

The Garden

Remember times when we were young
we'd talk and smile and just have fun
We'd meet in the garden just after ten.
Let's meet in the garden again.

I loved the way we'd play on the swing
the flowers all bloomed and the birds would sing
It was a private place where life was good
a place I'd meet my love, if I could.

We'd chase each other around the yard
and breathlessly collapse in each others arms
the warm sunshine on your freckled face
I long to go to that special place

The garden is a sanctuary of sorts
with conversations between our hearts
where birds and plants grow wild and free
a place where I can just be me.

Can we sneak back to the garden again?
I think of it often; more "now" than "then"
It's a place to go and play pretend
with warm sunshine and gentle rain

The umbrella shade of the Willow tree
cooled us from the summer breeze
and sheltered us from gentle rains
I long for the garden again.