

The Nightwatchman, The Garden of Gethsemane

On the side of the dirt road
An old Chevy wreck
I climbed through the window
I sat in the back
I gathered my thoughts
With my head in my hands
My next of kin
My list of demands
I slipped from shadow to shadow
I saw things I should not see
The moon rose high
Over the Garden
The Garden of Gethsemane
I know who I'm for
And who I'm against
I pulled the shades tight
I built me a fence
I dug a tunnel
Deep and wide
I sit at the bottom
And wait for the night
I slipped from shadow to shadow
I saw things I should not see
The moon rose high
Over the Garden
The Garden of Gethsemane
Morning has come
Clean clothes on the line
There'll be no tomorrow
I rise and I shine
If you swallow the coin
From the wishing well
Your dreams will come true
In heaven or hell
I slipped from shadow to shadow
I saw things I should not see
The moon rose high
Over the Garden
The Garden of Gethsemane
Take my hand
Down we go
Take my hand, love
Down we go