

# 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