

Michael Franks, How The Garden Grows

Winter's hard to rhyme
We're prisoners in some icy pantomime
Just waiting for the wind to change his mind
And sing us green
April starts to whisper to the trees
I hoe and you plant the trees
Canterbury Bells begin to ring
The sparrows are stealing string
Hollycocks and foxglove to the knee
Now life's a major key
We've got mud between our toes
This is how the garden grows
Midnight in July
We see the season spread across the sky
We wake up to a nosy dragonfly
Against the screen
You just love to bite me where it shows
You kiss me
Then hide my clothes
Running through the sprinklers nearly raw
We've just disproved Newton's law
How can I break even with the weeds
In love so beyond my needs
Blossoms on you Mama's rose
This is how the garden grows