## 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 unlucky 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