Evie's Garden

Freedy Johnston

In the middle of Evie's garden
Was a rock she could never move
Worn away by a faithful hand till
No one knows the dateBring back the rain
We'll go walking
Bring back the wind
Like you doOf the flowers in Evie's garden
One would never go out of bloom
Planted over a well forgotten
Opened by the moonBring back the rain
To Evie's garden
I'm at the gate
Looking throughIn the middle of Evie's garden
Was a rock she could never move
Nearly buried in a night bloom tango
Pale and smooth as skin

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