

Nick Cave, Gates To The Garden

Past the ivy-covered windows of
The Angel
Down Athenaeum Lane to the cathedral
Through the churchyard I wandered
Sat for a spell there and I pondered
My back to the gates of the garden
My back to the gates of the garden
My back to the gates of the garden

Fugitive fathers, sickly infants, decent mothers
Runaways and suicidal lovers
Assorted boxes of ordinary bones
Of aborted plans and sudden shattered hopes
In unlucky rows, up to the gates of the garden
In unhappy rows, up to the gates of the garden
In unlucky rows, up to the gates of the garden

Won't you meet me at the gates
Won't you meet me at the gates
Won't you meet me at the gates
To the garden

Beneath the creeping shadow of the tower
The bell from St. Edmunds informs me of the hour
I turn to find you waiting there for me
In sunlight and I see the way that you breathe
Alive and leaning on the gates of the garden
Alive and leaning on the gates of the garden
Alive and leaning on the gates of the garden

Leave these ancient places to the angels
Let the saints attend to their keeping of the cathedrals
And leave the dead beneath the ground so cold
For God is in this hand that I hold
As we open up the gates of the garden

Won't you meet me at the gates
Won't you meet me at the gates
Won't you meet me at the gates
To the garden