

# The Style Council, The Gardener Of Eden

True I was a gardener, once upon a time.  
When the world was young and all the earth was mine  
Mine to tend to, to plough and to sow.  
Before mankind came and rendered all things low.  
And beauty was its first name by this I would call.  
And ready the harvest for one and for all.

The orchards and the wheatfields which could of fed the world,  
Were divided up like money and sold through human slaves  
The rivers fresh, the hillsides that had no need of name,  
Now ran red with the life blood and drunk with guilty shame.

The gentle bough was broken and twisted out of shape,  
And who knows the consequences when the bough doth break,  
The mother soil which reared its young, now reared her angry head,  
And rain fell down like teardrops upon the flower beds.

The blame for this I'm in no doubt, is mine and mine alone,  
But so proud was I of my work, I had to share its growth -  
'Tis true I was a gardener in the time before the flood,  
Now these greenfingers of mine - are stained by angels blood.