

Secret Gardens

Judy Collins

My grandmother's house is still there
But it isn't the same
A plain wooden cottage
A patch of brown lawn
And a fence that hangs standing
And sighing in the Seattle rain

I drive by with strangers
And wish they could see what I see
A tangle of summer birds
Flying in sunlight
A forest of lillies
An orchard of apricot trees

Secret Gardens of the heart
Where the flowers bloom forever
I see you shining through the night
In the ice and snow of winter

Great grandfather's farm is still there
But it isn't the same
The barn is torn down
And the fences are gone
The Idaho wind blows
The topsoil away every Spring

I still see the ghosts
Of the people I knew long ago
Inside the old kitchen
They bend and sigh
My life passed them up
And the world passed them by

Secret Gardens of the heart
Where the old stay young forever
I see you shining through the night
In the ice and snow of winter

But most of all
It is me that has changed
And yet I'm still the same
That's me at the weddings
That's me at the graves
Dressed like the people
Who once looked so grown-up and brave

I look in the mirror
Thought the eyes of the child that was me
I see willows bending
The season is Spring
And the silver blue sailing birds
Fly with the sun on their wings

Secret Gardens of the heart
Where dreams live on forever
I see you shining through the night
In the ice and snow of winter