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## Al Stewart

## "Gethsemane, Again"

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In Gloucester Cathedral, on Saturday night I came to your flower show, blown like a kite And I stood by the tombstones, and gazed at the lights On the altar And the horse-faced old ladies and tweedy-toned men Of county society they came and they went With pamphlets and leaflets of Christian events For the fall

But ain't it all just like Jesus Crying in the rain? Ain't it all just Gethsemane again?

Oh the half-a-crown programmes on sale at the door Were clutched in the teeth of the rich and the poor As they swayed in an undertone conscience-free Forward together And the outstretching hands of the swains of the Lord Sold the communing commuters the word With LPs of Mary and photos of God In the hall

But ain't it all just like Jesus Crying in the rain? Ain't it all just Gethsemane again?

Oh the flowers hushed the air as the columns advanced To the clinking of coins in a ritual dance On flagstones that ached for a chance of a chance Of escaping And the mystical statues looked down so depressed At the endless possessors becoming possessed And the costumed confessors who never confessed To the wall

But ain't it all just like Jesus Crying in the rain? Ain't it all just Gethsemane again?

Oh I saw a blue hair-rinse, I saw a black tooth

I saw a false face in a telephone booth And the stark white-faced roses that screamed out the truth Of their dying And a walrus's dreams and a carpenter's love Absorbed like a hand in a great rubber glove And flown like a flag over battlefields Factories and all

Ain't it all just like Jesus Crying in the rain? Ain't it all just Gethsemane again?

Oh I dodged the collection box choirboy and out To the streets where the wind shook my hair with a shout And the dusty-faced daisies were blowing about So freely And Christ in the ruins was wandering again As he walked with the beggars and talked to the lame And danced with the children and sailors who came At his call

But ain't it all just like Jesus Crying in the rain? Ain't it all just Gethsemane again?

Ain't it all just like Jesus Crying in the rain? Ain't it all just Nazareth again?

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