

Garden Of Lavender

Sun Kil Moon

Was on a flight home from--well, it doesn't matter
Eleven hours, a million thoughts were gathered
And my mind kept racing to my garden of lavender
I wanted to get to them so they wouldn't die
When I got home, they were dry as weed
While the vines wrapped around them B-horror film green
I'm not sure what my lavender symbolized
But inside my heart cried
And my heart is drawn to the small out-of-the-way things
That I can't help but to give my focus and attention and care
Cause they shut off and [?] hijack my brain
Help to tune out what [?] can cause me pain
And I care for the animals that gather 'round my yard
And my sister's children and I care for my garden
I'm swarmed upon by bumblebees
And yellow jackets and wasps and hornets that dart out and sting

I see the big orange tabby cat
Getting warm on the cover of the laptop
He turns over on his back
Looking for a belly rub
I see the deer trap
And the snow on the end of the path
That leads into my backyard
I hear the sound of my girlfriend's car
Coming up the driveway and it fills my heart
With joy
Though I know it'll all end someday
And someone else will be sleeping in my mountain house
Wondering who lived here before
Just like I sometimes do
Though I've never really cared to explore
I see the chocolate and peanut butter cat
I look at him and he looks back
I snap my fingers and blow him a kiss
He rubs his head against my hand and we reminisce
I walk downtown and see the Christmas lights
Along the highway and how they shine
And I'm reminded of when I was a child
How happy I felt when I opened the box and saw a guitar inside

Was on a flight to somewhere that I can't remember
I feel like I lived so many lives, I can't put it all together
Dordrecht, Holland, yeah that was it
I had a nice dinner with a concert promoter and his Korean wife, Soo-Young Kim
He dropped me off at an old spooky hotel
I felt like an old man in a castle looking over at the canal
Then I went and I played for a crowd but my heart wasn't there
I came back to my room and I slouched in my bed
Still stewing about my dried up lavender
Then I fell asleep in the dark dead night
And I dreamed of a blue jay digging up a seed
And pass it to another's beak
Watched him soar to another branch
Then a possum [?] trash can
Then I woke up one rainy morning in Dordrecht, Holland

And I got on my flight for London, England

Then I took a cab from Heathrow right to Westfield Mall in Shepherd's Bush
Where I bought a raincoat, then checked into the K West Hotel
And ate at a Polish restaurant down the street
I played the next night at Shepherd's Bush Empire
Neil Halstead and his band were opening, their soundcheck sounded great
As I watched, I remembered playing with Mojave 3 in the mid-'90s
One of the shows being at CMJ in New York
And I remembered seeing them open for Gomez in Madrid in 1998
I was with my girlfriend Marina but I somehow managed to sneak in an unforgettable kiss with Rachel backstage
One of those kisses that you'll take to your grave
Gomez knew I was there, and they played "Grace Cathedral Park" that night and I got pretty choked up listening to them
So anyhow, I played my show at Shepherd's Bush that night and a fan heckled me asking if I really hated Nels Cline
I explained that I didn't, that his name just rhymed with one word or the other
After the show, I left with my agent, Ed, and his wife, and Alessia, and we talked for a bit
And I walked back to the K West with my guitar and got into my bed, called my girlfriend and fell asleep