

## Garden of Eden

Paula Cole

Here I am, a black-eyed bird, remaining silent.  
I simply watch, your little life from high above.  
Wanting to call you, wanting to sing,  
Inside your ears and lips and eyes and soul,  
I dig my grave, behind the gates of Babylon.

There's a Garden of Eden  
In your distant heart,  
Garden of Eden  
In your earthly arms.

Here I stand, a serpent queen of the garden.  
I'm beckoning, but you ignore my siren song.  
Oh I long, to touch you, to step inside your sacred gate.  
I'll dig my grave in the middle of golden bible snake.

There's a Garden of Eden  
In your distant heart,  
Garden of Eden  
In your earthly arms.

The black-eyed bird is dying,  
The queen is dead,  
She'll never step foot in Eden.

There's a Garden of Eden  
In your distant heart,  
Garden of Eden  
In your earthly arms.