

(score/berner/pichette/mazzetti)

somewhere down in new york town
where lives a friend of mine
but i haven't seen her face
for a very long long time
she tried to tell me that my life was getting harder
she took me by the hand
we went walking in the garden
well it's five past three in the afternoon
and the sun is burning down
i've gotta pack my bags
and get outta this sticking town
don't try to tell me that my life is getting harder
when it's seems so easy
just like walking in the garden
when the sun goes down and the moon comes up
and half the world goes dark
we find ourselves alone
wandering through central park
don't try to tell me that my life is getting harder
lay down beside me
we'll go walking in the garden