

The Garden

Conner Smith

What if I stepped off of the treadmill, planted roots and let 'em run
And tried to breathe a little deeper, took a second in the sun
I reached the summit of the mountain
I could see it crystal clear
And taste the bitter fruit of freedom
Sowed in the valley of my fears

Meet me there, where tender memories sweeten just like berries on the vine
There ain't a thing that grows without gravity and time
So, you water the flowers, and I'll pull up the weeds
And spend more time laying with you, darling
Let's get back into the garden

We'll call it "misguided ambition"
What it took to understand
That life is not to be accomplished to find the joy of open hands
Cast our cares into the clouds
Sing our feet into the mud
And if it rains, we'll dance right in it
Baptized in simple love

Meet me there, where tender memories sweeten just like berries on the vine
There ain't a thing that grows without gravity and time
So, you water the flowers, and I'll pull up the weeds
And spend more time laying with you, darling
Let's get back into the garden

Let's get back to the garden

Because life is just too short to spend it chasing after wind
Ain't no use in climbing mountains just to come back down again

Meet me there
Meet me there
Meet me there