

# In the Garden

Van Morrison

The streets are always wet with rain  
After a summer shower when I saw you standin'  
In the garden in the garden wet with rain

You wiped the teardrops from your eye in sorrow  
As we watched the petals fall down to the ground  
And as I sat beside you I felt the  
Great sadness that day in the garden

And then one day you came back home  
You were a creature all in rapture  
You had the key to your soul  
And you did open that day you came back to the garden

The olden summer breeze was blowin' on your face  
The light of God was shinin' on your countenance divine  
And you were a violet color as you  
Sat beside your father and your mother in the garden

The summer breeze was blowin' on your face  
Within your violet you treasure your summery words  
And as the shiver from my neck down to my spine  
Ignited me in daylight and nature in the garden

And you went into a trance  
Your childlike vision became so fine  
And we heard the bells inside the church  
We loved so much  
And felt the presence of the youth of  
Eternal summers in the garden

And as it touched your cheeks so lightly  
Born again you were and blushed  
And we touched each other lightly  
And we felt the presence of the Christ  
Within in our hearts  
In the garden

And I turned to you and I said  
No guru, no method, no teacher  
Just you and I and nature  
And the father in the garden

Listen no guru, no method, no teacher  
Just you and I and nature  
And the Father and the  
Son and the Holy Ghost  
In the garden, wet with rain  
No guru, no method, no teacher  
Just you and I and nature and the Father  
And the Son and the Holy Ghost  
In the garden, in the garden, wet with rain

No guru, no method, no teacher  
Just you and I and nature  
And the Father in the garden