

Judybats, Woman In The Garden

Pruning shears in her lovely hands
Gloves she got for Christmas
Time demands
Time for trimming, cutting back
Keeping a tight rein
On the domesticated shrubbery

CHORUS

Woman in the garden
She's always been the lovely
Lady next door
Sweets for the children
Alms for the poor
Woman in the garden
She's always been the lovely
Lady next door
Sweets for the children
Alms for the poor
Sweets for the children
Alms for the poor
Mace for the rapers
Wave for the neighbors
She sure paints a pretty picture
For everyone
ANd everyone's concern

CHORUS

Woman in the garden
She's always been the lovely
Lady next door
Married to the wrong man
"Really," my sister says, " a total
Drunken boor."
Bruise on her face sometimes
Or a hitch in her stride
Sees me in the window now
And smiles
Gentle ticking in her face
Dusting the rocks
Yellow dress

CHORUS

Who's to blame for
Mistaken attentions and
Good intent
And time better spent?
Anyone's guess
