

# Rickie Lee Jones, Gethsemane

Now we went up to the garden  
Beneath the olive tree  
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 sleep awhile  
I 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 to you / Let me sing awhile  
Let me sleep here  
Don't make me beg  
Let me sleep  
When I call your name  
Here  
You turn, your turn, your turn away  
Let me sleep here  
All I want is your hand  
Let me sleep  
I've been true, I've been true  
All I want is your hand  
Why are you sleeping, oh my friends