

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 inexpert 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