

# Dry The River, Gethsemane

It started with the moon that turned an inexpensive room into St. Peters.  
There's a parabolic story, but it's boring and it ends how you'd expect.

Forever dressing down I'm like a stranger hanging round outside the kingdom hall.  
I'd 've carried your wedding shawl,  
You could've said I was a school friend.

And you drag your holy horse cart in the sky when I wake up  
They say it's just the sun, but I know that face.

Excavating down you'd find the drowning and the drowned and then there's us, babe.  
You could walk to our memorial, but it's pouring and it ends how you'd expect.

I dig your dresses out and hang 'em round about the house  
And turn the lights down low.  
Now you're everywhere I go looking faintly disappointed.

And you drag your holy horse cart in the sky when I wake up  
They say it's just the sun, but I know that face.

But the devil's tricks just seem to sit so light on you.  
They'd never get the marionette this tight on you.

In the parliamentary houses there'll be talk of what this is  
With inexpert witnesses and evidence against us.  
But I'll take my pound of substance from those insubstantial men.  
Whatever their arguments, I'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 statue's weeping honey and it makes my sight go funny  
'Cause I'm over sympathetic and I can't control myself.

Leave that painful memory in the garden of Gethsemane, oh yeah, oh yeah