

The Gardeners

John Martyn

Don't go in the flower garden late at night
Because something there is killing all the gardeners
Mistletoe and rosemary and the garlic bud
Won't protect you like it did from the gardeners
Run to your homes, save all your wine
There's a gardener coming.

And there is something hanging in the willow tree
Take a look and see if it's the gardener
Carry something silver in your bleeding hand
Whistle and you wish away the gardeners
And run to your homes and save all your wine
There's a gardener coming.

And there is something hiding behind the greenhouse door
Take a look and see if it's the gardener
Moonlight never looked so strange to me before
Could those misty shadows be the gardeners
Run to your homes and fly up the stairs
There's a gardener coming.