

## The Garden

Rush

In this one of many possible worlds, all for the best, or some  
bizarre test?

It is what it is - and whatever  
Time is still the infinite jest

The arrow flies when you dream, the hours tick away - the cells  
tick away

The Watchmaker keeps to his schemes  
The hours tick away - they tick away

The measure of a life is a measure of love and respect  
So hard to earn, so easily burned  
In the fullness of time  
A garden to nurture and protect

In the rise and the set of the sun  
'Til the stars go spinning - spinning 'round the night  
It is what it is - and forever  
Each moment a memory in flight

The arrow flies while you breathe, the hours tick away - the ce  
lls tick away  
The Watchmaker has time up his sleeve  
The hours tick away - they tick away

The treasure of a life is a measure of love and respect  
The way you live, the gifts that you give  
In the fullness of time  
It's the only return that you expect

The future disappears into memory  
With only a moment between  
Forever dwells in that moment  
Hope is what remains to be seen