

# Peter Hammill - Forsaken Gardens

Tom: C

F Dm  
Where are all the joys of yesterday?

F Dm  
Where, now, is the happiness and laughter that we shared?

Am G  
Gone, like our childhood dreams, aspirations and beliefs

Am F Dm  
Time is a thief, and he ravages our gardens

Stripping saplings, felling trees

F Dm  
Trampling on our flowers, sucking sap and drying seeds

Am G  
In the midnight candle-light of experience

Am D C B  
All colour fades, green fingers grey

G Em  
Time, alone, shall murder all the flowers

G  
Still, there's time to share our plots and all that we call 'ours'

Am F  
How much worse, then, if we all deny each others' needs

Bb F Dm C  
And keep our garden's privately?

Am Em  
Its getting colder, wind and rain leave gashes

Am F G Am G Am  
Looking back, I only see the friends I've lost

Am Em  
Fires smoulder, raking through the ashes

Am  
My hands are dirty, my mind is numb

F G Am G F  
I count the cost of 'I'

Em Bm  
"I need to get on, I've got to tend my garden

Em C D Em Bm  
Got to shut you out, no time to crave your pardon no\_ow"

( Gbm Bm Ab Bb C )

F Dm  
Now I see the garden that I've grown is just the same  
As those outside

F Eb  
The fences, [that] erected to protect, simply divide

Gm  
There's ruination everywhere, the weather has

Em  
Played havoc with the grass

Gm F  
Does anyone believe his [their] garden's really going to last?

Am F  
[And] In the time allotted us, can any man keep miserly his own?

Am F Em Am  
Is there any pleasure in a solitary growth?

( F G Am G Am Em Am )  
( Am G Am G F )  
( Em Bm Em C D Em )  
F ( Bm Gbm Bm Ab Bb C Db Fm )

F Dm  
Come and see my garden if you will

F Dm  
I'd like someone to see it all before each root is killed

Am G  
Surely now its time to open up each life to all

Am D C B  
Tear down the walls, if its not too late

G Em  
There is so much sorrow in the world

G F  
There is so much emptiness and heartbreak and pain

Am F  
Somewhere on the road we have all taken a wrong turn

Bb F Dm C F C Bb  
How can we build the right path aga\_ \_in?

Am Gm  
Through the grief, through the pain

Am  
Our flowers need each others' rain

## Acordes