

Singing to you from my garden

I'm singing to you from my garden
Walking along stone paths for you
I'm moving for you in my garden
I picked some fresh fruit just for you.

My friends: the Robin and the blackbird are singing
Song thrush it rouses with its call
I'll send them over with a note just for you
All of their songs, I'll share them all

This wicker basket is filled up to the brim.
With special treats sealed within
I'll put a fine day and a rainbow inside
Marked it 'for her' or 'for him'.

I'm sending wild flowers a plenty, on a
Warm breeze that'll make it through to you
You can touch, you can see and feel it all its in
A bottle with your name on, its true.

I'm singing to you from my garden
Walking along stone paths for you
I'm moving for you in my garden
I picked some fresh fruit just for you.

My friends: the Robin and the blackbird are singing
Song thrush it rouses with its call
I'll send them over with a note just for you
All of their songs, I'll share them all

I picked some fresh fruit just for you.