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 rainYou 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 gardenAnd 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 gardenThe 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 gardenThe 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 gardenAnd 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 gardenAlright, 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 gardenAnd 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 rainNo 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 rainNo guru, no method, no teacher
Just you and I and nature
And the Father in the garden

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