

You move forward, I move backwards  
And together we make nothing at all  
And everybody knows  
How your garden's growing tonight

What's this tender fascination  
And the boredom emulation of love  
Stories to take home  
We had your garden growing just right

You do it for me  
You do it with quickness  
A man of the hour  
As God is my witness  
Me and my song  
We'll do it alone

You do it for me  
You do it for money  
A man of the hour  
It aches in my belly  
Me and my song  
We'll do it alone

Now this tender fascination  
Is only meant to take you so far  
I'll remind you to remind  
How else to never mind it at all

You move forward, I move backwards  
And together we make nothing at all  
Everybody knows  
How your garden's growing tonight

You do it for me  
You do it with quickness  
A man of the hour  
As God is my witness  
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