

The Garden Of Gethsemane

The Nightwatchman

On the side of the dirt road, an old Chevy wreck
I climbed through the window, I sat in the back
I gathered my thoughts with my head in my hands
My next of kin, my list of demands I slipped from shadow to shadow
I saw things I should not see
The moon rose high over the garden
The garden of Gethsemane I know who I'm for and who I'm against
I pulled the shades tight, I built me a fence
I dug a tunnel, tunnel deep and wide
I sit at the bottom and wait for the night I slipped from shadow to shadow
I saw things I should not see
The moon rose high over the garden
The garden of Gethsemane Morning has come, clean clothes on the line
There'll be no tomorrow, I rise and I shine
If you swallow the coin from the wishing well
Your dreams will come true in heaven or hell I slipped from shadow to shadow
I saw things I should not see
The moon rose high over the garden
The garden of Gethsemane Take my hand, down we go
Take my hand, love, down we go
Take my hand, down we go
Take my hand, love, down we go

Songwriters

Tom Morello Published by

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