

# In the Garden

Van Morrison

The streets are always wet with rain  
After a summer shower when I saw you standin'  
Standin' in the garden, in the garden wet with rain  
You wiped the teardrops from your eye in sorrow  
Yeah 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' against your face, alright  
The light of God was shinin' on your countenance divine  
And you were a violet colour 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 within the church, we loved so much  
And felt the presence of the youth of eternal summers in the garden  
Alright, 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 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

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