Kate Bush, Under The Ivy

It wouldn't take me long
To tell you how to find it,
To tell you where we'll meet.
This little girl inside me
Is retreating to her favourite place.
Go into the garden.
Go under the ivy,
Under the leaves,
Away from the party.
Go right to the rose.
Go right to the white rose
(For me.)
I sit here in the thunder,
The green on the grey.
I feel it all around me.
And it's not easy for me
To give away a secret--
It's not safe,
But go into the garden.
Go under the ivy,
Under the leaves,
Away from the party.
Go right to the rose.
Go right to the white rose
(For me.)
It wouldn't take me long
To tell you how to find it