

Peter Hammill, Green Fingers

He'll be young forever if he keeps this up...
so the bedroom playboy's never going to grow up.
The heart is a secret garden
to which there are no short cuts.

Only green young fingers make the garden bloom;
for the serious young man now is always too soon.
The heart is a secret garden,
the head is a darkened room.

Close your eyes...
how does it feel to be in love?
Much too difficult, you shove
green fingers into gloves.

Get those fingers dirty
now you're getting warm;
blood those hands with passion,
turn your face to the storm.
The heart is a bed of roses,
the heart is a bed of thorns.

Bleed, green fingers, bleed.
Bleed, green fingers, bleed.

Some future memory stirs...
someone's always getting burned
if intensity holds true.
If it's real to be in love
how does it feel to be in love?
Green fingers stripped of gloves.