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 pourring
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€•

Lyrics submitted by German Matviuk.

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