Garden Path

Shannon Hurley

Down the garden path
Windy Sunday afternoon
Hidden by the trees
We go to wait there for the moon
Down the garden path we go

Oh our days are simple
And the minutes seem like hours
Innocence is not yet lost
Yet lost among the flowers
Down the garden path we go

The sun is on fire
Iâ€™m watching it burn
The world is on fire
Iâ€™m watching it turn

As the sun goes down
We awaken from our sleep
Everything must come to an end
And so must this mid-summerâ€™s dream
Down the garden path we go

The sun is on fire
Iâ€™m watching it burn
The world is on fire
Iâ€™m watching it turn

Always had a place where we could hide
Never had to answer to the world outside
Summer came around and my walls came down
Summer didnâ€™t last and Iâ€™m all cried out
Never gonna love like that again
Never loved a boy like I loved you then.

Lyrics submitted by Marni.

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