

# Adrian Belew, Inner Garden

Autumn has come to rest  
In her garden  
Come to paint the trees with emptiness  
And no pardon  
So many things have come undone  
Like the leaves on the ground  
And suddenly she begins to cry  
But she doesn't know why  
Heavy are the words that fall through the air  
To burden her shoulders  
Caught up in the trees,  
Her soliloquy,  
&quot;don't leave me alone&quot;

Rome now comes to sit  
In her garden  
Mingling the breeze with memories  
Of a time when  
There was a room with pale yellow hues  
Her room with a view  
Where love made a bed of happiness  
In muslin and lace  
Sweet is the voice from far away  
That speaks sotto voce and  
Is lingering there in the golden air  
To quiet the day