

My Garden

Fish & Bird

My garden is surrounded on all sides
By wrought iron, you can scale it if you try
Cause there's an oak tree with sturdy limbs
That you can climb and lower yourself in
And my garden is a little over grown
Cause it's been years since last the grass was mown
And the thistles well they come up past your ears
All my insecurities and fears
And my garden isn't doing so well these days
All my vegetables all wither and decay
And my flowers are wilted dying things
And those thistles are the undisputed king
And I slipped under the full moon
And I saw the end coming soon

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