

The Garden Of Gethsemane

Nightwatchman

On the side of the dirt road, an old Chevy wreck
I climbed through the window, I sat in the back
I gathered my thoughts with my head in my hands
My next of kin, my list of demands

I slipped from shadow to shadow
I saw things I should not see
The moon rose high over the garden
The garden of Gethsemane

I know who I'm for and who I'm against
I pulled the shades tight, I built me a fence
I dug a tunnel, tunnel deep and wide
I sit at the bottom and wait for the night

I slipped from shadow to shadow
I saw things I should not see
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Morning has come, clean clothes on the line
There'll be no tomorrow, I rise and I shine
If you swallow the coin from the wishing well
Your dreams will come true in heaven or hell

I slipped from shadow to shadow
I saw things I should not see
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Take my hand, down we go
Take my hand, love, down we go
Take my hand, down we go
Take my hand, love, down we go