

Linda Perry, The Garden

Would you like
To slip away into the garden
Where mystery flies
And magical vines
Twist and turn inside your mind
It's a blast
Here at the ole whimsical gardens
Where everyone dreams
Grand illusions are freed
From the constant poisons that we breathe
Yes tonight, we'll lay in the garden
Where we'll bury our souls into the ground
Then tonight, we'll pray in the garden
Where we'll lift our souls from out of the ground
Just relax
And we will feast on your emotions
Open your mouth and let it come out
Every single word will form a phrase
Don't refrain
Are you so full of so much anger
Every stitch on your lip starts to itch
Until it all comes pouring out your lids
Yes tonight we'll lay in the garden
Where we'll bury our souls into the ground
Then tonight we'll pray in the garden
And we'll lift our souls from out of the ground