

# Flowers in My Garden

Johnny Flynn

Flowers in my garden  
Birds in all the trees  
This is where I'm rooted  
Still I've got to leave  
Yes I must be cut down  
Yes I've got to go far

For bread and wine  
I'll extoll the meek  
And sainted wings  
In every keep  
Chopping changing Roman girl  
Plopping laughing cockney pearl

I'm in the small things with the bloom  
And you can't give me any news  
Except the small things that you need  
Will be around you when you listen

And it will be peculiar  
That we're here on this long trodden earth  
And we might be familiar  
Were it not for them that gave us birth  
And were it not a separation  
Cut of binding congregation

The eyes we're given give us sight  
Of one another in the light  
And in the doorway of a dark cafe  
And just before I fall asleep  
And dream of you  
And wait to find you in another day