## Van Morrison "In The Garden"

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The streets are always wet with rain

After a summer shower when I saw you standin'

Standin' in the garden, in the garden wet with rain

You wiped the teardrops from your eye in sorrow Yeah we watched the petals fall down to the ground And as I sat beside you I felt the great sadness that day In the garden

And then one day you came back home You were a creature all in rapture You had the key to your soul and you did open That day you came back to the garden

The olden summer breeze was blowin' against your face, alright

The light of God was shinin' on your countenance divine

And you were a violet colour as you sat beside your father

And your mother in the garden

The summer breeze was blowin' on your face Within your violet you treasure your summery words And as the shiver from my neck down to my spine Ignited me in daylight and nature in the garden

And you went into a trance, your childlike vision became so fine

And we heard the bells within the church, we loved so much

And felt the presence of the youth of eternal summers in the garden

Alright, and as it touched your cheeks so lightly Born again you were and blushed And we touched each other lightly And we felt the presence of the Christ Within our hearts in the garden

And I turned to you and I said

"No guru, no method, no teacher Just you and I and nature And the Father in the garden"

Listen, no guru, no method, no teacher Just you and I and nature And the Father and the Son And the Holy Ghost in the garden wet with rain

No guru, no method, no teacher Just you and I and nature And the Father and the Son And the Holy Ghost in the garden In the garden wet with rain

No guru, no method, no teacher Just you and I and nature And the Father in the garden

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