

In The Yard, Behind The Church

Eels

In the yard, behind the church where
Butterflies and blackbirds search for
A safe place to rest the night away We will go down to the brook and
Sit upon the overlook then
Forget about the troubles of the day We will walk among the graves of
Men long dead with presidents' names and
Listen to the water flow softly by I will kiss you on the lips now
And as the sky grows dark we'll strip down
And let the water wash away all lies In the yard, behind the church where
Butterflies and blackbirds perch on
Gray stones as the garden's growing dim We will lay down on the ground and
Put our cheeks against the dirt down
Where it no longer matters where you've been

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