

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