Wild Gardens

Magneta Lane

We're children, we're dancing in gardens
Her heart rests on him with the stillness
Of lights in the night time she's dancing
Waiting for his hearts twin rythym
I'm tired of loving you...Now darling she can't keep on waiting
Till you give a fuck that she's fading
Her blood it flows softly inside her
Spinning awaiting her lover
So kiss her lips tonight
Please make her feel alive...Now a man stands with his palms
Offering what she wants
from her true lovers arms
Stranger will you kiss her lips tonight
Please make her feel alive
again, again, again...There's hair in my palms from patience
I hate you admire my patience
Her heart is conflicting with reason
Her temper is changing the season
So kiss her lips tonight
Please make her come alive....Now a man stands with his palms
Offering what she wants
from her true lovers arms
Stranger will you kiss her lips tonight
Please make her feel alive
again, again, again...So you stand their with your palms
Offering what I want
from my true lovers arms
Stranger will you kiss my lips tonight
Please make me feel alive
again, again, again

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