

# Gethsemane

## Dry the River

"It started with the moon  
that turned an inexpensive room into St. Peters.  
Thereâ€™s a parabolic story, but itâ€™s boring  
and it ends how youâ€™d expect.

Forever dressing down  
Iâ€™m like a stranger  
hanging round outside the kingdom hall.  
Iâ€™d â€˜ve carried your wedding shawl,  
you couldâ€™ve said I was a school friend.

And you drag your holy horse cart in the sky  
when I wake up  
they say itâ€™s just the sun  
but I know that face.

Excavating down youâ€™d find the drowning and the drowned  
and then thereâ€™s us, babe.  
You could walk to our memorial, but itâ€™s pouring  
and it ends how youâ€™d expect.

I dig your dresses out  
and hang â€™em round about the house  
and turn the lights down low.  
Now youâ€™re everywhere I go  
looking faintly disappointed.

And you drag your holy horse cart in the sky  
when I wake up  
they say itâ€™s just the sun  
but I know that face.

But the devilâ€™s tricks  
just seem to sit so light on you.  
Theyâ€™d never get the marionette  
this tight on you.

In the parliamentary houses  
thereâ€™ll be talk of what this is  
with inexpert witnesses and evidence against us.

But Iâ€™ll take my pound of substance  
from those insubstantial men.  
Whatever their arguments,  
Iâ€™ll prove your innocence.

Drag your holy horse cart in the sky  
when I wake up, oh yeah.

Testify allegiance with more  
puncture wounds than Jesus, oh yeah.

Every statueâ€™s weeping honey  
and it makes my sight go funny  
â€™cause Iâ€™m over sympathetic  
and I canâ€™t control myself.

Leave that painful memory  
in the garden of Gethsemane, oh yeah, oh yeah.â€•

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Lyrics submitted by German Matviuk.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>