

The Garden

July Talk

I went walking in the garden
I was tripping on snakes
And I ain't asking for your loving
I'm just asking what your love is gonna take

Ignorance is bliss when you're young enough to kiss uh uh uh oh

Young men don't need pardons
How much love you gonna make
Keep your head above the water
And breathe before the ice of the lake

I ain't gonna let him twist my wrist,
I ain't gonna let him kiss these lips no oh oh oh

You've been falling close to arson
Didja leave your pills at home?
You got a problem with your head
And the doctor says you shouldn't be alone

Well I got hips and you got lips
I plan to keep them oh oh oh oh

This ain't johnny carson
I've got thoughts that ain't my own
I'm talking black souls dressed in red
And things that I never shoulda known

True love has its benefits
And I plan to reap 'em

You got hips and I got lips
I plan to keep 'em, oh oh oh