

Heather Dale, Never Quite Eden

Won't you walk in the garden, come and see how it's grown.
Some parts need tending, others just grow on their own.
Beautiful in springtime and soft in the snow.
I don't want to walk it alone.

Never quite Eden, but not quite yet wild.
Won't you walk for a while?

Won't you walk in the garden, what luck that we were given this land.
Some seeds just arrived, others we planted by hand.
Reaching out in summer and down in the cold,
I don't want to walk it alone.

Never quite Eden, but not quite yet wild.
Won't you walk with me for a while?

Never quite Eden, but not quite yet wild.
We take what we're given and we hold it awhile.
But I don't think this garden would bloom half as sweet on it's own,
and I don't want to walk it alone.