

## Garden

## Fences

From the sun to the peaks  
Can they hear you speak?  
Run through Laurel Canyon like a dog

I've never been sick, but I would take it quick  
I don't think it'd effect me much at all

Floor to ceiling, God is something pealing  
Floor to ceiling your gardens shaking

Ooooooh  
Ooooooh  
Ooooooh

From the sun to the peaks  
Can they hear you sing?  
Hum through Laurel Canyon like a song

I've never been tricked, but I would take its kick  
That's the kind of horse I would fall off

Floor to ceiling, God is something pealing  
Floor to ceiling your gardens, gardens shaking

Ooooooh  
Ooooooh  
Ooooooh

From the sun to the peaks  
Can they hear the priest?  
Roll through laurel canyon like a fog

It never did stick, the snow when we were kids  
Someone once just told me it was frost

Floor to ceiling, God is something pealing  
Floor to ceiling your gardens, gardens shaking

Ooooooh  
Ooooooh  
Ooooooh

Ooooooh  
Ooooooh