

# Gates To The Garden

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Past the ivy-covered windows of  
The Angel  
Down Athenaeum Lane to the cathedral  
Through the churchyard I wandered  
Sat for a spell there and I pondered  
My back to the gates of the garden  
My back to the gates of the garden  
My back to the gates of the garden  
Fugitive fathers, sickly infants, decent mothers  
Runaways and suicidal lovers  
Assorted boxes of ordinary bones  
Of aborted plans and sudden shattered hopes  
In unlucky rows, up to the gates of the garden  
In unhappy rows, up to the gates of the garden  
In unlucky rows, up to the gates of the garden  
Won't you meet me at the gates  
Won't you meet me at the gates  
Won't you meet me at the gates  
To the garden

Beneath the creeping shadow of the tower  
The bell from St. Edmunds informs me of the hour  
I turn to find you waiting there for me  
In sunlight and I see the way that you breathe  
Alive and leaning on the gates of the garden  
Alive and leaning on the gates of the garden  
Alive and leaning on the gates of the garden  
Leave these ancient places to the angels  
Let the saints attend to their keeping of the cathedrals  
And leave the dead beneath the ground so cold  
For God is in this hand that I hold  
As we open up the gates of the garden  
Won't you meet me at the gates  
Won't you meet me at the gates  
Won't you meet me at the gates  
To the garden

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