

## Gethsemane

## Dry the River

It started with the moon  
That turned an inexpensive room into St. Peter's  
There's a parabolic story but it's boring  
And it ends how you'd expect.  
Forever dressing down  
I'm like a stranger  
Hanging round outside the kingdom hall  
I'd've carried your wedding shawl  
You could've said I was a school friend

And you drag your holy horse cart  
In the sky when I wake up  
They say it's just the sun  
But I know that face

Excavating down  
You'd find the drowning  
And the drowned  
And then there's a space  
You could walk to our memorial  
But it's pouring  
And it ends how you'd expect.  
I'd dig your dresses out  
And hang 'em round about the house  
And turn the lights down low  
Now you're everywhere I go  
Looking faintly disappointed

And you drag your holy horse cart  
In the sky when I wake up  
They say it's just the sun  
But I know that face

The devil's tricks just seem to sit  
So light on you  
They'd never get the marionette  
That's tied on you

In the parliamentary houses  
There'll be talk of what this is  
With inexperienced witnesses  
And evidence against us  
But I'll take my pound of substance  
From those insubstantial men  
Whatever their arguments  
I'll prove your innocence

Drag your holy horse cart  
In the sky when I wake up  
Oh yeah  
Testify allegiance with more  
Punctured wounds than Jesus  
Oh yeah

Every statue's weeping honey  
And it makes my sight go funny  
'Cause I'm over-sympathetic

And I can't control myself  
Leave that painful memory  
In the Garden of Gethsemane  
Oh yeah,  
Oh yeah