# '81

## Modern Men

I found a little plot of land,
in the garden of Eden.
It was dirt and dirt is all the same.
I tilled it with my two hands,
and I called it my very own;
there was no one to dispute my claim.Well, you'd be shocked
at the state of things--
the whole place
had just cleared right out.
It was hotter than hell,
as I laid me by a spring, for a spell,
as naked as a trout.The wandering eye that I have caught
is as hot as a wandering sun.
But I will want for nothing more,
in my garden:
start again,
in my hardening to every heart but one.Meet me in the garden of Eden.
Bring a friend.
We are gonna have ourselves a time.
We are gonna have a garden party.
It's on me!
No, sirree, it's my dime.We broke our hearts,
in the war between
St. George and the dragon,
but both, in equal part,
are welcome to come along.
I'm inviting everyone.Farewell to loves that I have known.
Even muddiest waters run.
Tell me. what is meant but sin, or none,
in a garden
seceded from the union
in the year of A.D. 1?The unending amends you've made
are enough for one life.
Be done.
I believe in innocence, little darlin.
Start again.
I believe in everyone.
I believe, regardless.
I believe in everyone.

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