

# Gates Of Eden

Bryan Ferry

Of war and peace, the truth just twists  
It's curfew gull, it glides  
Upon four-legged forest clouds  
The cowboy angel rides With his candle lit into the sun  
Though its glow is waxed in black  
All except when 'neath the trees of Eden The savage soldier sticks his head in sand  
And then complains  
Unto the shoeless hunter who's gone deaf  
But still remains Upon the beach where hound dogs bay  
At ships with tattooed sails  
Heading for the gates of Eden With a time-rusted compass blade  
Alladin and his lamp  
Sits with Utopian hermit monks  
Side saddle on the golden calf On their promises of paradise  
You will not hear a laugh  
All except inside the gates of Eden Relationships of a ownership  
They whisper in the wings  
To those condemned accordingly  
To wait for succeeding kings And I try to harmonize with songs  
The lonesome sparrow sings  
There are no kings inside the gates of Eden The motorcycle black Madonna  
A two-wheeled gypsy queen  
And her silver-studded phantom cause  
The gray flannel dwarf to scream As he weeps to wicked birds of prey  
Who pick up on his bread crumb sins  
And there are no sins inside the gates of Eden At dawn my lover comes to me  
And tells me of her dreams  
With no attempts to shovel the glimpse  
Into the ditch of what each one means At times I think there are no words  
But these to tell what's true  
And there are no truths outside the gates of Eden

Songwriters

Bob Dylan Published by

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