

# Lisa Loeb, Garden Of Delights

i see the lights move on the ceiling.  
i see the stars up in the lights.  
i see the moonbeams on your forehead there,  
and i think about the garden of delights.

you see the curtains draped in front of me.  
you see the sun come up alone.  
you want to show me just what you can see,  
and i, i turn away.

you see my face, you hate my words, i hate you too.  
you see my heart, it likes the feeling that it gets when I'm with you.

i look right at your eyes, i look right through your eyes.  
i change conversation thought for you.  
i throw a look that you can't catch from far behind,  
and you, you turn away.

you are my jesus boy, you're laying on a bedly cross,  
i've got you taped up to the wall.  
but really don't feel bad 'cause you do to me all the things i do to you.  
i do to you.

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and i think about the garden of delights.