

Gethsemane

Kenneth Cope

My Lord Jesus, Me in heaven- You on earth
You're in the garden, and Your heavy burden is growing worse
I weep for You Jesus

My poor Jesus, I'm so sorry to make You cry
But I'm far from like You, and all my sins, Lord,demand this price

I wish that I could come to You, and wipe away the blood And then I'd bear Your cross, Lord if I could, but I'm
up here
And You're down there, Jesus

My poor Jesus, I'm so sorry to make You die, but, please, for me,Jesus die

Now Lord Jesus, You're in heaven, and I'm on earth, now it's my turn
And my little burden is getting worse, I weep for me Jesus

Oh kind Jesus, I keep trying to win this fight, but I just can't change me
I need Your grace, Lord please provide

I wish that I could run to You, and all of this would end if I could see Your face
Have You close again, but You're up there, and I'm down here, oh Jesus

My Lord Jesus, if You've got time to spend with me tonight, then fly to me Jesus, fly

Lyrics submitted by rocky.

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