

James Gang, Garden Gate

Well Im sitting in the middle of a story
Would you like to read my line
Sipping on a morning glory
Would you like to taste my wine
Dont forget to tell the sun
I sleep through the day
See him when the morning comes
Everythings OK

The captains in the chartroom
Navigating on a star
Cant know where were going
'Cause he dont know where we are
Dont you think I dont know
How to tell the time
Cant you see you cant sell me
Something that is mine

You just sit to talking
And Im sure theres nothing said
Your book is lying open
And I dont think much is read
The dog is outside barking
At something he cant see
The garden gate is closing