

love is not a garden it's the weeds

love is undisciplined

love breaks all the rules

love will not come and go where it's told

love only does what it wants to

you want to have a garden neat and clean

but the wind will drop seeds

and the earth is full of roots that rise up

into stems flowers leaves

you can have all the roses you want

you can grow some cabbages too

you can break the earth into crumbs

and plant your crop in rows

you can build a fence a white picket fence

or walls of cement and stone

but come back tomorrow or tomorrow

and all your work will be undone

if you stay in one place and grow old

you can have a garden neat and clean

but it's the labour of a lifetime

to hold back what's wild and green

**the weeds will win without working
they will cover your grave
your hands will be empty bones
but the grass will stand up and wave**

**love is undisciplined
love breaks all the rules
love will not come and go where it's told
love only does what it wants to**