

The Gardener of Eden (A Three Piece Suite)

The Style Council

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 it's first name by this I would call
And ready the harvest for one and for all
The orchards and the wheat fields 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 it's 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 it's growth
'Tis true I was a gardener in the time before the flood
Now these green fingers of mine are stained by angels' blood

Songwriters

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