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Gates To The Garden
Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds
    Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds
    _____
       Gates To The Garden
    G*
  E-0-|
  B-0-|
  G-0-
  D-0-|
  A-x-
  E-x-
 Am
   Past the ivy-covered windows of
             (G*)
   The Angel
                                  Dm
                                        G (G*)
Am
   Down Athenaeum Lane to the cathedral
                                       (G*)
 Am
   Through the churchyard I wandered
Am
                              Dm
                                         G
   Sat for a spell there and I pondered
                    \mathbf{F}
                         G
   My back to the gates
                   F
                         G
  My back to the gates
                   \mathbf{F}
                                    С
                                             (G*) Am
                         G
   My back to the gates
                          of the garden
Am
   Fugitive fathers, sickly infants, decent mothers
                           Dm
                                 G
  Runaways and suicidal lovers
                                     (G*)
Am
   Assorted boxes of ordinary bones
                                                 G
 Am
                                           Dm
   Of aborted plans and sudden shattered hopes
               F
                   G
   In unlucky rows
               \mathbf{F}
                    G
   ln unhappy rows
                                G
                                              С
               F
   In unlucky rows, up to the gates of the garden
             C
                             G
  Won t you meet me at the gates
             С
                             G
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FG

Won t you meet me at the gates C G Won t you meet me at the gates C 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 Allve and leaning Allve and leaning Allve and leaning on the gates of the garden

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

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