

Roger Hodgson, The Garden

Walk around the garden
Choking at the weeds
Won't you come and help me
Try and sow some seeds

All the trees are weeping,
Branches hanging low
Seems as if they know that
They haven't long to go

All the world's a funfair
Hide behind your mask
Say that you're enjoying it
If anybody ask

Don't believe in sinners,
Don't believe in sin
Love is all the answers
So why don't we begin

Taking up the story that Jesus told
It's older than the years
All the seeds he planted have blossomed
Into concrete walls of fear

Lying in the gutter,
Gazing at the stars
Like to send a letter
To the men on Mars

Asking if they'd help us,
Help us if they cold
Come and weed this garden
Or do you think they should?