

The Garden Of Jane Delawney

Trees

The poet's voice lingers on
His words hang in the air
The ground you walk upon
Might as well not be there
Might as well not be there
I'll take you through my dreams
Out into the darkest morning
Past the blood filled streams
Into the garden of Jane Delawney
 Into the garden now
 Though the rose is fair
 Don't pluck it as you pass
For a fire will consume your hair
And your eyes will turn to glass
 Your eyes will turn to glass
 In the willow's shade
 Don't lie to hear it weep
For its tears of gold and jade
Will drown you as you sleep
 Will drown you now
Jane Delawney had her dreams
 That she never did discover
For the flow that feeds the stream
 Is the life blood of her lover
 Is the life blood of her lover
 And the purifying beam
Of the sun will shine here never
While the spirit of her dream
 In the garden lives forever
 Lives forever now

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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