

Michael In the Garden

Ralph McTell

Out in the garden, amongst the bushes, Michael is crying.
Caught in a spider's web, its broken wings beating, a butterfly dying.

Oh la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la

And they in their wisdom say

"Michael's got something wrong, wrong, wrong with his mind".

Well they must be blind, if they can't see what Michael sees. Michael is silent, talking to no one of things that he sees.

But out in the garden, he talks in soft whispers, like the wind in the leaves.

Oh la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la.

And they in their wisdom say

"Michael's got something wrong, wrong, wrong with his mind".

They've seen the signs, but they can't see what Michael sees. And inside the building someone is calling his name through the halls.

But he doesn't answer, though he easily hears each leaf as it falls.

Oh la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la.

And they in their wisdom say

"Michael's got something wrong, wrong, wrong with his mind".

Well they must be blind, for they can't see what Michael sees. Michael where are you ?

Michael where are we,

We who see that there's something wrong with your mind? And inside the garden Michael is smiling, at peace in his world.

At one with the insects, the flowers, and the trees, and the wind and the birds.

Oh la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la. Oh Michael sees all

Behind the high walls
Surrounding his kingdom,
Whilst we in our wisdom

Still trapped in the spider's web
Far from the flow and ebb

Of life in the garden
But Michael has pardoned

Us for he sees

That really he's free

And there's nothing to mend

For his wings are not broken And they in their wisdom say

"Michael's got something wrong, wrong, wrong with his mind".

They've seen the signs, but Michael feels fine inside the garden.

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