

Barbra Streisand, Make Our Garden Grow

You've been a fool and so have i
But come I'll be your wife
And let us try before we die
To make some sense of life
We're neither pure nor wise nor good
We'll do the best we know
We'll build our house and chop our wood
And make our garden grow
And make our garden grow

I thought the world was sugar cake
For so our master said
But now I'll teach my hands to bake
Our loaf of daily bread
We're neither pure nor wise nor good

We'll do the best we know
We'll build house and chop our wood
And make our garden grow
And make our garden grow

Let dreamers dream what worlds they please
Those edens can't be found
The sweetest flowers
The fairest trees
Are grown in solid ground
We're neither pure nor wise nor good
We'll do the best we know
We'll build our house and chop our wood
And make our garden grow
And make our garden grow