

# Blackmore's Night, Ones In A Garden

Once in a garden

Once in a garden where dreams could be found  
Once children's laughter was the only sound  
No worries troubles were few

Once in garden where innocence rang pure and true  
Once on a hilltop beneath the old tree  
Swings made of tires made us feel so free

The butterflies kissed our hair  
Once on a hilltop I still see us right there  
Hours of make believe playing in the sun  
Dreaming with wonder, "What would we become?"

Hours of make believe playing in the sun  
Dreaming with wonder, "What would we become?"  
My best friend cold in my hand  
We'd run by the sea through castles of sand

Once in a forest just like Robin Hood  
Flowers were our playmates we only saw good  
In everything be it right or wrong  
Once in a garden I still can hear our song

Can you hear our song?  
Can you hear our song?