

Garden Gate

The Black Crows

Brown-eyed girl,
Precious flower,
From your slumber awake.
We have come to
This fateful hour,
And our love cannot wait.

Meet me at the gate,
At the garden gate,
Meet me at the garden gate.
You made a promise,
Now don't be late,
Meet me at the garden gate.

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Don't tell your mother,
Don't tell your father,
We both know it's far too late.
When we fly, they won't come after.
They will know our love is great.

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You are sweet as you are tender.
You are wise beyond your years.
You are a jewel amongst the cinders,
So don't shed a sorry tear.

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