

# Brad Paisley, In The Garden

I come to the garden alone  
While the dew is still on the roses  
And the voice I hear falling on my ear  
The son of God discloses

And He walks with me  
And He talks with me  
And He tells me I am His own  
And the joy we share as we tarry there  
None other has ever known

He speaks and the sound of His voice  
Is so sweet that the birds hush their singing  
And the melody that He gave to me  
Within my heart is ringing

And He walks with me  
And He talks with me  
And He tells me I am His own  
And the joy we share as we tarry there  
None other has ever known

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