

## Gethsemane

Richard Thompson

Among the headstones you played as boys  
Crypts and tombs like a roomful of toys  
Just up the river from the smoke and the noise  
Gethsemane

And there's war-whoops and secret signs in the trees  
Estuary smells coming up on the breeze  
O perfect endless days like these  
O Gethsemane

Sailboat on the Cadie, pushbike on the quay  
In your eyes there's fire, in your hand destiny  
'O be something, be something fine!'

Just down the river, into the noise and the smoke  
Being daring with the staring, uncaring folk  
Who laugh with you, laugh at you, you'll never get the  
joke  
Gethsemane

And they broke your spirit there in the marines  
Flushed your head down in the latrines  
Frozen in your sacrament, derailed in your teens  
Never saw the enemy

And those bosses betrayed, soon let you go  
The fire in your eyes, how could they know  
'O be something, be something fine!'

Now you've got your own boys, hell bent for leather  
Dead before they're 18, or bitter old men forever  
They never saw the halo moon rise over the river  
Of Gethsemane

Now there's a pain in your head puts lead in your shoes  
Better get it seen to, it's going to be bad news  
How did the perfect world get so confused  
O Gethsemane

Who sucked out the freedom, days without end  
Under the weight of it all you must bend  
'O be something, be something fine!'