

## Garden

Noe Venable

I lay my head upon your chest  
Bones of iron bones of lead  
And death is rattling the cage  
Like a bird that would escape  
But there's no room for thoughts like these  
In the garden where we sleep

And I am on a burning ship  
Clothes all flying in the wind  
But I am beautiful like this  
When you hold me in your hands  
But there's no room for thoughts like these  
In the garden where we sleep

Always searching for those breasts  
Pumping morphine  
Always searching for--  
Don't you fly to them  
Don't you fly to them  
You can fly to me

I'll take the moment in my hands  
Pull it open 'til it sings  
Before the motion of this place  
Where nothing stops to have a name  
Will leave us hanging like a tear