

# Abandoned Garden

Michael Franks

In your abandoned garden, sunlight still prevails:  
The jasmine climbs the trellis fragrantly, the  
jacaranda ultravioletly sways.  
The blossom. each of them by your hand planted,  
Will, even if I tell them of your sudden  
Disappearance from us,  
Not believe the tale.

Though the samba has ended, I know in the sound  
Of your voice, your piano, your flute, you are found,  
And the music within you continues to flow  
Sadly, lost Antonio.

You were my inspiration, my hero, my friend;  
On the highway of time will I meet you again?  
If the heart ever heals, does the scar always show  
For the lost Antonio?  
For the lost Antonio?

In your abandoned garden, beauty is unchanged:  
The hummingbird still hovers for the scent the  
frangipane so seductively displays.  
Camellias, each of them by your hand planted,  
The sadness of your sudden disappearance still  
unknown to them,  
Await the kiss of rain.

Though the samba has ended, I know in the sound  
Of your voice, your piano, your flute, you are found,  
And the music within you continues to flow  
Sadly, lost Antonio.

You were my inspiration, my hero, my friend;  
On the highway of time will I meet you again?  
If the heart ever heals, does the scar always show  
For the lost Antonio?  
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