

Garden Of Eden

Donna The Buffalo

Here I am, a black-eyed bird, remaining silent.
I simply watch, your little life from high above.
 Wanting to call you, wanting to sing,
 Inside your ears and lips and eyes and soul,
 I dig my grave, behind the gates of Babylon.
 There's a Garden of Eden
 In your distant heart,
 Garden of Eden
 In your earthly arms.
Here I stand, a serpent queen of the garden.
I'm beckoning, but you ignore my siren song.
Oh I long, to touch you, to step inside your sacred gate.

I'll dig my grave in the middle of golden bible snake.
 There's a Garden of Eden
 In your distant heart,
 Garden of Eden
 In your earthly arms.
The black-eyed bird is dying,
 The queen is dead,
She'll never step foot in Eden.
 There's a Garden of Eden
 In your distant heart,
 Garden of Eden
 In your earthly arms.

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