

Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "Gates to the Garden"

Visit "[Gates to the Garden](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

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, my back to the gates
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, in unhappy rows
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
All alive and the leaning, alive and the leaning
All alive and the leaning, leaning on the gates to the garden

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

Visit [Nick Cave & The Bad Seed](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.