Gethsemane

Rickie Lee Jones

Now we went up to the garden
We see olive trees
The bells were ringing
The rooster crows

The men were standing all around Other men are laying on the ground And I am standing by myself

I just let them to sleep awhile Just let them sleep awhile

You know you wake up one morning
And you're someone else
You're on your own
There is no miracle to take you home

And you cry to the God who leaves you there To the branch and the bird and the empty air To the God of why can't we turn back around

> You say I've been true, oh I Let me sleep here, let me sleep here Let me sleep here, let me sleep here Let me sleep

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