhere out on the edge of town.
Perhaps it isn't really there at all.

Looking for Eden.