

# Walking in the Garden

## A Flock of Seagulls

Somewhere down in New York town  
There lives a friend of mine  
But I haven't seen her face  
For a very long, long time  
She tried to tell me  
That my life was getting harder  
She took me by the hand  
We went walking in the garden  
Well, it's five past three in the afternoon  
And the sun is burning down  
I've gotta pack my bags  
And get outta this sticking town  
Don't try to tell me  
That my life is getting harder  
When it's seems so easy  
Just like walking in the garden  
When the sun goes down  
And the moon comes up  
And half the world goes dark  
We find ourselves alone  
Wandering through central park  
Don't try to tell me  
That my life is getting harder  
Lay down beside me  
We'll go walking in the garden

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