

The Garden

The Happy Fits

There is a house with a garden
Floral walls line the trees
Poke my head through a window
Air was fresh, all was green

When it was ripe, how it could flow far above you
Fill it with life, make it a home, how it could grow

So if I lay down (I lay down) and let the roots grow 'round
Would it make me whole again?
And if barren wood (Barren wood) could touch this ground, oh, f
lower it would

There is a house with a garden
Floral walls line the trees
In this house where I started
So much pain grew through me

When it was ripe, how it could flow far above you
Fill it with life, make it a home, how it could grow

So if I lay down (I lay down) and let the roots grow 'round
Would it make me whole again?
And if barren wood (Barren wood) could touch this ground, oh, f
lower it would