

Paula Cole, Garden Of Eden

Here I am, a black-eyed bird, remaining silent.
I simply watch, your little life from high above.
Wanting to call you, wanting to sing,
Inside your ears and lips and eyes and soul,
I dig my grave, behind the gates of Babylon.

There's a Garden of Eden
In your distant heart,
Garden of Eden
In your earthly arms.

Here I stand, a serpent queen of the garden.
I'm beckoning, but you ignore my siren song.
Oh I long, to touch you, to step inside your sacred gate.
I'll dig my grave in the middle of golden bible snake.

There's a Garden of Eden
In your distant heart,
Garden of Eden
In your earthly arms.

The black-eyed bird is dying,
The queen is dead,
She'll never step foot in Eden.

There's a Garden of Eden
In your distant heart,
Garden of Eden
In your earthly arms.