

## The New York Room

### "The Garden Of Gethsemane"

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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, 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  
Take my hand, down we go  
Take my hand, love, down we go

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