Secret Gardens

Judy Collins

My grandmother's house is still there But it isn't the same A plain wooden cottage A patch of brown lawn And a fence that hangs standing And sighing in the Seattle rain

I drive by with strangers And wish they could see what I see A tangle of summer birds Flying in sunlight A forest of lillies An orchard of apricot trees

Secret Gardens of the heart Where the flowers bloom forever I see you shining through the night In the ice and snow of winter

Great grandfather's farm is still there But it isn't the same The barn is torn down And the fences are gone The Idaho wind blows The topsoil away every Spring

I still see the ghosts Of the people I knew long ago Inside the old kitchen They bend and sigh My life passed them up And the world passed them by

Secret Gardens of the heart Where the old stay young forever I see you shining through the night In the ice and snow of winter

But most of all It is me that has changed And yet I'm still the same That's me at the weddings That's me at the graves Dressed like the people Who once looked so grown-up and brave

I look in the mirror Thought the eyes of the child that was me I see willows bending The season is Spring And the silver blue sailing birds Fly with the sun on their wings

Secret Gardens of the heart Where dreams live on forever I see you shining through the night In the picky-akody cr In the lice and show of winter