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Songs of Leonard Cohen

Suzanne

Suzanne takes you down to her place near the river
You can hear the boats go by
You can spend the night beside her
And you know that she's half crazy
But that's why you want to be there
And she feeds you tea and oranges
That come all the way from China
And just when you mean to tell her
That you have no love to give her
Then she gets you on her wavelength
And she lets the river answer
That you've always been her lover

And you want to travel with her
And you want to travel blind
And you know that she will trust you
For you've touched her perfect body with your mind.
And Jesus was a sailor
When he walked upon the water
And he spent a long time watching
From his lonely wooden tower
And when he knew for certain
Only drowning men could see him
He said "All men will be sailors then
Until the sea shall free them"
But he himself was broken
Long before the sky would open
Forsaken, almost human
He sank beneath your wisdom like a stone

And you want to travel with him
And you want to travel blind
And you think maybe you'll trust him
For he's touched your perfect body with his mind.

Now Suzanne takes your hand
And she leads you to the river
She is wearing rags and feathers
From Salvation Army counters
And the sun pours down like honey
On our lady of the harbour
And she shows you where to look
Among the garbage and the flowers
There are heroes in the seaweed

There are children in the morning
They are leaning out for love
And they will lean that way forever
While Suzanne holds the mirror

And you want to travel with her
And you want to travel blind
And you know that you can trust her
For she's touched your perfect body with her mind.

Master Song

I believe that you heard your master sing
when I was sick in bed.

I suppose that he told you everything
that I keep locked away in my head.
Your master took you travelling,
well at least that's what you said.
And now do you come back to bring
your prisoner wine and bread?

You met him at some temple, where
they take your clothes at the door.
He was just a numberless man in a chair
who'd just come back from the war.
And you wrap up his tired face in your hair
and he hands you the apple core.
Then he touches your lips now so suddenly bare
of all the kisses we put on some time before.

And he gave you a German Shepherd to walk
with a collar of leather and nails,
and he never once made you explain or talk
about all of the little details,
such as who had a worm and who had a rock,
and who had you through the mails.
Now your love is a secret all over the block,
and it never stops not even when your master fails.

And he took you up in his aeroplane,
which he flew without any hands,
and you cruised above the ribbons of rain
that drove the crowd from the stands.
Then he killed the lights in a lonely Lane
and, an ape with angel glands,
erased the final wisps of pain
with the music of rubber bands.

And now I hear your master sing,
you kneel for him to come.
His body is a golden string
that your body is hanging from.
His body is a golden string,
my body has grown numb.
Oh now you hear your master sing,
your shirt is all undone.

And will you kneel beside this bed
that we polished so long ago,

before your master chose instead
to make my bed of snow?
Your eyes are wild and your knuckles are red
and you're speaking far too low.
No I can't make out what your master said
before he made you go.

Then I think you're playing far too rough
for a lady who's been to the moon;
I've lain by this window long enough
to get used to an empty room.
And your love is some dust in an old man's cuff
who is tapping his foot to a tune,
and your thighs are a ruin, you want too much,
let's say you came back some time too soon.

I loved your master perfectly
I taught him all that he knew.
He was starving in some deep mystery
like a man who is sure what is true.
And I sent you to him with my guarantee
I could teach him something new,
and I taught him how you would long for me
no matter what he said no matter what you'd do.

I believe that you heard your master sing
while I was sick in bed,
I'm sure that he told you everything
I must keep locked away in my head.
Your master took you travelling,
well at least that's what you said,
And now do you come back to bring
your prisoner wine and bread?

Winter Lady

Trav'ling lady, stay awhile
until the night is over.
I'm just a station on your way,
I know I'm not your lover.

Well I lived with a child of snow
when I was a soldier,
and I fought every man for her
until the nights grew colder.

She used to wear her hair like you
except when she was sleeping,
and then she'd weave it on a loom
of smoke and gold and breathing.

And why are you so quiet now
standing there in the doorway?
You chose your journey long before
you came upon this highway.

Trav'ling lady stay awhile
until the night is over.
I'm just a station on your way,
I know I'm not your lover.

The Stranger Song

It's true that all the men you knew were dealers
who said they were through with dealing
Every time you gave them shelter
I know that kind of man
It's hard to hold the hand of anyone
who is reaching for the sky just to surrender,
who is reaching for the sky just to surrender.

And then sweeping up the jokers that he left behind
you find he did not leave you very much
not even laughter
Like any dealer he was watching for the card
that is so high and wild
he'll never need to deal another
He was just some Joseph looking for a manger
He was just some Joseph looking for a manger

And then leaning on your window sill
he'll say one day you caused his will
to weaken with your love and warmth and shelter
And then taking from his wallet
an old schedule of trains, he'll say
I told you when I came I was a stranger
I told you when I came I was a stranger.

But now another stranger seems
to want you to ignore his dreams
as though they were the burden of some other
O you've seen that man before
his golden arm dispatching cards
but now it's rusted from the elbows to the finger
And he wants to trade the game he plays for shelter
Yes he wants to trade the game he knows for shelter.

Ah you hate to see another tired man
lay down his hand
like he was giving up the holy game of poker
And while he talks his dreams to sleep
you notice there's a highway
that is curling up like smoke above his shoulder.
It is curling just like smoke above his shoulder.

You tell him to come in sit down
but something makes you turn around
The door is open you can't close your shelter
You try the handle of the road
It opens do not be afraid

It's you my love, you who are the stranger
It's you my love, you who are the stranger.

Well, I've been waiting, I was sure
we'd meet between the trains we're waiting for
I think it's time to board another
Please understand, I never had a secret chart
to get me to the heart of this
or any other matter
When he talks like this
you don't know what he's after
When he speaks like this,
you don't know what he's after.

Let's meet tomorrow if you choose
upon the shore, beneath the bridge
that they are building on some endless river
Then he leaves the platform
for the sleeping car that's warm
You realize, he's only advertising one more shelter
And it comes to you, he never was a stranger
And you say ok the bridge or someplace later.

And then sweeping up the jokers that he left behind ...

And leaning on your window sill ...

I told you when I came I was a stranger.

Sisters of Mercy

Oh the sisters of mercy, they are not departed or gone.
They were waiting for me when I thought that I just can't go on.
And they brought me their comfort and later they brought me this song.
Oh I hope you run into them, you who've been travelling so long.

Yes you who must leave everything that you cannot control.
It begins with your family, but soon it comes around to your soul.
Well I've been where you're hanging, I think I can see how you're pinned:
When you're not feeling holy, your loneliness says that you've sinned.

Well they lay down beside me, I made my confession to them.
They touched both my eyes and I touched the dew on their hem.
If your life is a leaf that the seasons tear off and condemn
they will bind you with love that is graceful and green as a stem.

When I left they were sleeping, I hope you run into them soon.
Don't turn on the lights, you can read their address by the moon.
And you won't make me jealous if I hear that they sweetened your night:
We weren't lovers like that and besides it would still be all right,
We weren't lovers like that and besides it would still be all right.

So Long Marianne

Come over to the window, my little darling,
I'd like to try to read your palm.
I used to think I was some kind of Gypsy boy
before I let you take me home.

Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began
to laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again.

Well you know that I love to live with you,
but you make me forget so very much.
I forget to pray for the angels
and then the angels forget to pray for us.

Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began ...

We met when we were almost young
deep in the green lilac park.
You held on to me like I was a crucifix,
as we went kneeling through the dark.

Oh so long, Marianne, it's time that we began ...

Your letters they all say that you're beside me now.
Then why do I feel alone?
I'm standing on a ledge and your fine spider web
is fastening my ankle to a stone.

Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began ...

For now I need your hidden love.
I'm cold as a new razor blade.
You left when I told you I was curious,
I never said that I was brave.

Oh so long, Marianne, it's time that we began ...

Oh, you are really such a pretty one.
I see you've gone and changed your name again.
And just when I climbed this whole mountainside,
to wash my eyelids in the rain!

Oh so long, Marianne, it's time that we began ...

Hey, That's No Way To Say Goodbye

I loved you in the morning, our kisses deep and warm,
your hair upon the pillow like a sleepy golden storm,
yes, many loved before us, I know that we are not new,
in city and in forest they smiled like me and you,
but now it's come to distances and both of us must try,
your eyes are soft with sorrow,
Hey, that's no way to say goodbye.

I'm not looking for another as I wander in my time,
walk me to the corner, our steps will always rhyme
you know my love goes with you as your love stays with me,
it's just the way it changes, like the shoreline and the sea,
but let's not talk of love or chains and things we can't untie,
your eyes are soft with sorrow,
Hey, that's no way to say goodbye.

I loved you in the morning, our kisses deep and warm,
your hair upon the pillow like a sleepy golden storm,
yes many loved before us, I know that we are not new,
in city and in forest they smiled like me and you,
but let's not talk of love or chains and things we can't untie,
your eyes are soft with sorrow,
Hey, that's no way to say goodbye.

Stories of the Street

The stories of the street are mine, the Spanish voices laugh.
The Cadillacs go creeping now through the night and the poison gas,
and I lean from my window sill in this old hotel I chose,
yes one hand on my suicide, one hand on the rose.

I know you've heard it's over now and war must surely come,
the cities they are broke in half and the middle men are gone.
But let me ask you one more time, O children of the dusk,
All these hunters who are shrieking now oh do they speak for us?

And where do all these highways go, now that we are free?
Why are the armies marching still that were coming home to me?
O lady with your legs so fine O stranger at your wheel,
You are locked into your suffering and your pleasures are the seal.

The age of lust is giving birth, and both the parents ask
the nurse to tell them fairy tales on both sides of the glass.
And now the infant with his cord is hauled in like a kite,
and one eye filled with blueprints, one eye filled with night.

O come with me my little one, we will find that farm
and grow us grass and apples there and keep all the animals warm.
And if by chance I wake at night and I ask you who I am,
O take me to the slaughterhouse, I will wait there with the lamb.

With one hand on the hexagram and one hand on the girl
I balance on a wishing well that all men call the world.
We are so small between the stars, so large against the sky,
and lost among the subway crowds I try to catch your eye.

Teachers

I met a woman long ago
her hair the black that black can go,
Are you a teacher of the heart?
Soft she answered no.

I met a girl across the sea,
her hair the gold that gold can be,
Are you a teacher of the heart?
Yes, but not for thee.

I met a man who lost his mind
in some lost place I had to find,
follow me the wise man said,
but he walked behind.

I walked into a hospital
where none was sick and none was well,
when at night the nurses left
I could not walk at all.

Morning came and then came noon,
dinner time a scalpel blade
lay beside my silver spoon.

Some girls wander by mistake
into the mess that scalpels make.
Are you the teachers of my heart?
We teach old hearts to break.

One morning I woke up alone,
the hospital and the nurses gone.
Have I carved enough my Lord?
Child, you are a bone.

I ate and ate and ate,
no I did not miss a plate, well
How much do these suppers cost?
We'll take it out in hate.

I spent my hatred everyplace,
on every work on every face,
someone gave me wishes
and I wished for an embrace.

Several girls embraced me, then
I was embraced by men,

Is my passion perfect?
No, do it once again.

I was handsome I was strong,
I knew the words of every song.
Did my singing please you?
No, the words you sang were wrong.

Who is it whom I address,
who takes down what I confess?
Are you the teachers of my heart?
We teach old hearts to rest.

Oh teachers are my lessons done?
I cannot do another one.
They laughed and laughed and said, Well child,
are your lessons done?
are your lessons done?
are your lessons done?

One Of Us Cannot Be Wrong

I lit a thin green candle, to make you jealous of me.
But the room just filled up with mosquitos,
they heard that my body was free.
Then I took the dust of a long sleepless night
and I put it in your little shoe.
And then I confess that I tortured the dress
that you wore for the world to look through.

I showed my heart to the doctor: he said I just have to quit.
Then he wrote himself a prescription,
and your name was mentioned in it!
Then he locked himself in a library shelf
with the details of our honeymoon,
and I hear from the nurse that he's gotten much worse
and his practice is all in a ruin.

I heard of a saint who had loved you,
so I studied all night in his school.
He taught that the duty of lovers
is to tarnish the golden rule.
And just when I was sure that his teachings were pure
he drowned himself in the pool.
His body is gone but back here on the lawn
his spirit continues to drool.

An Eskimo showed me a movie
he'd recently taken of you:
the poor man could hardly stop shivering,
his lips and his fingers were blue.
I suppose that he froze when the wind took your clothes
and I guess he just never got warm.
But you stand there so nice, in your blizzard of ice,
oh please let me come into the storm.

Songs From a Room

Bird on the Wire

Like a bird on the wire,
like a drunk in a midnight choir
I have tried in my way to be free.
Like a worm on a hook,
like a knight from some old fashioned book
I have saved all my ribbons for thee.
If I, if I have been unkind,
I hope that you can just let it go by.
If I, if I have been untrue
I hope you know it was never to you.

Like a baby, stillborn,
like a beast with his horn
I have torn everyone who reached out for me.
But I swear by this song
and by all that I have done wrong
I will make it all up to thee.
I saw a beggar leaning on his wooden crutch,
he said to me, "You must not ask for so much."
And a pretty woman leaning in her darkened door,
she cried to me, "Hey, why not ask for more?"

Oh like a bird on the wire,
like a drunk in a midnight choir
I have tried in my way to be free.

Story of Isaac

The door it opened slowly,
my father he came in,
I was nine years old.
And he stood so tall above me,
his blue eyes they were shining
and his voice was very cold.
He said, "I've had a vision
and you know I'm strong and holy,
I must do what I've been told."
So he started up the mountain,
I was running, he was walking,
and his axe was made of gold.

Well, the trees they got much smaller,
the lake a lady's mirror,
we stopped to drink some wine.
Then he threw the bottle over.
Broke a minute later
and he put his hand on mine.
Thought I saw an eagle
but it might have been a vulture,
I never could decide.
Then my father built an altar,
he looked once behind his shoulder,
he knew I would not hide.

You who build these altars now
to sacrifice these children,
you must not do it anymore.
A scheme is not a vision
and you never have been tempted
by a demon or a god.
You who stand above them now,
your hatchets blunt and bloody,
you were not there before,
when I lay upon a mountain
and my father's hand was trembling
with the beauty of the word.

And if you call me brother now,
forgive me if I inquire,
"Just according to whose plan?"
When it all comes down to dust
I will kill you if I must,
I will help you if I can.
When it all comes down to dust
I will help you if I must,
I will kill you if I can.

And mercy on our uniform,
man of peace or man of war,
the peacock spreads his fan.

A Bunch of Lonesome Heroes

A bunch of lonesome and very quarrelsome heroes
were smoking out along the open road;
the night was very dark and thick between them,
each man beneath his ordinary load.

"I'd like to tell my story,"
said one of them so young and bold,
"I'd like to tell my story,
before I turn into gold."

But no one really could hear him,
the night so dark and thick and green;
well I guess that these heroes must always live there
where you and I have only been.

Put out your cigarette, my love,
you've been alone too long;
and some of us are very hungry now
to hear what it is you've done that was so wrong.

I sing this for the crickets,
I sing this for the army,
I sing this for your children
and for all who do not need me.

"I'd like to tell my story,"
said one of them so bold,
"Oh yes, I'd like to tell my story
'cause you know I feel I'm turning into gold."

The Partisan

When they poured across the border
I was cautioned to surrender,
this I could not do;
I took my gun and vanished.

I have changed my name so often,
I've lost my wife and children
but I have many friends,
and some of them are with me.

An old woman gave us shelter,
kept us hidden in the garret,
then the soldiers came;
she died without a whisper.

There were three of us this morning
I'm the only one this evening
but I must go on;
the frontiers are my prison.

Oh, the wind, the wind is blowing,
through the graves the wind is blowing,
freedom soon will come;
then we'll come from the shadows.

Les Allemands étaient chez moi, [The Germans were at my home]
ils me dirent, résigne-toi, [they told me to surrender]
mais je n'ai pas pu; [but I could not do]
j'ai repris mon arme. [I have retaken my weapon.]

J'ai changé cent fois de nom, [I have changed names a hundred times]
j'ai perdu femme et enfants [I have lost wife and children]
mais j'ai tant d'amis; [but I have so many friends]
j'ai la France entière. [I have entire France]

Un vieil homme dans un grenier [An old man in an attic]
pour la nuit nous a cachés, [kept us hidden for the night]
les Allemands l'ont pris; [the Germans took him]
Il est mort sans surprise. [he died without surprise.]

Oh, the wind, the wind is blowing,
through the graves the wind is blowing,
freedom soon will come;
then we'll come from the shadows.

Seems So Long Ago, Nancy

It seems so long ago,
Nancy was alone,
looking at the Late Late show
through a semi-precious stone.
In the House of Honesty
her father was on trial,
in the House of Mystery
there was no one at all,
there was no one at all.

It seems so long ago,
none of us were strong;
Nancy wore green stockings
and she slept with everyone.
She never said she'd wait for us
although she was alone,
I think she fell in love for us
in nineteen sixty one,
in nineteen sixty one.

It seems so long ago,
Nancy was alone,
a forty five beside her head,
an open telephone.
We told her she was beautiful,
we told her she was free
but none of us would meet her in
the House of Mystery,
the House of Mystery.

And now you look around you,
see her everywhere,
many use her body,
many comb her hair.
In the hollow of the night
when you are cold and numb
you hear her talking freely then,
she's happy that you've come,
she's happy that you've come.

The Old Revolution

I finally broke into the prison,
I found my place in the chain.
Even damnation is poisoned with rainbows,
all the brave young men
they're waiting now to see a signal
which some killer will be lighting for pay.

Into this furnace I ask you now to venture,
you whom I cannot betray.

I fought in the old revolution
on the side of the ghost and the King.
Of course I was very young
and I thought that we were winning;
I can't pretend I still feel very much like singing
as they carry the bodies away.

Into this furnace I ask you now to venture...

Lately you've started to stutter
as though you had nothing to say.
To all of my architects let me be traitor.
Now let me say I myself gave the order
to sleep and to search and to destroy.

Into this furnace I ask you now to venture...

Yes, you who are broken by power,
you who are absent all day,
you who are kings for the sake of your children's story,
the hand of your beggar is burdened down with money,
the hand of your lover is clay.

Into this furnace I ask you now to venture...

The Butcher

I came upon a butcher,
he was slaughtering a lamb,
I accused him there
with his tortured lamb.
He said, "Listen to me, child,
I am what I am
and you, you are my only son."

Well, I found a silver needle,
I put it into my arm.
It did some good,
did some harm.
But the nights were cold
and it almost kept me warm,
how come the night is long?

I saw some flowers growing up
where that lamb fell down;
was I supposed to praise my Lord,
make some kind of joyful sound?
He said, "Listen, listen to me now,
I go round and round
and you, you are my only child."

Do not leave me now,
do not leave me now,
I'm broken down
from a recent fall.
Blood upon my body
and ice upon my soul,
lead on, my son, it is your world.

You Know Who I Am

I cannot follow you, my love,
you cannot follow me.
I am the distance you put between
all of the moments that we will be.

You know who I am,
you've stared at the sun,
well I am the one who loves
changing from nothing to one.

Sometimes I need you naked,
sometimes I need you wild,
I need you to carry my children in
and I need you to kill a child.

You know who I am...

If you should ever track me down
I will surrender there
and I will leave with you one broken man
whom I will teach you to repair.

You know who I am...

I cannot follow you, my love,
you cannot follow me.
I am the distance you put between
all of the moments that we will be.

You know who I am...

Lady Midnight

I came by myself to a very crowded place;
I was looking for someone who had lines in her face.
I found her there but she was past all concern;
I asked her to hold me, I said, "Lady, unfold me,"
but she scorned me and she told me
I was dead and I could never return.

Well, I argued all night like so many have before,
saying, "Whatever you give me, I seem to need so much more."
Then she pointed at me where I kneeled on her floor,
she said, "Don't try to use me or slyly refuse me,
just win me or lose me,
it is this that the darkness is for."

I cried, "Oh, Lady Midnight, I fear that you grow old,
the stars eat your body and the wind makes you cold."
"If we cry now," she said, "it will just be ignored."
So I walked through the morning, sweet early morning,
I could hear my lady calling,
"You've won me, you've won me, my lord,
you've won me, you've won me, my lord,
yes, you've won me, you've won me, my lord,
ah, you've won me, you've won me, my lord,
ah, you've won me, you've won me, my lord."

Tonight Will Be Fine

Sometimes I find I get to thinking of the past.
We swore to each other then that our love would surely last.
You kept right on loving, I went on a fast,
now I am too thin and your love is too vast.

But I know from your eyes
and I know from your smile
that tonight will be fine,
will be fine, will be fine, will be fine
for a while.

I choose the rooms that I live in with care,
the windows are small and the walls almost bare,
there's only one bed and there's only one prayer;
I listen all night for your step on the stair.

But I know from your eyes
and I know from your smile
that tonight will be fine,
will be fine, will be fine, will be fine
for a while.

Oh sometimes I see her undressing for me,
she's the soft naked lady love meant her to be
and she's moving her body so brave and so free.
If I've got to remember that's a fine memory.

And I know from her eyes
and I know from her smile
that tonight will be fine,
will be fine, will be fine, will be fine
for a while.

Songs Of Love And Hate

Avalanche

Well I stepped into an avalanche,
it covered up my soul;
when I am not this hunchback that you see,
I sleep beneath the golden hill.
You who wish to conquer pain,
you must learn, learn to serve me well.

You strike my side by accident
as you go down for your gold.
The cripple here that you clothe and feed
is neither starved nor cold;
he does not ask for your company,
not at the centre, the centre of the world.

When I am on a pedestal,
you did not raise me there.
Your laws do not compel me
to kneel grotesque and bare.
I myself am the pedestal
for this ugly hump at which you stare.

You who wish to conquer pain,
you must learn what makes me kind;
the crumbs of love that you offer me,
they're the crumbs I've left behind.
Your pain is no credential here,
it's just the shadow, shadow of my wound.

I have begun to long for you,
I who have no greed;
I have begun to ask for you,
I who have no need.
You say you've gone away from me,
but I can feel you when you breathe.

Do not dress in those rags for me,
I know you are not poor;
you don't love me quite so fiercely now
when you know that you are not sure,
it is your turn, beloved,
it is your flesh that I wear.

Last Year's Man

The rain falls down on last year's man,
that's a jew's harp on the table,
that's a crayon in his hand.
And the corners of the blueprint are ruined since they rolled
far past the stems of thumbtacks
that still throw shadows on the wood.
And the skylight is like skin for a drum I'll never mend
and all the rain falls down amen
on the works of last year's man.

I met a lady, she was playing with her soldiers in the dark
oh one by one she had to tell them
that her name was Joan of Arc.
I was in that army, yes I stayed a little while;
I want to thank you, Joan of Arc,
for treating me so well.
And though I wear a uniform I was not born to fight;
all these wounded boys you lie beside,
goodnight, my friends, goodnight.

I came upon a wedding that old families had contrived;
Bethlehem the bridegroom,
Babylon the bride.
Great Babylon was naked, oh she stood there trembling for me,
and Bethlehem inflamed us both
like the shy one at some orgy.
And when we fell together all our flesh was like a veil
that I had to draw aside to see
the serpent eat its tail.

Some women wait for Jesus, and some women wait for Cain
so I hang upon my altar
and I hoist my axe again.
And I take the one who finds me back to where it all began
when Jesus was the honeymoon
and Cain was just the man.
And we read from pleasant Bibles that are bound in blood and skin
that the wilderness is gathering
all its children back again.

The rain falls down on last year's man,
an hour has gone by
and he has not moved his hand.
But everything will happen if he only gives the word;
the lovers will rise up
and the mountains touch the ground.
But the skylight is like skin for a drum I'll never mend

and all the rain falls down amen
on the works of last year's man.

Dress Rehearsal Rag

Four o'clock in the afternoon
and I didn't feel like very much.
I said to myself, "Where are you golden boy,
where is your famous golden touch?"
I thought you knew where
all of the elephants lie down,
I thought you were the crown prince
of all the wheels in Ivory Town.
Just take a look at your body now,
there's nothing much to save
and a bitter voice in the mirror cries,
"Hey, Prince, you need a shave."
Now if you can manage to get
your trembling fingers to behave,
why don't you try unwrapping
a stainless steel razor blade?
That's right, it's come to this,
yes it's come to this,
and wasn't it a long way down,
wasn't it a strange way down?

There's no hot water
and the cold is running thin.
Well, what do you expect from
the kind of places you've been living in?
Don't drink from that cup,
it's all caked and cracked along the rim.
That's not the electric light, my friend,
that is your vision growing dim.
Cover up your face with soap, there,
now you're Santa Claus.
And you've got a gift for anyone
who will give you his applause.
I thought you were a racing man,
ah, but you couldn't take the pace.
That's a funeral in the mirror
and it's stopping at your face.
That's right, it's come to this,
yes it's come to this,
and wasn't it a long way down,
ah wasn't it a strange way down?

Once there was a path
and a girl with chestnut hair,
and you passed the summers
picking all of the berries that grew there;
there were times she was a woman,
oh, there were times she was just a child,

and you held her in the shadows
where the raspberries grow wild.
And you climbed the twilight mountains
and you sang about the view,
and everywhere that you wandered
love seemed to go along with you.
That's a hard one to remember,
yes it makes you clench your fist.
And then the veins stand out like highways,
all along your wrist.
And yes it's come to this,
it's come to this,
and wasn't it a long way down,
wasn't it a strange way down?

You can still find a job,
go out and talk to a friend.
On the back of every magazine
there are those coupons you can send.
Why don't you join the Rosicrucians,
they can give you back your hope,
you can find your love with diagrams
on a plain brown envelope.
But you've used up all your coupons
except the one that seems
to be written on your wrist
along with several thousand dreams.
Now Santa Claus comes forward,
that's a razor in his mit;
and he puts on his dark glasses
and he shows you where to hit;
and then the cameras pan,
the stand in stunt man,
dress rehearsal rag,
it's just the dress rehearsal rag,
you know this dress rehearsal rag,
it's just a dress rehearsal rag.

Diamonds in the Mine

The woman in blue, she's asking for revenge,
the man in white -- that's you -- says he has no friends.
The river is swollen up with rusty cans
and the trees are burning in your promised land.

And there are no letters in the mailbox,
and there are no grapes upon the vine,
and there are no chocolates in the boxes anymore,
and there are no diamonds in the mine.

Well, you tell me that your lover has a broken limb,
you say you're kind of restless now and it's on account of him.
Well, I saw the man in question, it was just the other night,
he was eating up a lady where the lions and Christians fight.

And there are no letters in the mailbox
and there are no grapes upon the vine,
and there are no chocolates in the boxes anymore,
and there are no diamonds in the mine.

(You tell them now)

Ah, there is no comfort in the covens of the witch,
some very clever doctor went and sterilized the bitch,
and the only man of energy, yes the revolution's pride,
he trained a hundred women just to kill an unborn child.

And there are no letters in the mailbox,
oh no, there are no, no grapes upon your vine,
and there are, there are no chocolates in your boxes anymore,
and there are no diamonds in your mine.
And there are no letters in the mailbox,
and there are no grapes upon the vine,
and there are no chocolates in your boxes anymore,
and there are no diamonds in your mine.

Love Calls You By Your Name

You thought that it could never happen
to all the people that you became,
your body lost in legend, the beast so very tame.
But here, right here,
between the birthmark and the stain,
between the ocean and your open vein,
between the snowman and the rain,
once again, once again,
love calls you by your name.

The women in your scrapbook
whom you still praise and blame,
you say they chained you to your fingernails
and you climb the halls of fame.
Oh but here, right here,
between the peanuts and the cage,
between the darkness and the stage,
between the hour and the age,
once again, once again,
love calls you by your name.

Shouldering your loneliness
like a gun that you will not learn to aim,
you stumble into this movie house,
then you climb, you climb into the frame.
Yes, and here, right here
between the moonlight and the lane,
between the tunnel and the train,
between the victim and his stain,
once again, once again,
love calls you by your name.

I leave the lady meditating
on the very love which I, I do not wish to claim,
I journey down the hundred steps,
but the street is still the very same.
And here, right here,
between the dancer and his cane,
between the sailboat and the drain,
between the newsreel and your tiny pain,
once again, once again,
love calls you by your name.

Where are you, Judy, where are you, Anne?
Where are the paths your heroes came?
Wondering out loud as the bandage pulls away,
was I, was I only limping, was I really lame?
Oh here, come over here,

between the windmill and the grain,
between the sundial and the chain,
between the traitor and her pain,
once again, once again,
love calls you by your name.

Famous Blue Raincoat

It's four in the morning, the end of December
I'm writing you now just to see if you're better
New York is cold, but I like where I'm living
There's music on Clinton Street all through the evening.

I hear that you're building your little house deep in the desert
You're living for nothing now, I hope you're keeping some kind of record.

Yes, and Jane came by with a lock of your hair
She said that you gave it to her
That night that you planned to go clear
Did you ever go clear?

Ah, the last time we saw you you looked so much older
Your famous blue raincoat was torn at the shoulder
You'd been to the station to meet every train
And you came home without Lili Marlene

And you treated my woman to a flake of your life
And when she came back she was nobody's wife.

Well I see you there with the rose in your teeth
One more thin gypsy thief
Well I see Jane's awake --

She sends her regards.

And what can I tell you my brother, my killer
What can I possibly say?
I guess that I miss you, I guess I forgive you
I'm glad you stood in my way.

If you ever come by here, for Jane or for me
Your enemy is sleeping, and his woman is free.

Yes, and thanks, for the trouble you took from her eyes
I thought it was there for good so I never tried.

And Jane came by with a lock of your hair
She said that you gave it to her
That night that you planned to go clear --

Sincerely, L. Cohen

Sing Another Song, Boys

(Let's sing another song, boys, this one has grown old and bitter.)

Ah his fingernails, I see they're broken,
his ships they're all on fire.
The moneylender's lovely little daughter
ah, she's eaten, she's eaten with desire.
She spies him through the glasses
from the pawnshops of her wicked father.
She hails him with a microphone
that some poor singer, just like me, had to leave her.
She tempts him with a clarinet,
she waves a Nazi dagger.
She finds him lying in a heap;
she wants to be his woman.
He says, "Yes, I might go to sleep
but kindly leave, leave the future,
leave it open."

He stands where it is steep,
oh I guess he thinks that he's the very first one,
his hand upon his leather belt now
like it was the wheel of some big ocean liner.
And she will learn to touch herself so well
as all the sails burn down like paper.
And he has lit the chain
of his famous cigarillo.
Ah, they'll never, they'll never ever reach the moon,
at least not the one that we're after;
it's floating broken on the open sea, look out there, my friends,
and it carries no survivors.
But lets leave these lovers wondering
why they cannot have each other,
and let's sing another song, boys,
this one has grown old and bitter.

Joan of Arc

Now the flames they followed Joan of Arc
as she came riding through the dark;
no moon to keep her armour bright,
no man to get her through this very smoky night.
She said, "I'm tired of the war,
I want the kind of work I had before,
a wedding dress or something white
to wear upon my swollen appetite."

Well, I'm glad to hear you talk this way,
you know I've watched you riding every day
and something in me yearns to win
such a cold and lonesome heroine.
"And who are you?" she sternly spoke
to the one beneath the smoke.
"Why, I'm fire," he replied,
"And I love your solitude, I love your pride."

"Then fire, make your body cold,
I'm going to give you mine to hold,"
saying this she climbed inside
to be his one, to be his only bride.
And deep into his fiery heart
he took the dust of Joan of Arc,
and high above the wedding guests
he hung the ashes of her wedding dress.

It was deep into his fiery heart
he took the dust of Joan of Arc,
and then she clearly understood
if he was fire, oh then she must be wood.
I saw her wince, I saw her cry,
I saw the glory in her eye.
Myself I long for love and light,
but must it come so cruel, and oh so bright?

Live Songs

Minute Prologue

I've been listening
to all the dissention.
I've been listening
to all the pain.
And I feel that no matter
what I do for you,
it's going to come back again.
But I think that I can heal it,
but I think that I can heal it,
I'm a fool, but I think I can heal it
with this song.

Passing Through

I saw Jesus on the cross on a hill called Calvary
"Do you hate mankind for what they done to you?"
He said, "Talk of love not hate, things to do - it's getting late.
I've so little time and I'm only passing through."

Passing through, passing through.
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue,
glad that I ran into you.
Tell the people that you saw me passing through.

I saw Adam leave the Garden with an apple in his hand,
I said "Now you're out, what are you going to do?"
"Plant some crops and pray for rain, maybe raise a little cane.
I'm an orphan now, and I'm only passing through."

Passing through, passing through ...

I was with Washington at Valley Forge, shivering in the snow.
I said, "How come the men here suffer like they do?"
"Men will suffer, men will fight, even die for what is right
even though they know they're only passing through"

Passing through, passing through ...

I was with Franklin Roosevelt's side on the night before he died.
He said, "One world must come out of World War Two" (ah, the fool)
"Yankee, Russian, white or tan," he said, "A man is still a man.
We're all on one road, and we're only passing through."

Passing through, passing through ...

(let's do it one more time)

Passing through, passing through ...

You Know Who I Am

I cannot follow you, my love,
you cannot follow me.
I am the distance you put between
all of the moments that we will be.

You know who I am,
you've stared at the sun,
well I am the one who loves
changing from nothing to one.

Sometimes I need you naked,
sometimes I need you wild,
I need you to carry my children in here
and I need you to kill a child.

You know who I am...

If you should ever track me down
I will surrender right there
I'll leave with you one broken man
whom I will teach you to repair.

You know who I am...

I cannot follow you, my love,
you cannot follow me.
I am not life, I am not death,
I am not slave or free.

You know who I am...

Sometimes I'm gonna need you naked,
sometimes gonna need you wild,
I need you to carry my children in
and I need you to kill a child.

You know who I am...

Bird on the Wire

Comme l'oiseau sur la branche
comme l'ivrogne dans le coeur de la nuit
j'ai cherché ma liberté.

Like a bird on the wire,
like a drunk in some midnight choir
I have tried in my way to be free.
Like a worm on a hook,
like a knight from some old fashioned book
it was the shape, the shape of our love twisted me.
If I, if I have been unkind,
I hope you can, I hope you can just let it go by. (let it go by)
If I, if I have been untrue
it's just that I thought a lover had to be some kind of liar too.

Like a baby, stillborn,
like a beast with his horn
I have torn everyone who reached out for me.
But I swear by this song
and by all that I have done wrong
I will make it all up to thee.
I saw a beggar, he was leaning on his wooden crutch,
he says to me, "Come on now, you must not ask for so much."
And another pretty woman, she was leaning in her darkened door,
she cried out to me, "Come on now, why don't you ask, why don't you ask for just a
little more?" (just a little more)

Oh like a bird on the wire,
like a drunk in some old midnight choir
I have tried in my way to be free.

(Seems So Long Ago,) Nancy

The morning had not come,
Nancy was alone,
looking at the Late Late show
through a semi-precious stone.
In the House of Honesty
her father was on trial,
in the House of Mystery
there was no one at all,
there was no one there at all.

It seems so long ago,
none of us were very strong;
Ah, but Nancy wore green stockings
and she, she slept with everyone.
She never said she'd wait for us
even though she was alone,
I think she fell in love for us
in nineteen sixty one,
in nineteen sixty one.

Ah the morning would not come,
Nancy was alone,
a forty five beside her head,
an open telephone.
Yes, we told her she was beautiful,
we all told her she was free
but none of us could meet her in
the House of Mystery,
the House of Mystery.

And now why don't you look around you,
see her everywhere,
many of you who used her body,
many combed her hair.
And in the hollow of the night
when you are cold and numb
you hear her talking freely then,
she's happy that you've come,
she's happy that you've come.

Improvisation

(instrumental)

Story of Isaac

This a song called "The Story Of Isaac"
and it's about those who would sacrifice one generation on behalf of another.

Well, the door it opened slowly,
my father he came in,
I was nine years old.
And he stood so tall above me,
and his blue eyes they were shining
and his voice was very cold.
He said, "I've had a vision
and you know I'm strong and holy,
I must do what I've been told."
So we started up the mountain,
I was running, he was walking,
and his axe was made of burning gold.

Well, the trees they got much smaller,
yes, the lake a lady's mirror
when we stopped to drink some wine.
Then he threw the bottle over,
broke a minute later
and he put his hand on mine.
Thought I saw an eagle
but it might have been a vulture,
I never could decide.
Then my father built an altar,
he looked once behind his shoulder,
I guess he knew I would not hide.

You who build these altars now
to sacrifice our children,
you must not do it anymore.
A scheme is not a vision
and you never have been tempted
by a demon or a god.
You who stand above them now,
your hatchets blunt and bloody,
you were not there before.
When I lay upon a mountain
and my father's hand was trembling
with the beauty, I mean the beauty of the word.

And if you call me brother now,
forgive me but I must inquire,
"Just according to whose plan?"
When it all comes down to dust
I will kill you if I must,
I will help you if I can.

When it all comes down to dust
I will help you if I must,
I'll kill you if I can.
And mercy, mercy on our uniform,
man of peace, man of war,
the peacock spreads his deadly fan.

Please Don't Pass Me By (A Disgrace)

I was walking in New York City and I brushed up against the man in front of me. I felt a cardboard placard on his back. And when we passed a streetlight, I could read it, it said "Please don't pass me by - I am blind, but you can see - I've been blinded totally - Please don't pass me by." I was walking along 7th Avenue, when I came to 14th Street I saw on the corner curious mutilations of the human form; it was a school for handicapped people. And there were cripples, and people in wheelchairs and crutches and it was snowing, and I got this sense that the whole city was singing this:

Oh please don't pass me by,
oh please don't pass me by,
for I am blind, but you can see,
yes, I've been blinded totally,
oh please don't pass me by.

And you know as I was walking I thought it was them who were singing it, I thought it was they who were singing it, I thought it was the other who was singing it, I thought it was someone else. But as I moved along I knew it was me, and that I was singing it to myself. It went:

Please don't pass me by,
oh please don't pass me by,
for I am blind, but you can see,
well, I've been blinded totally,
oh please don't pass me by.

Oh please don't pass me by.

Now I know that you're sitting there deep in your velvet seats and you're thinking "Uh, he's up there saying something that he thinks about, but I'll never have to sing that song." But I promise you friends, that you're going to be singing this song: it may not be tonight, it may not be tomorrow, but one day you'll be on your knees and I want you to know the words when the time comes. Because you're going to have to sing it to yourself, or to another, or to your brother. You're going to have to learn to sing this song, it goes:

Please don't pass me by,
ah you don't have to sing this .. not for you.
Please don't pass me by,
for I am blind, but you can see,
yes, I've been blinded totally,
oh please don't pass me by.

Well I sing this for the Jews and the Gypsies and the smoke that they made.
And I sing this for the children of England, their faces so grave. And I sing

this for a saviour with no one to save. Hey, won't you be naked for me? Hey, won't you be naked for me? It goes:

Please don't pass me by,
oh please don't pass me by,
for I am blind, but you can see,
yes, I've been blinded totally,
oh now, please don't pass me by.

Now there's nothing that I tell you that will help you connect the blood
tortured night with the day that comes next. But I want it to hurt you, I
want it to end. Oh, won't you be naked for me? Oh now:

Please don't pass me by,
oh please don't pass me by,
for I am blind, but you can see,
but I've been blinded totally,
oh, please don't pass me by.

Well I sing this song for you Blonde Beasts, I sing this song for you Venuses
upon your shells on the foam of the sea. And I sing this for the freaks and
the cripples, and the hunchback, and the burned, and the burning, and the
maimed, and the broken, and the torn, and all of those that you talk about at
the coffee tables, at the meetings, and the demonstrations, on the streets,
in your music, in my songs. I mean the real ones that are burning, I mean the
real ones that are burning

I say, please don't pass me by,
oh now, please don't pass me by,
for I am blind, yeah but you can see,
ah now, I've been blinded totally,
oh no, please don't pass me by.

I know that you still think that its me. I know that you think that there's
somebody else. I know that these words aren't yours. But I tell you friends
that one day

You're going to get down on your knees,
you're going to get down ..

Oh, please don't pass me by,
oh, please don't pass me by,
for I am blind, yeah but you can see,

yes, I've been blinded totally,
oh, please don't pass me by.

Well you know I have my songs and I have my poems. I have my book and I have the army, and sometimes I have your applause. I make some money, but you know what my friends, I'm still out there on the corner. I'm with the freaks, I'm with the hunted, I'm with the maimed, yes I'm with the torn, I'm with the down, I'm with the poor. Come on now ...

Ah, please don't pass me by,
well I've got to go now friends,
but, please don't pass me by,
for I am blind, yeah but you can see,
oh, I've been blinded, I've been blinded totally,
oh now, please don't pass me by.

Now I want to take away my dignity, yes take my dignity. My friends, take my dignity, take my form, take my style, take my honour, take my courage, take my time, take my time, .. time .. 'Cause you know I'm with you singing this song. And I wish you would, I wish you would, I wish you would go home with someone else. Wish you'd go home with someone else. I wish you'd go home with someone else. Don't be the person that you came with. Oh, don't be the person that you came with, Oh don't be the person that you came with. Ah, I'm not going to be. I can't stand him. I can't stand who I am. That's why I've got to get down on my knees. Because I can't make it by myself. I'm not by myself anymore because the man I was before he was a tyrant, he was a slave, he was in chains, he was broken and then he sang:

Oh, please don't pass me by,
oh, please don't pass me by,
for I am blind, yes I am blind, Oh but you can see,
yes, I've been blinded totally,
oh, please don't pass me by.

Well I hope I see you out there on the corner. Yeah I hope as I go by that I hear you whisper with the breeze. Because I'm going to leave you now, I'm going to find me someone new. Find someone new.

And please don't pass me by.

Tonight Will Be Fine

Sometimes I find I get to thinking of the past.
We swore to each other that our love would surely last.
You kept right on loving, I went on a fast,
now I am too thin and your love is too vast.

But I know from your eyes
and I know from your pretty little smile
that tonight, tonight will be fine,
will be fine, will be fine, will be fine
for a while.

Well, I choose the rooms that I live in with care,
the windows are small and the walls are almost bare,
they've only got one bed and they've only got one prayer;
and I listen all night for your step on the stair.

But I know from your eyes
and I know from your pretty little smile
that tonight, tonight will be fine,
will be fine, will be fine, will be fine
for a while.

Sometimes I see her undressing for me,
she's the soft naked lady that love meant her to be
and she's moving her body so brave and so free.
If I have got to remember that's a fine memory.

And I know from your eyes
and I know from your pretty little smile
that tonight, tonight will be fine,
will be fine, will be fine, will be fine
for a while.

I've looked into the mirrors in numberless places,
they all smile back at me with their troublesome faces.
And the cards that they dealt me, there weren't any aces,
and the horses never listen to me at the races.

But I know from your eyes
and I know from your pretty little smile
that tonight, tonight will be fine,
will be fine, will be fine, will be fine
for a while.

There's still one or two of us walking the street,
no arrows of direction painted under our feet,
no angels to warn us away from the heat,
and no honey to keep us where it is sweet.

But I know from your eyes
and I know from your pretty little smile
that tonight, tonight will be fine,
will be fine, will be fine, will be fine
for a while.

And I know from your eyes
and I know from your pretty little smile
that tonight will be fine,
will be fine, will be fine, will be fine
for a while.

Queen Victoria

Queen Victoria,
My father and all his tobacco loved you,
I love you too in all your forms,
the slim unlovely virgin floating among German beards,
the mean governess of the huge pink maps,
the solitary mourner of a prince.

Queen Victoria,
I am cold and rainy,
I am dirty as a glass roof in a train station,
I feel like an empty cast iron exhibition,
I want ornaments on everything,
because my love, she gone with other boys.

Queen Victoria,
do you have a punishment under the white lace,
will you be short with her, make her read those little Bibles,
will you spank her with a mechanical corset.
I want her pure as power, I want her skin slightly musty with petticoats
will you wash the easy bidet out of her head?

Queen Victoria,
I'm not much nourished by modern love,
will you come into my life
with your sorrow and your black carriages,
And your perfect
memories.

Queen Victoria,
the Twentieth Century belongs to you and me.
Let us be two severe giants not less lonely for our partnership,
who discoloured test tubes in the halls of Science,
who turned up unwelcome at every World's Fair,
heavy with proverb and correction
confusing the star-dazed tourists
with our incomparable sense of loss.

New Skin For The Old Ceremony

Is This What You Wanted

You were the promise at dawn,
I was the morning after.
You were Jesus Christ my Lord,
I was the money lender.
You were the sensitive woman,
I was the very reverend Freud.
You were the manual orgasm,
I was the dirty little boy.

And is this what you wanted
to live in a house that is haunted
by the ghost of you and me?

Is this what you wanted ...

You were Marlon Brando,
I was Steve McQueen.
You were K.Y. Jelly,
I was Vaseline.
You were the father of modern medicine,
I was Mr. Clean.
You were the whore and the beast of Babylon,
I was Rin Tin Tin.

And is this what you wanted ...

And is this what you wanted ...

You got old and wrinkled,
I stayed seventeen.
You lusted after so many,
I lay here with one.
You defied your solitude,
I came through alone.
You said you could never love me,
I undid your gown.

And is this what you wanted ...

And is this what you wanted ...

I mean is this what you wanted ...

That's right, is this what you wanted ...

Chelsea Hotel #2

I remember you
well in the Chelsea Hotel,
you were talking so brave and so sweet,
giving me head on the unmade bed,
while the limousines wait in the street.
Those were the reasons and that was New York,
we were running for the money and the flesh.
And that was called love for the workers in song
probably still is for those of them left.

Ah but you got away, didn't you babe,
you just turned your back on the crowd,
you got away, I never once heard you say,
I need you, I don't need you,
I need you, I don't need you
and all of that jiving around.

I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel
you were famous, your heart was a legend.
You told me again you preferred handsome men
but for me you would make an exception.
And clenching your fist for the ones like us
who are oppressed by the figures of beauty,
you fixed yourself, you said, "Well never mind,
we are ugly but we have the music."

And then you got away, didn't you babe...

I don't mean to suggest that I loved you the best,
I can't keep track of each fallen robin.
I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,
that's all, I don't even think of you that often.

[Click here to read a story about The Chelsea Hotel by Christof Graf,](#)
and to check the lyrics of Chelsea Hotel # 1!

Lover Lover Lover

I asked my father,
I said, "Father change my name."
The one I'm using now it's covered up
with fear and filth and cowardice and shame.

Yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me,
yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me.

He said, "I locked you in this body,
I meant it as a kind of trial.
You can use it for a weapon,
or to make some woman smile."

Yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me
yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me.

"Then let me start again," I cried,
"please let me start again,
I want a face that's fair this time,
I want a spirit that is calm."

Yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me
yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me.

"I never never turned aside," he said,
"I never walked away.
It was you who built the temple,
it was you who covered up my face."

Yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me
yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me.

And may the spirit of this song,
may it rise up pure and free.
May it be a shield for you,
a shield against the enemy.

Yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me
yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me.

Yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me
yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me.

Field Commander Cohen

Field Commander Cohen, he was our most important spy.
Wounded in the line of duty,
parachuting acid into diplomatic cocktail parties,
urging Fidel Castro to abandon fields and castles.
Leave it all and like a man,
come back to nothing special,
such as waiting rooms and ticket lines,
silver bullet suicides,
and messianic ocean tides,
and racial roller-coaster rides
and other forms of boredom advertised as poetry.

I know you need your sleep now,
I know your life's been hard.
But many men are falling,
where you promised to stand guard.

I never asked but I heard you cast your lot along with the poor.
But then I overheard your prayer,
that you be this and nothing more
than just some grateful faithful woman's favourite singing millionaire,
the patron Saint of envy and the grocer of despair,
working for the Yankee Dollar.

I know you need your sleep now ...

Ah, lover come and lie with me, if my lover is who you are,
and be your sweetest self awhile until I ask for more, my child.
Then let the other selves be rung, yeah, let them manifest and come
till every taste is on the tongue,
till love is pierced and love is hung,
and every kind of freedom done, then oh,
oh my love, oh my love, oh my love,
oh my love, oh my love, oh my love.

Why Don't You Try

Why don't you try to do without him?
Why don't you try to live alone?
Do you really need his hands for your passion?
Do you really need his heart for your throne?
Do you need his labour for your baby?
Do you need his beast for the bone?
Do you need to hold a leash to be a lady?
I know you're going to make, make it on your own.

Why don't you try to forget him?
Just open up your dainty little hand.
You know this life is filled with many sweet companions,
many satisfying one-night stands.
Do you want to be the ditch around a tower?
Do you want to be the moonlight in his cave?
Do you want to give your blessing to his power
as he goes whistling past his daddy, past his daddy's grave.

I'd like to take you take you to the ceremony,
well, that is if I remember the way.
You see Jack and Jill they're going to join their misery,
I'm afraid it's time for everyone to pray.
You can see they've finally taken cover,
they're willing, yeah they're willing to obey.
Their vows are difficult, they're for each other,
so let nobody put a loophole, a loophole in their way.

There is a War

There is a war between the rich and poor,
a war between the man and the woman.
There is a war between the ones who say there is a war
and the ones who say there isn't.

Why don't you come on back to the war, that's right, get in it,
why don't you come on back to the war, it's just beginning.

Well I live here with a woman and a child,
the situation makes me kind of nervous.
Yes, I rise up from her arms, she says "I guess you call this love";
I call it service.

Why don't you come on back to the war, don't be a tourist,
why don't you come on back to the war, before it hurts us,
why don't you come on back to the war, let's all get nervous.

You cannot stand what I've become,
you much prefer the gentleman I was before.
I was so easy to defeat, I was so easy to control,
I didn't even know there was a war.

Why don't you come on back to the war, don't be embarrassed,
why don't you come on back to the war, you can still get married.

There is a war between the rich and poor,
a war between the man and the woman.
There is a war between the left and right,
a war between the black and white,
a war between the odd and the even.

Why don't you come on back to the war, pick up your tiny burden,
why don't you come on back to the war, let's all get even,
why don't you come on back to the war, can't you hear me speaking?

A Singer Must Die

Now the courtroom is quiet, but who will confess.
Is it true you betrayed us? The answer is Yes.
Then read me the list of the crimes that are mine,
I will ask for the mercy that you love to decline.
And all the ladies go moist, and the judge has no choice,
a singer must die for the lie in his voice.

And I thank you, I thank you for doing your duty,
you keepers of truth, you guardians of beauty.
Your vision is right, my vision is wrong,
I'm sorry for smudging the air with my song.

Oh, the night it is thick, my defences are hid
in the clothes of a woman I would like to forgive,
in the rings of her silk, in the hinge of her thighs,
where I have to go begging in beauty's disguise.
Oh goodnight, goodnight, my night after night,
my night after night, after night, after night, after night.

I am so afraid that I listen to you,
your sun glassed protectors they do that to you.
It's their ways to detain, their ways to disgrace,
their knee in your balls and their fist in your face.
Yes and long live the state by whoever it's made,
sir, I didn't see nothing, I was just getting home late.

I Tried To Leave You

I tried to leave you, I don't deny
I closed the book on us, at least a hundred times.
I'd wake up every morning by your side.

The years go by, you lose your pride.
The baby's crying, so you do not go outside,
and all your work it's right before your eyes.

Goodnight, my darling, I hope you're satisfied,
the bed is kind of narrow, but my arms are open wide.
And here's a man still working for your smile.

Who By Fire

And who by fire, who by water,
who in the sunshine, who in the night time,
who by high ordeal, who by common trial,
who in your merry merry month of may,
who by very slow decay,
and who shall I say is calling?

And who in her lonely slip, who by barbiturate,
who in these realms of love, who by something blunt,
and who by avalanche, who by powder,
who for his greed, who for his hunger,
and who shall I say is calling?

And who by brave assent, who by accident,
who in solitude, who in this mirror,
who by his lady's command, who by his own hand,
who in mortal chains, who in power,
and who shall I say is calling?

Take This Longing

Many men have loved the bells
you fastened to the rein,
and everyone who wanted you
they found what they will always want again.
Your beauty lost to you yourself
just as it was lost to them.

Oh take this longing from my tongue,
whatever useless things these hands have done.
Let me see your beauty broken down
like you would do for one you love.

Your body like a searchlight
my poverty revealed,
I would like to try your charity
until you cry, "Now you must try my greed."
And everything depends upon
how near you sleep to me

Just take this longing from my tongue
all the lonely things my hands have done.
Let me see your beauty broken down
like you would do for one you love.

Hungry as an archway
through which the troops have passed,
I stand in ruins behind you,
with your winter clothes, your broken sandal straps.
I love to see you naked over there
especially from the back.

Oh take this longing from my tongue,
all the useless things my hands have done,
untie for me your hired blue gown,
like you would do for one that you love.

You're faithful to the better man,
I'm afraid that he left.
So let me judge your love affair
in this very room where I have sentenced
mine to death.
I'll even wear these old laurel leaves
that he's shaken from his head.

Just take this longing from my tongue,
all the useless things my hands have done,

let me see your beauty broken down,
like you would do for one you love.

Like you would do for one you love.

Leaving Green Sleeves

Alas, my love, you did me wrong,
to cast me out discourteously,
for I have loved you so long,
delighting in your very company.
Now if you intend to show me disdain,
don't you know it all the more enraptures me,
for even so I still remain your lover in captivity.

Green sleeves, you're all alone,
the leaves have fallen, the men have gone.
Green sleeves, there's no one home,
not even the Lady Green Sleeves

I sang my songs, I told my lies,
to lie between your matchless thighs.
And ain't it fine, ain't it wild
to finally end our exercise
Then I saw you naked in the early dawn,
oh, I hoped you would be someone new.
I reached for you but you were gone,
so lady I'm going too.

Green sleeves, you're all alone ...

Green sleeves, you're all alone,
the leaves have fallen, the men have all gone home.
Green sleeves, it's so easily done,
leaving the Lady Green Sleeves.

Death Of A Ladies' Man

True Love Leaves No Traces

As the mist leaves no scar
On the dark green hill
So my body leaves no scar
On you and never will

Through windows in the dark
The children come, the children go
Like arrows with no targets
Like shackles made of snow

True love leaves no traces
If you and I are one
It's lost in our embraces
Like stars against the sun

As a falling leaf may rest
A moment on the air
So your head upon my breast
So my hand upon your hair

And many nights endure
Without a moon or star
So we will endure
When one is gone and far

True love leaves no traces
If you and I are one
It's lost in our embraces
Like stars against the sun

Iodine

I needed you, I knew I was in danger
of losing what I used to think was mine
You let me love you till I was a failure,
You let me love you till I was a failure --
Your beauty on my bruise like iodine

I asked you if a man could be forgiven
And though I failed at love, was this a crime?
You said, Don't worry, don't worry, darling
You said, Don't worry, don't you worry, darling
There are many ways a man can serve his time

You covered up that place I could not master
It wasn't dark enough to shut my eyes
So I was with you, O sweet compassion
Yes I was with you, O sweet compassion
Compassion with the sting of iodine

Your saintly kisses reeked of iodine
Your fragrance with a fume of iodine
And pity in the room like iodine

Your sister fingers burned like iodine
And all my wanton lust was iodine
My masquerade of trust was iodine
And everywhere the flare of iodine

Paper Thin Hotel

The walls of this hotel are paper-thin
Last night I heard you making love to him
The struggle mouth to mouth and limb to limb
The grunt of unity when he came in

I stood there with my ear against the wall
I was not seized by jealousy at all
In fact a burden lifted from my soul
I learned that love was out of my control
A heavy burden lifted from my soul
I heard that love was out of my control

I listened to your kisses at the door
I never heard the world so clear before
You ran your bath and you began to sing
I felt so good I couldn't feel a thing

I stood there with my ear against the wall ...

And I can't wait to tell you to your face
And I can't wait for you to take my place
You are The Naked Angel In My Heart
You are The Woman With Her Legs Apart
It's written on the walls of this hotel
You go to heaven once you've been to hell

A heavy burden lifted from my soul
I heard that love was out of my control

Memories

Frankie Lane, he was singing Jezebel
I pinned an Iron Cross to my lapel
I walked up to the tallest and the blondest girl
I said, Look, you don't know me now but very soon you will
So won't you let me see
I said "won't you let me see"
I said "won't you let me see
Your naked body?"

Just dance me to the dark side of the gym
Chances are I'll let you do most anything
I know you're hungry, I can hear it in your voice
And there are many parts of me to touch, you have your choice
Ah but no you cannot see
She said "no you cannot see"
She said "no you cannot see
My naked body"

So We're dancing close, the band is playing Stardust
Balloons and paper streamers floating down on us
She says, You've got a minute left to fall in love
In solemn moments such as this I have put my trust
And all my faith to see
I said all my faith to see
I said all my faith to see
Her naked body

I Left A Woman Waiting

I left a woman waiting
I met her sometime later
She said, I see your eyes are dead
What happened to you, lover?
What happened to you, my lover?
What happened to you, lover?
What happened to you?

And since she spoke the truth to me
I tried to answer truthfully
Whatever happened to my eyes
Happened to your beauty
Happened to your beauty
What happened to your beauty
Happened to me

We took ourselves to someone's bed
And there we fell together
Quick as dogs and truly dead were we
And free as running water
Free as running water
Free as running water
Free as you and me
The way it's got to be
The way it's got to be, lover

Don't Go Home With Your Hard-On

I was born in a beauty salon
My father was a dresser of hair
My mother was a girl you could call on
When you called she was always there

When you called she was always there
When you called she was always there
When you called she was always there
When you called she was always there

Ah but don't go home with your hard-on
It will only drive you insane
You can't shake it (or break it) with your Motown
You can't melt it down in the rain

You can't melt it down in the rain
You can't melt it down in the rain
You can't melt it down in the rain

I've looked behind all of the faces
That smile you down to you knees
And the lips that say, Come on, taste us
And when you try to they make you say Please

When you try to they make you say Please
When you try to they make you say Please
When you try to they make you say Please
When you try to they make you say Please

Ah but don't go home with your hard-on ...

Here come's your bride with her veil on
Approach her, you wretch, if you dare
Approach her, you ape with your tail on
Once you have her she'll always be there

Once you have her she'll always be there
Once you have her she'll always be there
Once you have her she'll always be there
Once you have her she'll always be there

Ah but don't go home with your hard-on ...

So I work in that same beauty salon
I'm chained to the old masquerade
The lipstick, the shadow, the silicone
I follow my father's trade

I follow my father's trade
Yes I follow my father's trade
Yes I follow my father's trade
Yes I follow my father's trade

Ah but don't go home with your hard-on
It will only drive you insane
You can't shake it (or break it) with your Motown
You can't melt it down in the rain
You can't melt it down in the rain

Fingerprints

I touched you once too often
Now I don't know who I am
My fingerprints were missing
When I wiped away the jam

Yes I called my fingerprints all night
But they don't seem to care
The last time that I saw them
They were leafing through your hair

Fingerprints, fingerprints
Where are you now my fingerprints?

Yeah I thought I'd leave this morning
So I emptied out your drawer
A hundred thousand fingerprints
They floated to the floor

You know you hardly stopped to pick them up
You don't care what you lose
Ah you don't even seem to know
Whose fingerprints are whose

Fingerprints, fingerprints
Where are you now my fingerprints?

And now you want to marry me
You want to take me down the aisle
You want to throw confetti fingerprints
You know that's not my style

O sure I'd like to marry you
But I can't face the dawn
With any girl who knew me
When my fingerprints were on

Fingerprints, fingerprints
Where are you now my fingerprints?

Fingerprints, oh fingerprints
Where are you now my fingerprints?

Death of a Ladies' Man

Ah the man she wanted all her life was hanging by a thread
"I never even knew how much I wanted you," she said.
His muscles they were numbered and his style was obsolete.
"O baby, I have come too late." She knelt beside his feet.
"I'll never see a face like yours in years of men to come
I'll never see such arms again in wrestling or in love."
And all his virtues burning in the smoky Holocaust
She took unto herself most everything her lover lost

Now the master of this landscape he was standing at the view
with a sparrow of St. Francis that he was preaching to
She beckoned to the sentry of his high religious mood
She said, "I'll make a place between my legs,
I'll show you solitude."

He offered her an orgy in a many mirrored room
He promised her protection for the issue of her womb
She moved her body hard against a sharpened metal spoon
She stopped the bloody rituals of passage to the moon

She took his much admired oriental frame of mind
and the heart-of-darkness alibi his money hides behind
She took his blonde madonna and his monastery wine --
"This mental space is occupied and everything is mine."

He tried to make a final stand beside the railway track
She said, "The art of longing's over and it's never coming back."
She took his tavern parliament, his cap, his cocky dance,
she mocked his female fashions and his working-class moustache.

The last time that I saw him he was trying hard to get
a woman's education but he's not a woman yet
And the last time that I saw her she was living with some boy
who gives her soul an empty room and gives her body joy.

So the great affair is over but whoever would have guessed
it would leave us all so vacant and so deeply unimpressed
It's like our visit to the moon or to that other star
I guess you go for nothing if you really want to go that far.

It's like our visit to the moon or to that other star
I guess you go for nothing if you really want to go that far.

It's like our visit to the moon or to that other star
I guess you go for nothing if you really want to go that far.

Recent Songs

The Guests

One by one, the guests arrive
The guests are coming through
The open-hearted many
The broken-hearted few
And no one knows where the night is going
And no one knows why the wine is flowing
Oh love I need you
I need you
I need you
I need you
Oh . . . I need you now
And those who dance, begin to dance
Those who weep begin
And "Welcome, welcome" cries a voice
"Let all my guests come in."
And no one knows where the night is going ...
And all go stumbling through that house
in lonely secrecy
Saying "Do reveal yourself"
or "Why has thou forsaken me?"
And no one knows where the night is going ...
All at once the torches flare
The inner door flies open
One by one they enter there
In every style of passion
And no one knows where the night is going ...
And here they take their sweet repast
While house and grounds dissolve
And one by one the guests are cast
Beyond the garden wall
And no one knows where the night is going ...
Those who dance, begin to dance
Those who weep begin
Those who earnestly are lost
Are lost and lost again
And no one knows where the night is going ...
One by one the guests arrive
The guests are coming through
The broken-hearted many
The open-hearted few
And no one knows where the night is going ...

Humbled in Love

Do you remember all of those pledges
That we pledged in the passionate night
Ah they're soiled now, they're torn at the edges
Like moths on a still yellow light
No penance serves to renew them
No massive transfusions of trust
Why not even revenge can undo them
So twisted these vows and so crushed
And you say you've been humbled in love
Cut down in your love
Forced to kneel in the mud next to me
Ah but why so bitterly turn from the one
Who kneels there as deeply as thee
Children have taken these pledges
They have ferried them out of the past
Oh beyond all the graves and the hedges
Where love must go hiding at last
And here where there is no description
Oh here in the moment at hand
No sinner need rise up forgiven
No victim need limp to the stand
And you say you've been humbled in love...
And look dear heart, look at the virgin
Look how she welcomes him into her gown
Yes, and mark how the stranger's cold armour
Dissolves like a star falling down
Why trade this vision for desire
When you may have them both
You will never see a man this naked
I will never hold a woman this close
And you say you've been humbled in love...

The Window

Why do you stand by the window
Abandoned to beauty and pride
The thorn of the night in your bosom
The spear of the age in your side
Lost in the rages of fragrance
Lost in the rags of remorse
Lost in the waves of a sickness
That loosens the high silver nerves
Oh chosen love, Oh frozen love
Oh tangle of matter and ghost
Oh darling of angels, demons and saints
And the whole broken-hearted host
Gentle this soul
And come forth from the cloud of unknowing
And kiss the cheek of the moon
The New Jerusalem glowing
Why tarry all night in the ruin
And leave no word of discomfort
And leave no observer to mourn
But climb on your tears and be silent
Like a rose on its ladder of thorns
Oh chosen love, Oh frozen love...
Then lay your rose on the fire
The fire give up to the sun
The sun give over to splendour
In the arms of the high holy one
For the holy one dreams of a letter
Dreams of a letter's death
Oh bless thee continuous stutter
Of the word being made into flesh
Oh chosen love, Oh frozen love...
Gentle this soul

I Came So Far For Beauty

I came so far for beauty
I left so much behind
My patience and my family
My masterpiece unsigned
I thought I'd be rewarded
For such a lonely choice
And surely she would answer
To such a very hopeless voice
I practiced all my sainthood
I gave to one and all
But the rumours of my virtue
They moved her not at all
I changed my style to silver
I changed my clothes to black
And where I would surrender
Now I would attack
I stormed the old casino
For the money and the flesh
And I myself decided
What was rotten and what was fresh
And men to do my bidding
And broken bones to teach
The value of my pardon
The shadow of my reach
But no, I could not touch her
With such a heavy hand
Her star beyond my order
Her nakedness unmanned
I came so far for beauty
I left so much behind
My patience and my family
My masterpiece unsigned

Un Canadien Errant (The Lost Canadian)

(by Antoine Gerin-Lajoie)

Un Canadien Errant
Banni de ses foyers,
Parcourait en pleurant
Des pays étrangers.
Parcourait en pleurant
Des pays étrangers.
Un jour, triste et pensif,
Assis au bord des flots,
Au courant fugitif
Il adressa ces mots:
Au courant fugitif
Il adressa ces mots:
"Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va dire a mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux.
Va dire a mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux.
O jours si pleins d'appas,
Vous etes disparus...
Et ma patrie, hélas!
Je ne la verrai plus.
Et ma patrie, hélas!
Je ne la verrai plus.
[A wandering Canadian,
banned from his hearths,
travelled while crying
in foreign lands.
travelled while crying
in foreign lands.
One day, sad and pensive,
sitting by the flowing waters,
to the fleeing current
he addressed these words:
to the fleeing current
he addressed these words:
If you see my country,
my unhappy country,
go tell my friends
that I remember them.
go tell my friends
that I remember them.
O days so full of charms,
you have vanished...
And my native land, alas!
I will see it no more.

And my native land, alas!
I will see it no more.]

The Traitor

Now the Swan it floated on the English river
Ah the Rose of High Romance it opened wide
A sun tanned woman yearned me through the summer
and the judges watched us from the other side
I told my mother "Mother I must leave you
preserve my room but do not shed a tear
Should rumour of a shabby ending reach you
it was half my fault and half the atmosphere"
But the Rose I sickened with a scarlet fever
and the Swan I tempted with a sense of shame
She said at last I was her finest lover
and if she withered I would be to blame
The judges said you missed it by a fraction
rise up and brace your troops for the attack
Ah the dreamers ride against the men of action
Oh see the men of action falling back
But I lingered on her thighs a fatal moment
I kissed her lips as though I thirsted still
My falsity had stung me like a hornet
The poison sank and it paralysed my will
I could not move to warn all the younger soldiers
that they had been deserted from above
So on battlefields from here to Barcelona
I'm listed with the enemies of love
And long ago she said "I must be leaving,
Ah but keep my body here to lie upon
You can move it up and down and when I'm sleeping
Run some wire through that Rose and wind the Swan"
So daily I renew my idle duty
I touch her here and there -- I know my place
I kiss her open mouth and I praise her beauty
and people call me traitor to my face

Our Lady of Solitude

All summer long she touched me
She gathered in my soul
From many a thorn, from many thickets
Her fingers, like a weaver's
Quick and cool
And the light came from her body
And the night went through her grace
All summer long she touched me
And I knew her, I knew her
Face to face
And her dress was blue and silver
And her words were few and small
She is the vessel of the whole wide world
Mistress, oh mistress, of us all
Dear Lady; Queen of Solitude
I thank you with my heart
for keeping me so close to thee
while so many, oh so many, stood apart
And the light came from her body
And the night went through her grace
All summer long she touched me
I knew her, I knew her
Face to face

The Gypsy's Wife

And where, where, where is my Gypsy wife tonight
I've heard all the wild reports, they can't be right
But whose head is this she's dancing with on the threshing floor
whose darkness deepens in her arms a little more
And where, where is my Gypsy wife tonight?
Where, where is my Gypsy wife tonight?
Ah the silver knives are flashing in the tired old cafe
A ghost climbs on the table in a bridal negligee
She says, "My body is the light, my body is the way"
I raise my arm against it all and I catch the bride's bouquet
And where, where is my Gypsy wife tonight?..
Too early for the rainbow, too early for the dove
These are the final days, this is the darkness, this is the flood
And there is no man or woman who can't be touched
But you who come between them will be judged
And where, where is my Gypsy wife tonight?..

The Smokey Life

I've never seen your eyes so wide
I've never seen your appetite quite this occupied
Elsewhere is your feast of love
I know ... where long ago we agreed to keep it light
So lets be married one more night
It's light, light enough
To let it go
It's light enough to let it go
Remember when the scenery started fading
I held you til you learned to walk on air
So don't look down the ground is gone,
there's no one waiting anyway
The Smoky Life is practiced
Everywhere
So set your restless heart at ease
Take a lesson from these Autumn leaves
They waste no time waiting for the snow
Don't argue now you'll be late
There is nothing to investigate
It's light enough, light enough
To let it go
Light enough to let it go
Remember when the scenery started fading
I held you til you learned to walk on air
So don't look down the ground is gone,
there's no one waiting anyway
The Smoky Life is practiced everywhere
Come on back if the moment lends
You can look up all my very closest friends
Light, light enough
To let it go
It's light enough to let it go

Ballad of the Absent Mare

Say a prayer for the cowboy
His mare's run away
And he'll walk til he finds her
His darling, his stray
but the river's in flood
and the roads are awash
and the bridges break up
in the panic of loss.
And there's nothing to follow
There's nowhere to go
She's gone like the summer
gone like the snow
And the crickets are breaking
his heart with their song
as the day caves in
and the night is all wrong
Did he dream, was it she
who went galloping past
and bent down the fern
broke open the grass
and printed the mud with
the iron and the gold
that he nailed to her feet
when he was the lord
And although she goes grazing
a minute away
he tracks her all night
he tracks her all day
Oh blind to her presence
except to compare
his injury here
with her punishment there
Then at home on a branch
in the highest tree
a songbird sings out
so suddenly
Ah the sun is warm
and the soft winds ride
on the willow trees
by the river side
Oh the world is sweet
the world is wide
and she's there where
the light and the darkness divide
and the steam's coming off her
she's huge and she's shy

and she steps on the moon
when she paws at the sky
And she comes to his hand
but she's not really tame
She longs to be lost
he longs for the same
and she'll bolt and she'll plunge
through the first open pass
to roll and to feed
in the sweet mountain grass
Or she'll make a break
for the high plateau
where there's nothing above
and there's nothing below
and it's time for the burden
it's time for the whip
Will she walk through the flame
Can he shoot from the hip
So he binds himself
to the galloping mare
and she binds herself
to the rider there
and there is no space
but there's left and right
and there is no time
but there's day and night
And he leans on her neck
and he whispers low
"Whither thou goest
I will go"
And they turn as one
and they head for the plain
No need for the whip
Ah, no need for the rein
Now the clasp of this union
who fastens it tight?
Who snaps it asunder
the very next night
Some say the rider
Some say the mare
Or that love's like the smoke
beyond all repair
But my darling says
"Leonard, just let it go by
That old silhouette
on the great western sky"
So I pick out a tune
and they move right along
and they're gone like the smoke
and they're gone like this song

Various Positions

Dance Me to the End of Love

Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin
Dance me through the panic 'til I'm gathered safely in
Lift me like an olive branch and be my homeward dove
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love

Oh let me see your beauty when the witnesses are gone
Let me feel you moving like they do in Babylon
Show me slowly what I only know the limits of
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love

Dance me to the wedding now, dance me on and on
Dance me very tenderly and dance me very long
We're both of us beneath our love, we're both of us above
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love

Dance me to the children who are asking to be born
Dance me through the curtains that our kisses have outworn
Raise a tent of shelter now, though every thread is torn
Dance me to the end of love

Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin
Dance me through the panic till I'm gathered safely in
Touch me with your naked hand or touch me with your glove
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love

Coming Back to You

Maybe I'm still hurting
I can't turn the other cheek
But you know that I still love you
It's just that I can't speak
I looked for you in everyone
And they called me on that too
I lived alone but I was only
Coming back to you

Ah they're shutting down the factory now
Just when all the bills are due
And the fields they're under lock and key
Tho' the rain and the sun come through
And springtime starts but then it stops
In the name of something new
And all the senses rise against this
Coming back to you

And they're handing down my sentence now
And I know what I must do
Another mile of silence while I'm
Coming back to you

There are many in your life
And many still to be
Since you are a shining light
There's many that you'll see
But I have to deal with envy
When you choose the precious few
Who've left their pride on the other side of
Coming back to you

Even in your arms I know
I'll never get it right
Even when you bend to give me
Comfort in the night
I've got to have your word on this
Or none of it is true
And all I've said was just instead of
Coming back to you

The Law

How many times did you call me
And I knew it was late
I left everybody
But I never went straight
I don't claim to be guilty
But I do understand
There's a Law, there's an Arm, there's a Hand
There's a Law, there's an Arm, there's a Hand

Now my heart's like a blister
From doing what I do
If the moon has a sister
It's got to be you
I'm going to miss you forever
Tho' it's not what I planned
There's a Law, there's an Arm, there's a Hand
There's a Law, there's an Arm, there's a Hand

Now the deal has been dirty
Since dirty began
I'm not asking for mercy
Not from the man
You just don't ask for mercy
While you're still on the stand
There's a Law, there's an Arm, there's a Hand
There's a Law, there's an Arm, there's a Hand

I don't claim to be guilty
Guilty's too grand
There's a Law, there's an Arm, there's a Hand
There's a Law, there's an Arm, there's a Hand

That's all I can say, baby
That's all I can say
It wasn't for nothing
That they put me away
I fell with my angel
Down the chain of command
There's a Law, there's an Arm, there's a Hand
There's a Law, there's an Arm, there's a Hand
There's a Law, there's an Arm, there's a Hand

The Night Comes On

I went down to the place
Where I knew she lay waiting
Under the marble and the snow
I said, Mother I'm frightened
The thunder and the lightning
I'll never come through this alone
She said, I'll be with you
My shawl wrapped around you
My hand on your head when you go
And the night came on
It was very calm
I wanted the night to go on and on
But she said, Go back to the World

We were fighting in Egypt
When they signed this agreement
That nobody else had to die
There was this terrible sound
And my father went down
With a terrible wound in his side
He said, Try to go on
Take my books, take my gun
Remember, my son, how they lied
And the night comes on
It's very calm
I'd like to pretend that my father was wrong
But you don't want to lie, not to the young

We were locked in this kitchen
I took to religion
And I wondered how long she would stay
I needed so much
To have nothing to touch
I've always been greedy that way
But my son and my daughter
Climbed out of the water
Crying, Papa, you promised to play
And they lead me away
To the great surprise
It's Papa, don't peek, Papa, cover your eyes
And they hide, they hide in the World

Now I look for her always
I'm lost in this calling
I'm tied to the threads of some prayer
Saying, When will she summon me
When will she come to me
What must I do to prepare

When she bends to my longing
Like a willow, like a fountain
She stands in the luminous air
And the night comes on
And it's very calm
I lie in her arms and says, When I'm gone
I'll be yours, yours for a song

Now the crickets are singing
The vesper bells ringing
The cat's curled asleep in his chair
I'll go down to Bill's Bar
I can make it that far
And I'll see if my friends are still there
Yes, and here's to the few
Who forgive what you do
And the fewer who don't even care
And the night comes on
It's very calm
I want to cross over, I want to go home
But she says, Go back, go back to the World

Hallelujah

Now I've heard there was a secret chord
That David played, and it pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for music, do you?
It goes like this
The fourth, the fifth
The minor fall, the major lift
The baffled king composing Hallelujah

Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

Your faith was strong but you needed proof
You saw her bathing on the roof
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you
She tied you
To a kitchen chair
She broke your throne, and she cut your hair
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

You say I took the name in vain
I don't even know the name
But if I did, well really, what's it to you?
There's a blaze of light
In every word
It doesn't matter which you heard
The holy or the broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

I did my best, it wasn't much
I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you
And even though
It all went wrong
I'll stand before the Lord of Song
With nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah

The Captain

Now the Captain called me to his bed
He fumbled for my hand
"Take these silver bars," he said
"I'm giving you command."
"Command of what, there's no one here
There's only you and me --
All the rest are dead or in retreat
Or with the enemy."

"Complain, complain, that's all you've done
Ever since we lost
If it's not the Crucifixion
Then it's the Holocaust."
"May Christ have mercy on your soul
For making such a joke
Amid these hearts that burn like coal
And the flesh that rose like smoke."

"I know that you have suffered, lad,
But suffer this awhile:
Whatever makes a soldier sad
Will make a killer smile."
"I'm leaving, Captain, I must go
There's blood upon your hand
But tell me, Captain, if you know
Of a decent place to stand."

"There is no decent place to stand
In a massacre;
But if a woman take your hand
Go and stand with her."
"I left a wife in Tennessee
And a baby in Saigon --
I risked my life, but not to hear
Some country-western song."

"Ah but if you cannot raise your love
To a very high degree,
Then you're just the man I've been thinking of --
So come and stand with me."
"Your standing days are done," I cried,
"You'll rally me no more.
I don't even know what side
We fought on, or what for."

"I'm on the side that's always lost
Against the side of Heaven

I'm on the side of Snake-eyes tossed
Against the side of Seven.
And I've read the Bill of Human Rights
And some of it was true
But there wasn't any burden left
So I'm laying it on you."

Now the Captain he was dying
But the Captain wasn't hurt
The silver bars were in my hand
I pinned them to my shirt.

Hunter's Lullaby

Your father's gone a-hunting
He's deep in the forest so wild
And he cannot take his wife with him
He cannot take his child

Your father's gone a-hunting
In the quicksand and the clay
And a woman cannot follow him
Although she knows the way

Your father's gone a-hunting
Through the silver and the glass
Where only greed can enter
But spirit, spirit cannot pass

Your father's gone a-hunting
For the beast we'll never cannot bind
And he leaves a baby sleeping
And his blessings all behind

Your father's gone a-hunting
And he's lost his lucky charm
And he's lost the guardian heart
That keeps the hunter from the harm

Your father's gone a-hunting
He asked me to say goodbye
And he warned me not to stop him
I wouldn't, I wouldn't even try

Heart With No Companion

I greet you from the other side
Of sorrow and despair
With a love so vast and shattered
It will reach you everywhere

And I sing this for the captain
Whose ship has not been built
For the mother in confusion
Her cradle still unfilled

For the heart with no companion
For the soul without a king
For the prima ballerina
Who cannot dance to anything

Through the days of shame that are coming
Through the nights of wild distress
Tho' your promise count for nothing
You must keep it nonetheless

You must keep it for the captain
Whose ship has not been built
For the mother in confusion
Her cradle still unfilled

For the heart with no companion ...

I greet you from the other side ...

If It Be Your Will

If it be your will
That I speak no more
And my voice be still
As it was before
I will speak no more
I shall abide until
I am spoken for
If it be your will

If it be your will
That a voice be true
From this broken hill
I will sing to you
From this broken hill
All your praises they shall ring
If it be your will
To let me sing
From this broken hill
All your praises they shall ring
If it be your will
To let me sing

If it be your will
If there is a choice
Let the rivers fill
Let the hills rejoice
Let your mercy spill
On all these burning hearts in hell
If it be your will
To make us well

And draw us near
And bind us tight
All your children here
In their rags of light
In our rags of light
All dressed to kill
And end this night
If it be your will

If it be your will.

I'm Your Man

First We Take Manhattan

They sentenced me to twenty years of boredom
For trying to change the system from within
I'm coming now, I'm coming to reward them
First we take Manhattan, then we take Berlin
I'm guided by a signal in the heavens
I'm guided by this birthmark on my skin
I'm guided by the beauty of our weapons
First we take Manhattan, then we take Berlin
I'd really like to live beside you, baby
I love your body and your spirit and your clothes
But you see that line there moving through the station?
I told you, I told you, told you, I was one of those
Ah you loved me as a loser, but now you're worried that I just might win
You know the way to stop me, but you don't have the discipline
How many nights I prayed for this, to let my work begin
First we take Manhattan, then we take Berlin
I don't like your fashion business mister
And I don't like these drugs that keep you thin
I don't like what happened to my sister
First we take Manhattan, then we take Berlin
I'd really like to live beside you, baby ...
And I thank you for those items that you sent me
The monkey and the plywood violin
I practiced every night, now I'm ready
First we take Manhattan, then we take Berlin
I am guided
Ah remember me, I used to live for music
Remember me, I brought your groceries in
Well it's Father's Day and everybody's wounded
First we take Manhattan, then we take Berlin

Ain't No Cure For Love

I loved you for a long, long time
I know this love is real
It don't matter how it all went wrong
That don't change the way I feel
And I can't believe that time's
Gonna heal this wound I'm speaking of
There ain't no cure,
There ain't no cure,
There ain't no cure for love
I'm aching for you baby
I can't pretend I'm not
I need to see you naked
In your body and your thought
I've got you like a habit
And I'll never get enough
There ain't no cure,
There ain't no cure,
There ain't no cure for love
There ain't no cure for love
There ain't no cure for love
All the rocket ships are climbing through the sky
The holy books are open wide
The doctors working day and night
But they'll never ever find that cure for love
There ain't no drink no drug
(Ah tell them, angels)
There's nothing pure enough to be a cure for love
I see you in the subway and I see you on the bus
I see you lying down with me, I see you waking up
I see your hand, I see your hair
Your bracelets and your brush
And I call to you, I call to you
But I don't call soft enough
There ain't no cure,
There ain't no cure,
There ain't no cure for love
I walked into this empty church I had no place else to go
When the sweetest voice I ever heard, whispered to my soul
I don't need to be forgiven for loving you so much
It's written in the scriptures
It's written there in blood
I even heard the angels declare it from above
There ain't no cure,
There ain't no cure,
There ain't no cure for love
There ain't no cure for love
There ain't no cure for love

All the rocket ships are climbing through the sky
The holy books are open wide
The doctors working day and night
But they'll never ever find that cure,
That cure for love

Everybody Knows

(co-written by Sharon Robinson)

Everybody knows that the dice are loaded
Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed
Everybody knows that the war is over
Everybody knows the good guys lost
Everybody knows the fight was fixed
The poor stay poor, the rich get rich
That's how it goes
Everybody knows
Everybody knows that the boat is leaking
Everybody knows that the captain lied
Everybody got this broken feeling
Like their father or their dog just died
Everybody talking to their pockets
Everybody wants a box of chocolates
And a long stem rose
Everybody knows
Everybody knows that you love me baby
Everybody knows that you really do
Everybody knows that you've been faithful
Ah give or take a night or two
Everybody knows you've been discreet
But there were so many people you just had to meet
Without your clothes
And everybody knows
Everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes
Everybody knows
Everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes
Everybody knows
And everybody knows that it's now or never
Everybody knows that it's me or you
And everybody knows that you live forever
Ah when you've done a line or two
Everybody knows the deal is rotten
Old Black Joe's still pickin' cotton
For your ribbons and bows
And everybody knows
And everybody knows that the Plague is coming
Everybody knows that it's moving fast
Everybody knows that the naked man and woman
Are just a shining artifact of the past
Everybody knows the scene is dead
But there's gonna be a meter on your bed
That will disclose
What everybody knows

And everybody knows that you're in trouble
Everybody knows what you've been through
From the bloody cross on top of Calvary
To the beach of Malibu
Everybody knows it's coming apart
Take one last look at this Sacred Heart
Before it blows
And everybody knows
Everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes
Everybody knows
Oh everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes
Everybody knows
Everybody knows

I'm Your Man

If you want a lover
I'll do anything you ask me to
And if you want another kind of love
I'll wear a mask for you
If you want a partner
Take my hand
Or if you want to strike me down in anger
Here I stand
I'm your man
If you want a boxer
I will step into the ring for you
And if you want a doctor
I'll examine every inch of you
If you want a driver
Climb inside
Or if you want to take me for a ride
You know you can
I'm your man
Ah, the moon's too bright
The chain's too tight
The beast won't go to sleep
I've been running through these promises to you
That I made and I could not keep
Ah but a man never got a woman back
Not by begging on his knees
Or I'd crawl to you baby
And I'd fall at your feet
And I'd howl at your beauty
Like a dog in heat
And I'd claw at your heart
And I'd tear at your sheet
I'd say please, please
I'm your man
And if you've got to sleep
A moment on the road
I will steer for you
And if you want to work the street alone
I'll disappear for you
If you want a father for your child
Or only want to walk with me a while
Across the sand
I'm your man
If you want a lover
I'll do anything you ask me to
And if you want another kind of love
I'll wear a mask for you

Take This Waltz

Now in Vienna there's ten pretty women
There's a shoulder where Death comes to cry
There's a lobby with nine hundred windows
There's a tree where the doves go to die
There's a piece that was torn from the morning
And it hangs in the Gallery of Frost
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay
Take this waltz, take this waltz
Take this waltz with the clamp on its jaws
Oh I want you, I want you, I want you
On a chair with a dead magazine
In the cave at the tip of the lily
In some hallways where love's never been
On a bed where the moon has been sweating
In a cry filled with footsteps and sand
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay
Take this waltz, take this waltz
Take its broken waist in your hand
This waltz, this waltz, this waltz, this waltz
With its very own breath of brandy and Death
Dragging its tail in the sea
There's a concert hall in Vienna
Where your mouth had a thousand reviews
There's a bar where the boys have stopped talking
They've been sentenced to death by the blues
Ah, but who is it climbs to your picture
With a garland of freshly cut tears?
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay
Take this waltz, take this waltz
Take this waltz it's been dying for years
There's an attic where children are playing
Where I've got to lie down with you soon
In a dream of Hungarian lanterns
In the mist of some sweet afternoon
And I'll see what you've chained to your sorrow
All your sheep and your lilies of snow
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay
Take this waltz, take this waltz
With its "I'll never forget you, you know!"
This waltz, this waltz, this waltz, this waltz ...
And I'll dance with you in Vienna
I'll be wearing a river's disguise
The hyacinth wild on my shoulder,
My mouth on the dew of your thighs
And I'll bury my soul in a scrapbook,
With the photographs there, and the moss
And I'll yield to the flood of your beauty
My cheap violin and my cross

And you'll carry me down on your dancing
To the pools that you lift on your wrist
Oh my love, Oh my love
Take this waltz, take this waltz
It's yours now. It's all that there is

Jazz Police

Can you tell me why the bells are ringing?
Nothing's happened in a million years
I've been sitting here since Wednesday morning
Wednesday morning can't believe my ears
Jazz police are looking through my folders
Jazz police are talking to my niece
Jazz police have got their final orders
Jazzer, drop your axe, it's Jazz police!
Jesus taken serious by the many
Jesus taken joyous by a few
Jazz police are paid by J.P. Getty
Jazzers paid by J. Paul Getty II
Jazz police I hear you calling
Jazz police I feel so blue
Jazz police I think I'm falling,
I'm falling for you
Wild as any freedom loving racist
I applaud the actions of the chief
Tell me now oh beautiful and spacious
Am I in trouble with the Jazz police?
Jazz police are looking through my folders ...
They will never understand our culture
They'll never understand the Jazz police
Jazz police are working for my mother
Blood is thicker margarine than grease
Let me be somebody I admire
Let me be that muscle down the street
Stick another turtle on the fire
Guys like me are mad for turtle meat
Jazz police I hear you calling
Jazz police I feel so blue
Jazz police I think I'm falling,
I'm falling for you

I Can't Forget

I stumbled out of bed
I got ready for the struggle
I smoked a cigarette
And I tightened up my gut
I said this can't be me
Must be my double
And I can't forget, I can't forget
I can't forget but I don't remember what
I'm burning up the road
I'm heading down to Phoenix
I got this old address
Of someone that I knew
It was high and fine and free
Ah, you should have seen us
And I can't forget, I can't forget
I can't forget but I don't remember who
I'll be there today
With a big bouquet of cactus
I got this rig that runs on memories
And I promise, cross my heart,
They'll never catch us
But if they do, just tell them it was me
Yeah I loved you all my life
And that's how I want to end it
The summer's almost gone
The winter's tuning up
Yeah, the summer's gone
But a lot goes on forever
And I can't forget, I can't forget
I can't forget but I don't remember what

Tower of Song

Well my friends are gone and my hair is grey
I ache in the places where I used to play
And I'm crazy for love but I'm not coming on
I'm just paying my rent every day
Oh in the Tower of Song
I said to Hank Williams: how lonely does it get?
Hank Williams hasn't answered yet
But I hear him coughing all night long
A hundred floors above me
In the Tower of Song
I was born like this, I had no choice
I was born with the gift of a golden voice
And twenty-seven angels from the Great Beyond
They tied me to this table right here
In the Tower of Song
So you can stick your little pins in that voodoo doll
I'm very sorry, baby, doesn't look like me at all
I'm standing by the window where the light is strong
Ah they don't let a woman kill you
Not in the Tower of Song
Now you can say that I've grown bitter but of this you may be sure
The rich have got their channels in the bedrooms of the poor
And there's a mighty judgement coming, but I may be wrong
You see, you hear these funny voices
In the Tower of Song
I see you standing on the other side
I don't know how the river got so wide
I loved you baby, way back when
And all the bridges are burning that we might have crossed
But I feel so close to everything that we lost
We'll never have to lose it again
Now I bid you farewell, I don't know when I'll be back
They're moving us tomorrow to that tower down the track
But you'll be hearing from me baby, long after I'm gone
I'll be speaking to you sweetly
From a window in the Tower of Song
Yeah my friends are gone and my hair is grey
I ache in the places where I used to play
And I'm crazy for love but I'm not coming on
I'm just paying my rent every day
Oh in the Tower of Song

The Future

The Future

Give me back my broken night
my mirrored room, my secret life
it's lonely here,
there's no one left to torture
Give me absolute control
over every living soul
And lie beside me, baby,
that's an order!
Give me crack and anal sex
Take the only tree that's left
and stuff it up the hole
in your culture
Give me back the Berlin wall
give me Stalin and St Paul
I've seen the future, brother:
it is murder.
Things are going to slide, slide in all directions
Won't be nothing
Nothing you can measure anymore
The blizzard, the blizzard of the world
has crossed the threshold
and it has overturned
the order of the soul
When they said REPENT REPENT
I wonder what they meant
When they said REPENT REPENT
I wonder what they meant
When they said REPENT REPENT
I wonder what they meant
You don't know me from the wind
you never will, you never did
I'm the little jew
who wrote the Bible
I've seen the nations rise and fall
I've heard their stories, heard them all
but love's the only engine of survival
Your servant here, he has been told
to say it clear, to say it cold:
It's over, it ain't going
any further
And now the wheels of heaven stop
you feel the devil's riding crop
Get ready for the future:
it is murder

Things are going to slide ...
There'll be the breaking of the ancient
western code
Your private life will suddenly explode
There'll be phantoms
There'll be fires on the road
and the white man dancing
You'll see a woman
hanging upside down
her features covered by her fallen gown
and all the lousy little poets
coming round
tryin' to sound like Charlie Manson
and the white man dancin'
Give me back the Berlin wall
Give me Stalin and St Paul
Give me Christ
or give me Hiroshima
Destroy another fetus now
We don't like children anyhow
I've seen the future, baby:
it is murder
Things are going to slide ...
When they said REPENT REPENT ...

Waiting For The Miracle

(co-written by Sharon Robinson)

Baby, I've been waiting,
I've been waiting night and day.
I didn't see the time,
I waited half my life away.
There were lots of invitations
and I know you sent me some,
but I was waiting
for the miracle, for the miracle to come.
I know you really loved me.
but, you see, my hands were tied.
I know it must have hurt you,
it must have hurt your pride
to have to stand beneath my window
with your bugle and your drum,
and me I'm up there waiting
for the miracle, for the miracle to come.
Ah I don't believe you'd like it,
You wouldn't like it here.
There ain't no entertainment
and the judgements are severe.
The Maestro says it's Mozart
but it sounds like bubble gum
when you're waiting
for the miracle, for the miracle to come.
Waiting for the miracle
There's nothing left to do.
I haven't been this happy
since the end of World War II.
Nothing left to do
when you know that you've been taken.
Nothing left to do
when you're begging for a crumb
Nothing left to do
when you've got to go on waiting
waiting for the miracle to come.
I dreamed about you, baby.
It was just the other night.
Most of you was naked
Ah but some of you was light.
The sands of time were falling
from your fingers and your thumb,
and you were waiting
for the miracle, for the miracle to come
Ah baby, let's get married,
we've been alone too long.
Let's be alone together.

Let's see if we're that strong.
Yeah let's do something crazy,
something absolutely wrong
while we're waiting
for the miracle, for the miracle to come.
Nothing left to do ...
When you've fallen on the highway
and you're lying in the rain,
and they ask you how you're doing
of course you'll say you can't complain --
If you're squeezed for information,
that's when you've got to play it dumb:
You just say you're out there waiting
for the miracle, for the miracle to come.

Be For Real

Are you back in my life to stay
Or is it just for today
Oh that you're gonna need me?
If it's a thrill you're looking for
Honey, I'm flexible. Oh, yeah.
Just be for real won't you, Baby
Be for real oh, Baby
You see I, I don't want to be hurt by love again
So you see I'm not naive.
I just would like to believe
Ah what you tell me.
So don't give me the world today
And tomorrow take it away.
Don't do that to me, darling.
Just be for real won't you, Baby
Be for real won't you, Baby
Been hurt so many times
You see I, I don't want to be hurt by love again.
(I don't give a damn about the truth, Baby
Except for the naked truth. Oh yeah)
Just be for real won't you, Baby
Be for real won't you, Baby
No, no, no, no
It's just that I, I don't want to be hurt by love again.
Thanks for the song Mr. Knight.

Closing Time

Ah we're drinking and we're dancing
and the band is really happening
and the Johnny Walker wisdom running high
And my very sweet companion
she's the Angel of Compassion
she's rubbing half the world against her thigh
And every drinker every dancer
lifts a happy face to thank her
the fiddler fiddles something so sublime
all the women tear their blouses off
and the men they dance on the polka-dots
and it's partner found, it's partner lost
and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops:
it's CLOSING TIME

Yeah the women tear their blouses off
and the men they dance on the polka-dots
and it's partner found, it's partner lost
and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops:
it's CLOSING TIME

Ah we're lonely, we're romantic
and the cider's laced with acid
and the Holy Spirit's crying, "Where's the beef?"
And the moon is swimming naked
and the summer night is fragrant
with a mighty expectation of relief
So we struggle and we stagger
down the snakes and up the ladder
to the tower where the blessed hours chime
and I swear it happened just like this:
a sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss
the Gates of Love they budged an inch
I can't say much has happened since
but CLOSING TIME

I swear it happened just like this:
a sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss
the Gates of Love they budged an inch
I can't say much has happened since
CLOSING TIME

I loved you for your beauty
but that doesn't make a fool of me:
you were in it for your beauty too
and I loved you for your body
there's a voice that sounds like God to me
declaring, declaring, declaring that your body's really you
And I loved you when our love was blessed
and I love you now there's nothing left
but sorrow and a sense of overtime

and I missed you since the place got wrecked
And I just don't care what happens next
looks like freedom but it feels like death
it's something in between, I guess
it's CLOSING TIME
Yeah I missed you since the place got wrecked
By the winds of change and the weeds of sex
looks like freedom but it feels like death
it's something in between, I guess
it's CLOSING TIME
Yeah we're drinking and we're dancing
but there's nothing really happening
and the place is dead as Heaven on a Saturday night
And my very close companion
gets me fumbling gets me laughing
she's a hundred but she's wearing
something tight
and I lift my glass to the Awful Truth
which you can't reveal to the Ears of Youth
except to say it isn't worth a dime
And the whole damn place goes crazy twice
and it's once for the devil and once for Christ
but the Boss don't like these dizzy heights
we're busted in the blinding lights,
busted in the blinding lights
of CLOSING TIME
The whole damn place goes crazy twice
and it's once for the devil and once for Christ
but the Boss don't like these dizzy heights
we're busted in the blinding lights,
busted in the blinding lights
of CLOSING TIME
Oh the women tear their blouses off
and the men they dance on the polka-dots
It's CLOSING TIME
And it's partner found, it's partner lost
and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops
It's CLOSING TIME
I swear it happened just like this:
a sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss
It's CLOSING TIME
The Gates of Love they budged an inch
I can't say much has happened since
But CLOSING TIME
I loved you when our love was blessed
I love you now there's nothing left
But CLOSING TIME
I miss you since the place got wrecked
By the winds of change and the weeds of sex.

Anthem

The birds they sang
at the break of day
Start again
I heard them say
Don't dwell on what
has passed away
or what is yet to be.
Ah the wars they will
be fought again
The holy dove
She will be caught again
bought and sold
and bought again
the dove is never free.
Ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack in everything
That's how the light gets in.
We asked for signs
the signs were sent:
the birth betrayed
the marriage spent
Yeah the widowhood
of every government --
signs for all to see.
I can't run no more
with that lawless crowd
while the killers in high places
say their prayers out loud.
But they've summoned, they've summoned up
a thundercloud
and they're going to hear from me.
Ring the bells that still can ring ...
You can add up the parts
but you won't have the sum
You can strike up the march,
there is no drum
Every heart, every heart
to love will come
but like a refugee.
Ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything
That's how the light gets in.
Ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything
That's how the light gets in.

That's how the light gets in.
That's how the light gets in.

Democracy

It's coming through a hole in the air,
from those nights in Tiananmen Square.
It's coming from the feel
that this ain't exactly real,
or it's real, but it ain't exactly there.
From the wars against disorder,
from the sirens night and day,
from the fires of the homeless,
from the ashes of the gay:
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.
It's coming through a crack in the wall;
on a visionary flood of alcohol;
from the staggering account
of the Sermon on the Mount
which I don't pretend to understand at all.
It's coming from the silence
on the dock of the bay,
from the brave, the bold, the battered
heart of Chevrolet:
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.
It's coming from the sorrow in the street,
the holy places where the races meet;
from the homicidal bitchin'
that goes down in every kitchen
to determine who will serve and who will eat.
From the wells of disappointment
where the women kneel to pray
for the grace of God in the desert here
and the desert far away:
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.
Sail on, sail on
O mighty Ship of State!
To the Shores of Need
Past the Reefs of Greed
Through the Squalls of Hate
Sail on, sail on, sail on, sail on.
It's coming to America first,
the cradle of the best and of the worst.
It's here they got the range
and the machinery for change
and it's here they got the spiritual thirst.
It's here the family's broken
and it's here the lonely say
that the heart has got to open
in a fundamental way:
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

It's coming from the women and the men.
O baby, we'll be making love again.
We'll be going down so deep
the river's going to weep,
and the mountain's going to shout Amen!
It's coming like the tidal flood
beneath the lunar sway,
imperial, mysterious,
in amorous array:
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.
Sail on, sail on ...
I'm sentimental, if you know what I mean
I love the country but I can't stand the scene.
And I'm neither left or right
I'm just staying home tonight,
getting lost in that hopeless little screen.
But I'm stubborn as those garbage bags
that Time cannot decay,
I'm junk but I'm still holding up
this little wild bouquet:
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

Light As The Breeze

She stands before you naked
you can see it, you can taste it,
and she comes to you light as the breeze.
Now you can drink it or you can nurse it,
it don't matter how you worship
as long as you're
down on your knees.

So I knelt there at the delta,
at the alpha and the omega,
at the cradle of the river and the seas.
And like a blessing come from heaven
for something like a second
I was healed and my heart
was at ease.

O baby I waited
so long for your kiss
for something to happen,
oh something like this.
And you're weak and you're harmless
and you're sleeping in your harness
and the wind going wild
in the trees,
and it ain't exactly prison
but you'll never be forgiven
for whatever you've done
with the keys.

O baby I waited ...
It's dark now and it's snowing
O my love I must be going,
The river has started to freeze.
And I'm sick of pretending
I'm broken from bending
I've lived too long on my knees.
Then she dances so graceful
and your heart's hard and hateful
and she's naked
but that's just a tease.
And you turn in disgust
from your hatred and from your love
and she comes to you
light as the breeze.

O baby I waited ...
There's blood on every bracelet
you can see it, you can taste it,
and it's Please baby
please baby please.
And she says, Drink deeply, pilgrim

but don't forget there's still a woman
beneath this
resplendent chemise.
So I knelt there at the delta,
at the alpha and the omega,
I knelt there like one who believes.
And the blessings come from heaven
and for something like a second
I'm cured and my heart
is at ease

Always

(Oh friends, .. don't matter if you're a man or a woman. If you're in love with somebody, these are the words that you got to learn to say. Now listen carefully. Here it comes...)

I'll be loving you always
with a love that's true, always
When the thing you've planned
needs my helping hand,
I will understand, always, always
Days may not be fair, always
Yeah but that's when I'll be there, always
Not for just an hour,
Not for just a day,
Not for just a year, but always.
I said that I'll be loving you, always
with a love that's true, always.
When the thing you've planned
needs my helping hand,
I will, I will understand, always, always
(Oh that's pretty ... that's pretty too ... Oh darling)
The days may not be fair, always
Yeah but that's when I'll be there, always
Not for just a second, or a minute, or an hour,
Not for just a weekend and a shake down in the shower,
Not for just the summer and the winter going sour,
But always, always, always
(Ok if you don't want to quit, let's try it one more time)
I'll be loving you, always
with a love that's true, always.
When the thing you've planned
needs my helping hand,
I will understand, I will, I will understand, always, always
The days may not be fair, always
(Don't worry, baby)
That's when I'll be there, always
Not for just an hour,
Not for just a day,
Not for just a year, but always.

Tacoma Trailer

(instrumental)

Cohen Live

Dance Me to the End of Love

La la la la la...

Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin
Dance me through the panic 'til I'm gathered safely in
Lift me like an olive branch and be my homeward dove
Dance me to the end of love
Yeah dance me to the end of love

Let me see your beauty when the witnesses are gone
Let me feel you moving like they do in Babylon
Show me slowly what I only know the limits of
And dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love

Dance me to the wedding now, dance me on and on
Dance me very tenderly and dance me very long
We're both of us beneath our love, both of us above
And dance me to the end of love
Yeah dance me to the end of love

Dance me to the children who are asking to be born
Dance me through the curtains that our kisses have outworn
Raise a tent of shelter now, though every thread is torn
And dance me to the end of love

La la la la la...

Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin
Dance me through the panic till I'm gathered safely in
Touch me with your naked hand, touch me with your glove
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love

La la la la la...

Bird on the Wire

Like a bird on the wire,
Like a drunk in an old midnight choir
I have tried in my way to be free.

Like a worm on a hook,
Like a knight been down in some old fashioned book
It was the shape of our love that twisted me
If I have been unkind, if I have been unkind
Oh I hope you can find the way to let it all go right on by
If I have been un..., if I have been untrue, if I have been untrue
Just that I thought a lover had to be some kind of liar too

(Mr. Bobby Metzger on the guitar...)

(Mr. Paul Ostermayer...)

Like a little baby stillborn,
Like a beast with his horn
I have torn everyone who reached out for me.
But I swear by this song
By all that I have done wrong
I will make it all up to thee.

I don't cry, don't..., don't cry, I don't cry no more
It's all over now, it's over babe, don't cry no more
I say don't cry, don't cry, don't cry, don't cry anymore
It's over, it's finished, it's completed, it has..., it has been paid for.

Like a bird on the wire,
Like a drunk in some old midnight choir
I have tried in my way to be free.

Everybody Knows

co-written with Sharon Robinson
Everybody knows the dice are loaded
Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed
Everybody knows the war is over
Everybody knows the good guys lost
Everybody knows the fight was fixed
The poor stay poor, rich get rich
That's how it goes, everybody knows

Everybody knows that the boat is leaking
Everybody knows that the captain lied
Everybody have got this broken feeling
Like their father or their dog just died
Everybody talking to their pockets
Everybody want a box of chocolates
And a long stem rose, everybody knows

Everybody knows you love me baby
Everybody knows that you really do
And everybody knows that you've been faithful
Give or take a night or two
Everybody knows that you've been discreet
But there were so many people you just had to meet
Without your clothes, everybody knows

Everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes, everybody knows
Everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes, everybody knows

Everybody knows that it's now or never
Everybody knows that it's me or you
Everybody knows that you live forever
When you have done a line or two
Everybody knows the deal is rotten
Old Black Joe still pickin' cotton
For your ribbons and bows, everybody knows

Everybody knows that the Plague is coming
Everybody knows that it's moving fast
Everybody knows that your naked man and woman
Are just a shining artifact of the past
Everybody knows the scene is dead
But there's gonna be a meter on your bed
That will disclose what everybody knows

Everybody knows you're in trouble

Everybody knows what you've been through
>From the bloody cross on top of Calvary
To the beach of Malibu
Everybody knows it's coming apart
Take one last look at this Mighty Heart
Before it blows and everybody knows

Everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes, everybody knows
Everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes, everybody knows
Everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes, everybody knows

Joan of Arc

La la la la la la...

Now the flames they followed
Joan of Arc
As she came riding through the dark;
No moon to keep her armour bright,
And no man to get her through this dark, this very smoky night.

She said, "I'm tired of the war,
I want the kind of work I had before,
With a wedding dress, something white
To wear upon swollen appetite."

La la la la la la...

Well I'm glad to..., to hear you talk this way,
You see I've watched you riding almost every single day
And there's something in me just yearns to win
Such a very cold and such a very lonesome heroine.

"Well then, who are you?" she sternly spoke
To the one beneath the smoke.
"Why, I'm..., I'm fire," he replied,
"And I love your solitude, oh how I love your sense of pride."

La la la la la la...

"Well then fire, make your body cold,
I'm gonna give you mine to hold,"
Saying this she climbed inside
To be his one, to be his only bride.

It was deep into his fiery heart
He took the dust of our Joan of Arc,
And high above all of these assembled wedding guests
He hung the ashes of her very lovely wedding dress.

La la la la la la...

It was deep deep into his fiery heart
He took the dust of our precious Joan of Arc,
Then she clearly, she clearly understood
If..., if he was fire, woah she must be wood.

I saw her wince, I saw her cry,
Saw the glory in her eye.
Myself I long..., I long for love and light,
But must it come so cruel, and must it..., must it be so very bright?

La la la la la...

There Is A War

There is a war between the rich and poor,
A war between the man and the woman.
There is a war between the ones who say there is a war
And the ones who say there isn't.

Why don't you come on back to the war
Why don't you come on back to the war

Ah yes I live here with a woman and a child,
The situation makes me kind of nervous.
Yes, I rise up from her arms, she says "I guess you call this love";
I call it room service.

Why don't you come on back to the war
Why don't you come on back to the war

You cannot stand what I've become,
You much prefer that gentleman I was before.
I was so easy to defeat, I was so easy to control,
I didn't even know there was a war.

Why don't you come on back to the war
Why don't you come on back to the war

Come on back to the war
Come on back to the war

There is a war between the rich and poor,
A war between the man and the woman.
There is a war between the left and right,
A war between the black and white,
A war between the odd and the even.

Why don't you come on back to this war
Why don't you come on back to the war
Why don't you come on back to the war

Come on back to the war
Come on back to the war
Come on back to the war
Come on back to the war

Sisters of Mercy

All the sisters of mercy, they are not departed or gone.
They were waiting for me when I thought that I just cannot go on.
And they brought me their comfort, later they brought me this song.
Ah yes I hope you run into them, you who've been travelling so long.

Ra ra ra ra ra ra...

Yeah you who must leave everything that you cannot control.
It begins with your family, but soon it comes around to your soul.
Well I've been where you're hanging and I think I can see how you're pinned:

Yeah when you're not feeling holy, your loneliness tells you, you've sinned.

Ra ra ra ra ra ra...

They lay down beside me, I made my confession to them.
They touched both my eyes, I touched the dew on their hem.
If your life is a leaf that the seasons tear off and condemn
Ah they will bind you with love that is graceful and green as a stem.

Ra ra ra ra ra ra...

I left, they were sleeping, I hope you run into them soon.
Don't turn on the lights, you can read their address by the moon.
And you won't make me jealous if I hear that they sweetened your night:
Ah we weren't lovers like that and besides it would still be all right,

Ra ra ra ra ra ra...

Hallelujah

Baby, I've been here before.
I know this room, I've walked this floor.
I used to live alone before I knew you.

Yeah I've seen your flag on the marble arch,
But listen, love is not some kind of victory march,
No it's a cold and it's a very broken Hallelujah.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, (Hallelujah...)

There was a time you let me know
What's really going on below,
Ah but now you never show it to me, do you?

Yeah but I remember, yeah when I moved in you,
And the holy dove, she was moving too,
Yes every single breath that we drew was Hallelujah.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Maybe there's a God above,
As for me, all I've ever seemed to learn from love
Is how to shoot at someone who outdrew you.

Yeah but it's not a complaint that you hear tonight,
It's not the laughter of someone who claims to have seen the light
No it's a cold and it's a very lonely Hallelujah.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

I did my best, it wasn't much.
I couldn't feel, so I learned to touch.
I've told the truth, I didn't come all this way to fool you.

Yeah even tough it all went wrong
I'll stand right here before the Lord of Song
With nothing on my lips but Hallelujah.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

I'm Your Man

If you want a lover, I'll do anything you ask me to
And if you want another kind of love, I'll wear my leather mask for you
If you want a partner, take my hand
Or if you wanna strike me down in anger, here I stand
I'm your man
If you want a boxer, I will step into the ring for you
And if you want a Jewish doctor, I'll uncover every inch of you
If you want a driver, climb inside
Or if you wanna take me for a ride, well you know you can
I'm your man

Yeah the moon's too bright
And the chain's too tight
And the beast won't go to sleep
I've been running through all these promises to you
That I made and I could not keep
Ah but a man never got a woman back
Not by begging on his knees
Or I'd crawl to you baby
And I'd fall at your feet
And I'd howl at your beauty
Like a dog in heat
And I'd claw at your heart
And I'd tear at your sheet
I'd say please
I'm your man

If you've got to sleep for a minute on the road, I will steer for you
And if you want to work the street alone, I'll..., I'll disappear for you
If you want a father for your child
Or only wanna walk with me another mile across the sand
I'm your man

Yeah the moon's too bright
And the chain's too tight
And the beast won't go to sleep
I've been running through all these promises to you
That I made and I could not keep
Ah but a man never got a woman back
Not by begging on his knees
Or I'd crawl to you baby
And I'd fall at your feet
And I'd howl at your beauty
Like a dog in heat
And I'd claw at your heart
And I'd tear at your sheet

I'd say please
I'm your man

Who By Fire

And who by fire, who by water,
Who in the sunshine, who in the night time,
Who by high ordeal, who by common trial,
Who in your merry merry month of may,
Who by very slow decay,
And who..., who shall I say is calling?

And who in her lonely slip, who by barbiturate,
Who in these realms of love, who by something blunt,
And who by avalanche, who by powder,
Who for his greed, who for his hunger,
And who..., who shall I say is calling?

And who by brave assent, who by accident,
Who in solitude, who in this mirror,
Who by his lady's command, who by his own hand,
Who in mortal chains, who in power,
And who..., who shall I say is calling?

And who..., who shall I say is calling?

And who by fire, who by water,
Who in the sunshine, who in the night time,
Who by high ordeal, who by common trial,
Who in your merry merry month of may,
Who by very slow decay,
And who..., who shall I say is calling?

And who..., who shall I say is calling?

One Of Us Cannot Be Wrong

I lit a thin green candle to make you jealous of me.
But the room just filled up with mosquitos,
They heard that my body was free.

Then I took the dust from a long and a sleepless night
And I have put it in your little shoe.
And then I confess that I tortured the dress
That you wore for the world to look through.

I showed my heart to the doctor: he said I just have to quit.
Then he wrote himself a prescription,
Your name was mentioned in it!

And he locked himself into a library shelf
Ah with all of the details of our..., our shabby honeymoon,
And I hear from the nurse, yeah that he's got much worse
And his..., his practice has fallen into ruin.

And I heard of a saint who'd loved you, yeah I studied all night in his school.
He taught that the duty of lovers
Is to tarnish the..., the golden rule.
And just when I was sure that his teachings were pure
He went and drowned himself in the pool.
His body is gone, yeah but back here on the lawn
his spirit continues to drool.

An Eskimo showed me that movie, he'd recently taken of you:
While the poor man could hardly stop shivering,
His lips, his fingers were blue.
I suppose he froze when the wind tore off your clothes
And I..., I guess he just never got warm.
But you stand there so nice, in your blizzard of ice,
oh please let me come into the storm.

I suppose he froze when the wind tore off your clothes
And I..., I guess he just never got warm.
But you stand there so nice, in your blizzard of ice,
oh please let me come into..., come into the storm.

If It Be Your Will

If it be your will
That I speak no more
And my voice be still
As it was before
I will speak no more
I shall abide until
I am spoken for
If it be your will

If it be your will
If a voice be true
>From this broken hill
I will sing to you
>From this broken hill
All your praises they shall ring
If it be your will
To let me sing

If it be your will
If there is a choice
Let the rivers fill
Let the hills rejoice
Let your mercy spill
On all these burning hearts in hell
If it be your will
To make us well

and draw us near
Oh bind us tight
All your children here
In their rags of light
In our rags of light
All dressed to kill
And end this night
If it be your will

If it be your will

Heart With No Companion

Now I greet you from the other side
Of sorrow and despair
With a love so vast and so shattered
It will reach you everywhere

And I sing this for the captain
Whose ship has not been built
For the mother in confusion
Her cradle still unfilled

For the heart with no companion
For the soul without a king
For the prima ballerina
Who cannot dance to anything

Through the days of shame that are coming
Through the nights of wild distress
Though your promise count for nothing
You must keep it nonetheless

You must keep it for the captain
Whose ship has not been built
For the mother in confusion
Her cradle still unfilled

For the heart with no companion
For the soul without a king
For the prima ballerina
Who cannot dance to anything

Now I greet you from the other side
Of sorrow and despair
Ah with a love so vast and so shattered
It will reach you everywhere

And I sing this for the captain
Whose ship has not been built
For the mother in confusion
Her cradle still unfilled

For the heart with no companion
For the soul without a king
For the prima ballerina
Who cannot dance to anything

Suzanne

Suzanne takes you down
To her place near the river
You can hear the boats go by
You can spend the night beside her
And you know she's half crazy
But that's why you want to be there
She feeds you tea and oranges
That come all the way from China
And just when you mean to tell her
That you have no love to give her
She gets you on her wavelength
She lets the river answer
You've always been her lover.

And you want to travel with her
You want to travel blind
You know she will trust you
For you've touched her perfect body with your mind.

And Jesus was a sailor
When he walked upon the water
And he spent a long time watching
>From a lonely wooden tower
And when he knew for certain
Only drowning men could see him
He said "All men will be sailors then
Until the sea shall free them"
But he himself was broken
Long before the sky would open
Forsaken, almost human
He sank beneath your wisdom like a stone.

And you want to travel with him
You want to travel blind
And you know he will find you
For he's touched your perfect body with his mind.

Suzanne takes your hand now
She leads you to the river
She is wearing rags and feathers
>From Salvation Army counters
And the sun pours down like honey
On our..., our lady of the harbour
And she shows you where to look
Amid the garbage and the flowers
There are heroes in the seaweed
There are children in the morning

They are leaning out for love
And they will lean that way forever
While Suzanne holds the mirror.

And you want to travel with her
You want to travel blind
And you know she will find you
For she's touched your perfect body with her mind.

Field Commander Cohen

Field Commander Cohen

Field Commander Cohen, he was our most important spy:
wounded in the line of duty;
parachuting acid into diplomatic cocktail parties;
urging Fidel Castro to abandon fields and castles;
leave it all, and like a man,
came back to nothing special
such as waiting rooms and ticket lines,
silver bullet suicides,
and messianic ocean tides,
and racial roller-coaster rides,
and other forms of boredom advertised as poetry.

I know you need your sleep now.
I know your life's been hard,
But many men are falling,
where you promised to stand guard.

I never asked but I heard that you cast your lot along with the poor;
that you be this and nothing more
than just some grateful, faithful woman's favourite singing millionaire,
the patron saint of envy and the grocer of despair,
working for the Yankee dollar.
Drinkin' rum and Coca-Cola. Go down Point Koomahnah.
Both mother and daughter. Working for the Yankee dollar.

I know you need your sleep now.
I know your life's been hard,
But many men are falling,
where you promised to stand guard.

Lover, come and lie with me, if my lover is who you really are.
And be your sweetest self a while, until I ask for more, my child.
Then let the other selves be rung; let them manifest and come,
`til love is pierced and love is hung
and every taste is on the tongue,
and every kind of freedom done, then
oh my love, oh my love, oh my love

The Window

Why do you stand by the window,
abandoned to beauty and pride?
The thorn of the night in your bosom,
the spear of the age in your side;
lost in the rages of fragrance,
lost in the rags of remorse,
lost in the waves of a sickness
that loosens the high silver nerves.

O chosen love, O frozen love
O tangle of matter and ghost.
O darling of angels, demons and saints
and the whole broken-hearted host -
Gentle this soul.

Come forth from the cloud of unknowing
and kiss the cheek of the moon;
the code of solitude broken
why tarry confused and alone?
And leave no word of discomfort,
and leave no observer to mourn,
but climb on your tears and be silent,
like a rose on its ladder of thorn.

O chosen love...

Then lay your rose on the fire;
the fire give up to the sun;
the sun give over to splendour,
in the arms of the High Holy One;
for the Holy One dreams of a letter,
dreams of a letter's death -
oh bless thee continuous stutter
of the word being made into flesh.

O chosen love, O frozen love, O tangle of matter and ghost.
O darling of angels, demons and saints
and the whole broken-hearted host - Gentle this soul.

Gentle this soul

The Smokey Life

I've never seen your eyes so wide.
I've never seen your appetite quite this occupied.
Elsewhere is your feast of love,
I know. Long ago we agreed to keep it light.
So lets be married one more night.

It's light enough, light enough
to let it go.

Remember when the scenery started fading;
I held you `til you learned to walk on air.
So don't look down, the ground is gone,
there's no one waving anyway.
The smokey life is practiced
everywhere.

So set your restless heart at ease.
Take a lesson from these autumn leaves.
They waste no time waiting for the snow.
Don't argue now you'll be late.
There is nothing to investigate.

It's light enough, light enough
to let it go.
Light enough to let it go.

Remember when the scenery started fading;
I held you `til you learned to walk on air.
So don't look down, the ground is gone,
there's no one waving anyway.
The smokey life is practiced everywhere.

Come on back if the moment lends.
You can look up all my very closest friends.

It's light, light enough, light enough,
to let it go.
Light enough to let it go.

The Gypsy's Wife

And where, where, where is my gypsy wife tonight?
I've heard all the wild reports; they can't be right.
But whose head is this she's dancing with on the threshing floor?
Whose darkness deepens in her arms just a little more?

And where, where is my gypsy wife tonight?

The silver knives are flashing in that tired old cafe.
A ghost climbs on the table in a bridal negligee.
She says, "My body is the light. She says, "My body is the way."
I raise my arm against it all and I catch the bride's bouquet.

So where, where is my gypsy wife tonight?

Too early for the rainbow, too early for the dove.
These are your final days; this is the darkness, this is the flood.
And there is no man or woman who can be touched,
but you who come between them, you will surely be judged.

So where, where is my gypsy wife tonight?

Lover Lover Lover

I asked my father,
I said, Father, change my name.
The one I'm using now, it's covered up
with fear and filth and cowardice and shame.

Lover, lover, lover, lover, come back to me,
yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me.

He said, 'I locked you in this body,
I meant it as a kind of trial.
You can use it for a weapon
or to make some woman smile.

Yes and lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover come back to me
Lover, lover, lover, lover, come back to me.

"Then let me start again, I cried,
Oh please let me start again.
I want a face that's fair,
I want a spirit that is calm."

Lover, lover, lover, lover, come back to me

"I never never turned aside, he said,
I never walked away.
It was you who built the temple,
it was you who covered up my face.

Lover, lover, lover, lover, come back to me. You may come to me in happiness,
or you may come to me in grief,
you may come to me in deepest faith,
or you may come in disbelief.

Lover, lover, lover, lover, come back to me.

Hey That's No Way To Say Goodbye

I loved you in the morning, our kisses deep and warm.
Your hair upon the pillow like a sleepy golden storm.
Many loved before us. I know we are not new.
In city and in forest, they smile like me and you.
But now it's come to distances, and both of us must try.
Your eyes are soft with sorrow.
Hey, that's no way to say goodbye.

I'm not looking for another as I wander in my time.
Walk me to the corner now, our steps will always rhyme.
You know my love goes with you, as your love stays with me.
It's just the way it changes, like the shoreline and the sea.
But let's not talk of love or chains, or things we can't untie.
Your eyes are soft with sorrow.
Hey, that's no way to say goodbye.

I loved you in the morning, our kisses deep and warm.
Your hair upon the pillow like a sleepy golden storm.
Many loved before us. I know we are not new.
In city and in forest, they smile like me and you.
But now it's come to distances, and both of us must try.
Your eyes are soft with sorrow.
Hey, that's no way to say goodbye.

The Stranger Song

It's true that all the men you knew were dealers
who said they were through with dealing
every time you gave them shelter.
I know that kind of man.
It's hard to hold the hand of anyone
who is reaching for the sky just to surrender. .

And then sweeping up the jokers that he left behind
you find he did not leave you very much,
not even laughter.
Like any dealer he was watching for the card
that is so high and wild
he'll never need to deal another.
He was just some Joseph looking for a manger.

Leaning on your window sill
he'll say one day you caused his will
to weaken with your love, your warmth and your shelter.
And then taking from his wallet
an old schedule of trains, he'll say,
I told you when I came I was a stranger.

Ah, but now another stranger seems
to want you to ignore his dreams,
as though they were the burden of some other.
You've seen that man before,
his golden arm dispatching cards,
but now it's rusted from the elbow to the finger.
And he wants to trade the game he plays for shelter.
Yes, he wants to trade the song he sings for shelter.

Well, you hate to watch another tired man
lay down his hand,
like he was giving up the Holy Game of Poker.
And while he talks his dreams to sleep,
you notice there's a highway
that is curling up like smoke above his shoulder.
And now suddenly you look a little older.
Suddenly you feel a little older.

You tell him to come in, sit down,
but something makes you turn around.
The door is open. You cannot close your shelter.
You try the handle of the road.
It opens. Do not be afraid.
It's you my love, it's you who are the stranger.

I've been waiting, I was sure
we'd meet between the trains we're waiting for,
I think it's time to board another.
Please understand I never had a secret chart
to get me to the heart of this,
or any other matter.
He talks like this,
you don't know what he's after.

Let's meet tomorrow if you choose,
upon the shore, beneath the bridge,
that they are building on some endless river.
Then he leaves the platform
for the sleeping car that's warm,
you realize, he's only advertising one more shelter.
And it comes to you, he never was a stranger.
And you say, "Ok, the bridge, or someplace later."

And then sweeping up the jokers that he left behind
you find he did not leave you very much,
not even laughter.
Like any dealer he was watching for the card
that is so high and wild
he'll never need to deal another.
He was just some Joseph looking for a manger.

Leaning on your window sill
he'll say one day you caused his will
to weaken with your love, your warmth and your shelter.
And then taking from his wallet
an old schedule of trains, he'll say,
I told you when I came I was a stranger.

The Guests

One by one, the guests arrive,
the guests are coming through.
The open-hearted many,
the broken-hearted few.

But no one knows where the night is going.
No one knows why the wine is flowing.
Ah love, I need you,
I need you,
I need you, now.

And those who dance, begin to dance.
Those who weep begin.
Welcome, welcome cries a voice,
let all my guests come in.

No one knows where the night is going ...

And all go stumbling through that house
in utmost urgency
saying "Do reveal yourself;
or why has thou forsaken me?"

No one knows where the night is going ...

All at once the torches flare;
the inner door flies open.
One by one they enter there,
in every style of passion.

No one knows where the night is going ...

Those who dance, begin to dance.
Those who weep begin.
Those who earnestly are lost
are lost and lost again.

But no one knows where the night is going ...

One by one the guests arrive,
the guests are coming through.
The broken-hearted many,
The open-hearted few.

No one knows where the night is going.
No one knows why the wine is flowing.
Ah love, I need you,

I need you,
I need you, now.

Memories

Frankie Laine was singing "Jezebel."
I pinned an Iron Cross to my lapel.
I walked up to the tallest and the blondest girl.
I said, "Look, you don't know me now but very soon you will;
so won't you let me see,
won't you let me see,
won't you let me see
your naked body?"

She said, "Just dance me to the dark side of the gym.
Chances are, I'll let you do almost anything.
I know you're hungry, I can hear it in your voice,
and there are many parts of me to touch. You have your choice.
But no, you cannot see,
no, you cannot see,
no, you cannot see
my naked body."

We're dancing close, the band is playing "Stardust."
Balloons and paper streamers floating down on us.
She says, "You've got a minute left to fall in love."
In solemn moments such as this I've put my trust,
and all my faith to see,
all my faith to see,
all my faith to see
her naked body.

Why Don't You Try

Why don't you try to do without him,
why don't you try to live alone?
Do you really need his hands for your passion?
Do you really need his heart for your throne?
Do you need his labour for your baby?
Do you need his beast for the bone?
Do you need to hold a leash to be a lady?
I know that you can make it, you can make it on your own.

Why don't you try to forget him?
Just open up your dainty little hand.
This life is filled with many sweet companions,
many satisfying one-night stands.
Do you want to be the ditch around a tower?
Do you want to be the moonlight in his cave?
Do you want to give your blessing to his power,
as he goes whistling past his daddy, past his daddy's grave?

I'd like to take you take you to the ceremony;
that is; if I remember the way.
Jack and Jill, they're going to join their misery;
I'm afraid it's time for everyone to pray.
You can see they've finally taken cover.
You can see they're willing to obey.
Their vows are difficult, they're for each other.
So let nobody put a loophole, a loophole in their way.

Bird On The Wire

Like a bird on the wire,
like a drunk in a midnight choir,
I have tried in my way to be free.
Like a worm on a hook,
like a monk bending over the book,
it was the shape of our love twisted me.
If I have been unkind,
I hope you can let it go by.
If I have been untrue,
it's just that I thought a lover had to be some kind of liar too.

Like a baby stillborn,
like a beast with his horn
I have torn everyone who reached out for me.
But I swear by this song,
I swear by all that I have done wrong,
I will make it all up to thee.
I saw a beggar, he was standing on his wooden crutch.
He cries out to me, "Hey, you must learn not to ask for so much."
Another pretty woman, waiting there in her darkened door,
she cries out to me, "Hey, why not ask for just a little bit more?"

Like a bird on the wire,
like a drunk in some old midnight choir,
I have tried in my way to be free.

So Long Marianne

Won't you come over to the window, my little darling,
I'd like to try to read your palm.
I used to think I was some kind of gypsy boy
before I let you take me home.

So long, Marianne, it's time that we began
to laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again.

You know that I love to live with you,
but you make me forget so very much.
I forget to pray for the angels,
and then the angels forget to pray for us.

So long, Marianne ...

We met when we were almost young.
It was down by the green lilac park.
You held on to me like I was a crucifix
as we went kneeling through the dark.

So long, Marianne ...

For now I need your hidden love.
I'm cold as a new razor blade.
You left when I told you I was curious.
Did I ever say that I was brave?

So long, Marianne ...

You are really such a pretty one.
I see you've gone and changed your name again.
And just when I climbed this mountainside
to wash my eyelids in the rain.

So long, Marianne, it's time that we began to laugh and cry and cry
and laugh about it all again.

Ten New Songs

In My Secret Life

I saw you this morning.
You were moving so fast.
Can't seem to loosen my grip
On the past.
And I miss you so much.
There's no one in sight.
And we're still making love
In My Secret Life.

I smile when I'm angry.
I cheat and I lie.
I do what I have to do
To get by.
But I know what is wrong.
And I know what is right.
And I'd die for the truth
In My Secret Life.

Hold on, hold on, my brother.
My sister, hold on tight.
I finally got my orders.
I'll be marching through the morning,
Marching through the night,
Moving cross the borders
Of My Secret Life.

Looked through the paper.
Makes you want to cry.
Nobody cares if the people Live or die.
And the dealer wants you thinking
That it's either black or white.
Thank G-d it's not that simple
In My Secret Life.

I bite my lip.
I buy what I'm told:
From the latest hit,
To the wisdom of old.
But I'm always alone.
And my heart is like ice.
And it's crowded and cold
In My Secret Life.

A Thousand Kisses Deep

for Sandy

The ponies run, the girls are young,
The odds are there to beat.
You win a while, and then it's done –
Your little winning streak.
And summoned now to deal
With your invincible defeat,
You live your life as if it's real,
A Thousand Kisses Deep.

I'm turning tricks, I'm getting fixed,
I'm back on Boogie Street.
You lose your grip, and then you slip
Into the Masterpiece.
And maybe I had miles to drive,
And promises to keep:
You ditch it all to stay alive,
A Thousand Kisses Deep.

And sometimes when the night is slow,
The wretched and the meek,
We gather up our hearts and go,
A Thousand Kisses Deep.

Confined to sex, we pressed against
The limits of the sea:
I saw there were no oceans left
For scavengers like me.
I made it to the forward deck
I blessed our remnant fleet –
And then consented to be wrecked,
A Thousand Kisses Deep.

I'm turning tricks, I'm getting fixed,
I'm back on Boogie Street.
I guess they won't exchange the gifts
That you were meant to keep.
And quiet is the thought of you
The file on you complete,
Except what we forgot to do,
A Thousand Kisses Deep.

And sometimes when the night is slow,
The wretched and the meek,
We gather up our hearts and go,
A Thousand Kisses Deep.

The ponies run, the girls are young,
The odds are there to beat...

That Don't Make It Junk

I fought against the bottle,
But I had to do it drunk –
Took my diamond to the pawnshop –
But that don't make it junk.

I know that I'm forgiven,
But I don't know how I know
I don't trust my inner feelings –
Inner feelings come and go.

How come you called me here tonight?
How come you bother
With my heart at all?
You raise me up in grace,
Then you put me in a place,
Where I must fall.

Too late to fix another drink –
The lights are going out –
I'll listen to the darkness sing –
I know what that's about.

I tried to love you my way,
But I couldn't make it hold.
So I closed the Book of Longing
And I do what I am told.

How come you called me here tonight?
How come you bother with my heart at all?
You raise me up in grace,
Then you put me in a place,
Where I must fall.

I fought against the bottle,
But I had to do it drunk –
Took my diamond to the pawnshop –
But that don't make it junk.

Here It Is

Here is your crown
And your seal and rings;
And here is your love
For all things.

Here is your cart,
And your cardboard and piss;
And here is your love
For all of this.

May everyone live,
And may everyone die.
Hello, my love,
And my love, Goodbye.

Here is your wine,
And your drunken fall;
And here is your love.
Your love for it all.

Here is your sickness.
Your bed and your pan;
And here is your love
For the woman, the man.

May everyone live,
And may everyone die.
Hello, my love,
And my love, Goodbye.

And here is the night,
The night has begun;
And here is your death
In the heart of your son.

And here is the dawn,
(Until death do us part);
And here is your death,
In your daughter's heart.

May everyone live,
And may everyone die.
Hello, my love,
And my love, Goodbye.

And here you are hurried,
And here you are gone;

And here is the love,
That it's all built upon.

Here is your cross,
Your nails and your hill;
And here is your love,
That lists where it will.

May everyone live,
And may everyone die.
Hello, my love,
And my love, Goodbye.

Love Itself

The light came through the window,
Straight from the sun above,
And so inside my little room
There plunged the rays of Love.

In streams of light I clearly saw
The dust you seldom see,
Out of which the Nameless makes
A Name for one like me.

I'll try to say a little more:
Love went on and on
Until it reached an open door –
Then Love Itself
Love Itself was gone.

All busy in the sunlight
The flecks did float and dance,
And I was tumbled up with them
In formless circumstance.

I'll try to say a little more:
Love went on and on
Until it reached an open door –
Then Love Itself
Love Itself was gone.

Then I came back from where I'd been.
My room, it looked the same –
But there was nothing left between
The Nameless and the Name.

All busy in the sunlight
The flecks did float and dance,
And I was tumbled up with them
In formless circumstance.

I'll try to say a little more:
Love went on and on
Until it reached an open door –
Then Love itself,
Love Itself was gone.
Love Itself was gone.

By The Rivers Dark

By the rivers dark
I wandered on.
I lived my life
in Babylon.

And I did forget
My holy song:
And I had no strength
In Babylon.

By the rivers dark
Where I could not see
Who was waiting there
Who was hunting me.

And he cut my lip
And he cut my heart.
So I could not drink
From the river dark.

And he covered me,
And I saw within,
My lawless heart
And my wedding ring,

I did not know
And I could not see
Who was waiting there,
Who was hunting me

By the rivers dark
I panicked on.
I belonged at last
To Babylon.

Then he struck my heart
With a deadly force,
And he said, 'This heart:
It is not yours.'

And he gave the wind
My wedding ring:
And he circled us
With everything.

By the rivers dark,
In a wounded dawn,

I live my life
In Babylon.

Though I take my song
From a withered limb,
Both song and tree,
They sing for him.

Be the truth unsaid
And the blessing gone,
If I forget
My Babylon.

I did not know
And I could not see
Who was waiting there.
Who was hunting me.

By the rivers dark,
Where it all goes on:
By the rivers dark
In Babylon.

Alexandra Leaving

Suddenly the night has grown colder.
The god of love preparing to depart.
Alexandra hoisted on his shoulder,
They slip between the sentries of the heart.

Upheld by the simplicities of pleasure,
They gain the light, they formlessly entwine;
And radiant beyond your widest measure
They fall among the voices and the wine.

It's not a trick, your senses all deceiving,
A fitful dream, the morning will exhaust –
Say goodbye to Alexandra leaving.
Then say goodbye to Alexandra lost.

Even though she sleeps upon your satin;
Even though she wakes you with a kiss.
Do not say the moment was imagined;
Do not stoop to strategies like this.

As someone long prepared for this to happen,
Go firmly to the window. Drink it in.
Exquisite music. Alexandra laughing.
Your firm commitments tangible again.

And you who had the honor of her evening,
And by the honor had your own restored –
Say goodbye to Alexandra leaving;
Alexandra leaving with her lord.

Even though she sleeps upon your satin;
Even though she wakes you with a kiss.
Do not say the moment was imagined;
Do not stoop to strategies like this.

As someone long prepared for the occasion;
In full command of every plan you wrecked –
Do not choose a coward's explanation
that hides behind the cause and the effect.

And you who were bewildered by a meaning;
Whose code was broken, crucifix uncrossed –
Say goodbye to Alexandra leaving.
Then say goodbye to Alexandra lost.

Say goodbye to Alexandra leaving.
Then say goodbye to Alexandra lost.

You Have Loved Enough

I said I'd be your lover.
You laughed at what I said.
I lost my job forever.
I was counted with the dead.

I swept the marble chambers,
But you sent me down below.
You kept me from believing
Until you let me know:

That I am not the one who loves –
It's love that seizes me.
When hatred with his package comes,
You forbid delivery.

And when the hunger for your touch
Rises from the hunger,
You whisper, "You have loved enough,
Now let me be the Lover."

I swept the marble chambers,
But you sent me down below.
You kept me from believing
Until you let me know:

That I am not the one who loves –
It's love that chooses me.
When hatred with his package comes,
You forbid delivery.

And when the hunger for your touch
Rises from the hunger ...

Boogie Street

O Crown of Light, O Darkened One,
I never thought we'd meet.
You kiss my lips, and then it's done:
I'm back on Boogie Street.

A sip of wine, a cigarette,
And then it's time to go
I tidied up the kitchenette;
I tuned the old banjo.
I'm wanted at the traffic-jam.
They're saving me a seat.
I'm what I am, and what I am,
Is back on Boogie Street.

And O my love, I still recall
The pleasures that we knew;
The rivers and the waterfall,
Wherein I bathed with you.
Bewildered by your beauty there,
I'd kneel to dry your feet.
By such instructions you prepare
A man for Boogie Street.

O Crown of Light, O Darkened One...

So come, my friends, be not afraid.
We are so lightly here.
It is in love that we are made;
In love we disappear.
Though all the maps of blood and flesh
Are posted on the door,
There's no one who has told us yet
What Boogie Street is for.

O Crown of Light, O Darkened One,
I never thought we'd meet.
You kiss my lips, and then it's done:
I'm back on Boogie Street.

A sip of wine, a cigarette,
And then it's time to go...

The Land Of Plenty

Don't really have the courage
To stand where I must stand.
Don't really have the temperament
To lend a helping hand.

Don't really know who sent me
To raise my voice and say:
May the lights in The Land of Plenty
Shine on the truth some day.

I don't know why I come here,
Knowing as I do,
What you really think of me,
What I really think of you.

For the millions in a prison,
That wealth has set apart –
For the Christ who has not risen,
From the caverns of the heart –

For the innermost decision,
That we cannot but obey -
For what's left of our religion,
I lift my voice and pray:
May the lights in The Land of Plenty
Shine on the truth some day.

I know I said I'd meet you,
I'd meet you at the store,
But I can't buy it, baby.
I can't buy it anymore.

And I don't really know who sent me,
To raise my voice and say:
May the lights in The Land of Plenty
Shine on the truth some day.

For the innermost decision
That we cannot but obey
For what's left of our religion
I lift my voice and pray:
May the lights in The Land of Plenty
Shine on the truth some day.

Dear Heather

Go No More A-Roving

So we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.
For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul outwears the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.
Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

Because Of

Because of a few songs
Wherein I spoke of their mystery,
Women have been
Exceptionally kind
to my old age.
They make a secret place
In their busy lives
And they take me there.
They become naked
In their different ways
and they say,
"Look at me, Leonard
Look at me one last time."
Then they bend over the bed
And cover me up
Like a baby that is shivering.

The Letters

You never liked to get
The letters that I sent.
But now you've got the gist
Of what my letters meant.
You're reading them again,
The ones you didn't burn.
You press them to your lips,
My pages of concern.
I said there'd been a flood.
I said there's nothing left.
I hoped that you would come.
I gave you my address.
Your story was so long,
The plot was so intense,
It took you years to cross
The lines of self-defense.
The wounded forms appear:
The loss, the full extent;
And simple kindness here,
The solitude of strength.
You walk into my room.
You stand there at my desk,
Begin your letter to
The one who's coming next.

Undertow

I set out one night
When the tide was low
There were signs in the sky
But I did not know
I'd be caught in the grip
Of the undertow
Ditched on a beach
Where the sea hates to go
With a child in my arms
And a chill in my soul
And my heart the shape
Of a begging bowl

Morning Glory

No words this time? No words. No, there are times when nothing can be done. Not this time. Is it censorship? Is it censorship? No, it's evaporation. No, it's evaporation. Is this leading somewhere? Yes. We're going down the lane. Is this going somewhere? Into the garden. Into the backyard. We're walking down the driveway. Are we moving towards.... We're in the backyard. ...some transcendental moment? It's almost light. That's right. That's it. Are we moving towards some transcendental moment? That's right. That's it. Do you think you'll be able to pull it off? Yes. Do you think you can pull it off? Yes, it might happen. I'm all ears. I'm all ears. Oh the morning glory!

On That Day

Some people say
It's what we deserve
For sins against g-d
For crimes in the world
I wouldn't know
I'm just holding the fort
Since that day
They wounded New York
Some people say
They hate us of old
Our women unveiled
Our slaves and our gold
I wouldn't know
I'm just holding the fort
But answer me this
I won't take you to court
Did you go crazy
Or did you report
On that day
On that day
They wounded New York

Villanelle For Our Time

From bitter searching of the heart,
Quickened with passion and with pain
We rise to play a greater part.
This is the faith from which we start:
Men shall know commonwealth again
From bitter searching of the heart.
We loved the easy and the smart,
But now, with keener hand and brain,
We rise to play a greater part.
The lesser loyalties depart,
And neither race nor creed remain
From bitter searching of the heart.
Not steering by the venal chart
That tricked the mass for private gain,
We rise to play a greater part.
Reshaping narrow law and art
Whose symbols are the millions slain,
From bitter searching of the heart
We rise to play a greater part.

There For You

When it all went down
And the pain came through
I get it now
I was there for you
Don't ask me how
I know it's true
I get it now
I was there for you
I make my plans
Like I always do
But when I look back
I was there for you
I walk the streets
Like I used to do
And I freeze with fear
But I'm there for you
I see my life
In full review
It was never me
It was always you
You sent me here
You sent me there
Breaking things
I can't repair
Making objects
Out of thoughts
Making more
By thinking not
Eating food
And drinking wine
A body that
I thought was mine
Dressed as Arab
Dressed as Jew
O mask of iron
I was there for you
Moods of glory
Moods so foul
The world comes through
A bloody towel
And death is old
But it's always new
I freeze with fear
And I'm there for you
I see it clear
I always knew
It was never me

I was there for you
I was there for you
My darling one
And by your law
It all was done

Dear Heather

Dear Heather
Please walk by me again
With a drink in your hand
And your legs all white
From the winter

Nightingale

I built my house beside the wood
So I could hear you singing
And it was sweet and it was good
And love was all beginning
Fare thee well my nightingale
'Twas long ago I found you
Now all your songs of beauty fail
The forest closes 'round you
The sun goes down behind a veil
'Tis now that you would call me
So rest in peace my nightingale
Beneath your branch of holly
Fare thee well my nightingale
I lived but to be near you
Tho' you are singing somewhere still
I can no longer hear you

To A Teacher

Hurt once and for all into silence.
A long pain ending without a song to prove it.
Who could stand beside you so close to Eden,
When you glinted in every eye the held-high
razor, shivering every ram and son?
And now the silent loony bin, where
The shadows live in the rafters like
Day-weary bats,
Until the turning mind, a radar signal,
lures them to exaggerate
Mountain-size on the white stone wall
Your tiny limp.
How can I leave you in such a house?
Are there no more saints and wizards
to praise their ways with pupils,
No more evil to stun with the slap
of a wet red tongue?
Did you confuse the Messiah in a mirror
and rest because he had finally come?
Let me cry Help beside you, Teacher.
I have entered under this dark roof
As fearlessly as an honoured son
Enters his father's house.

The Faith

The sea so deep and blind
The sun, the wild regret
The club, the wheel, the mind,
O love, aren't you tired yet?
The club, the wheel, the mind
O love, aren't you tired yet?
The blood, the soil, the faith
These words you can't forget
Your vow, your holy place
O love, aren't you tired yet?
The blood, the soil, the faith
O love, aren't you tired yet?
A cross on every hill
A star, a minaret
So many graves to fill
O love, aren't you tired yet?
So many graves to fill
O love, aren't you tired yet?
The sea so deep and blind
Where still the sun must set
And time itself unwind
O love, aren't you tired yet?
And time itself unwind
O love, aren't you tired yet?

Tennessee Waltz

I was dancing with my darlin'
to the Tennessee Waltz
When an old friend I happened to see
Introduced him to my loved one
and while they were waltzing
My friend stole my sweetheart from me.
I remember the night and the Tennessee Waltz
Now I know just how much I have lost
Yes I lost my little darlin'
The night they were playing
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz.
She comes dancing through the darkness
To the Tennessee Waltz
And I feel like I'm falling apart
And it's stronger than drink
And it's deeper than sorrow
This darkness she's left in my heart.

Old Ideas

Going Home

I love to speak with Leonard
He's a sportsman and a shepherd
He's a lazy bastard
Living in a suit

But he does say what I tell him
Even though it isn't welcome
He just doesn't have the freedom
To refuse

He will speak these words of wisdom
Like a sage, a man of vision
Though he knows he's really nothing
But the brief elaboration of a tube

Going home
Without my sorrow
Going home
Sometime tomorrow
Going home
To where it's better
Than before

Going home
Without my burden
Going home
Behind the curtain

Going home
Without the costume
That I wore

He wants to write a love song
An anthem of forgiving
A manual for living with defeat

A cry above the suffering
A sacrifice recovering
But that isn't what I need him
to complete

I want to make him certain
That he doesn't have a burden
That he doesn't need a vision

That he only has permission

To do my instant bidding
Which is to SAY what I have told him
To repeat

Going home...

I love to speak with Leonard
He's a sportsman and a shepherd
He's a lazy bastard
Living in a suit

Amen

Tell me again
When I've been to the river
And I've taken the edge off my thirst
Tell me again
We're alone & I'm listening
I'm listening so hard that it hurts
Tell me again
When I'm clean and I'm sober
Tell me again
When I've seen through the horror
Tell me again
Tell me over and over
Tell me you want me then
Amen

Tell me again
When the victims are singing
And Laws of Remorse are restored
Tell me again
That you know what I'm thinking
But vengeance belongs to the lord
Tell me again...

Tell me again
When the day has been ransomed
& night has no right to begin
Try me again
When the angels are panting
And scratching the door to come in
Tell me again
When I'm clean and I'm sober
Tell me again...

Tell me again
When the filth of the butcher
Is washed in the blood of the lamb
Tell me again
When the rest of the culture
Has passed thru' the Eye of the Camp
Tell me again...

Show Me The Place

Show me the place
Where you want your slave to go
Show me the place
I've forgotten, I don't know
Show me the place
For my head is bending low
Show me the place
Where you want your slave to go

Show me the place
Help me roll away the stone
Show me the place
I can't move this thing alone
Show me the place
Where the Word became a man
Show me the place
Where the suffering began

The troubles came
I saved what I could save
A thread of light
A particle a wave
But there were chains
So I hastened to behave
There were chains
So I loved you like a slave

Show me the place
Where you want your slave to go
Show me the place
I've forgotten, I don't know

The Darkness

I caught the darkness
Drinking from your cup
I caught the darkness
Drinking from your cup
I said: Is this contagious?
You said: Just drink it up

I got no future
I know my days are few
The present's not that pleasant
Just a lot of things to do
I thought the past would last me
But the darkness got that too

I should have seen it coming
It was right behind your eyes
You were young and it was summer
I just had to take a dive
Winning you was easy
But darkness was the prize

I don't smoke no cigarette
I don't drink no alcohol
I ain't had much loving yet
But that's always been your call
Hey I don't miss it baby
I got no taste for anything at all

I used to love the rainbow
I used to love the view
I loved the early morning
I'd pretend that it was new
But I caught the darkness baby
And I got it worse than you
I caught the darkness...

Anyhow

It's a shame and it's a pity
The way you treat me now
I know you can't forgive me
But forgive me anyhow
The ending got so ugly
I even heard you say
You never ever loved me
Oh but love me anyway

Dreamed about you baby
You were wearing half your dress
I know you have to hate me
But could you hate me less?

I used up all my chances
And you'll never take me back
But there ain't no harm in asking
Could you cut me one more slack?
I'm naked and I'm filthy
And there's sweat upon my brow
And both of us are guilty
Anyhow

Have mercy on me baby
After all I did confess
Even though you have to hate me
Could you hate me less?

It's a shame and it's a pity
I know you can't forgive me
The ending got so ugly
You never ever loved me
Dreamed about you baby
I know you have to hate me
I'm naked and I'm filthy
And both of us are guilty
Anyhow
Have mercy on me baby

Crazy To Love You

Had to go crazy to love you
Had to go down to the pit
Had to do time in the tower
Begging my crazy to quit

Had to go crazy to love you
You who were never the one
Whom I chased through the souvenir heartache
Her braids and her blouse all undone

Sometimes I'd head for the highway
I'm old and the mirrors don't lie
But crazy has places to hide in
Deeper than saying goodbye

Had to go crazy to love you
Had to let everything fall
Had to be people I hated
Had to be no one at all

I'm tired of choosing desire
Been saved by a sweet fatigue
The gates of commitment unwired
And nobody trying to leave

Sometimes I'd head for the highway...

Had to go crazy to love you
You who were never the one
Whom I chased through the souvenir heartache
Her braids and her blouse all undone

Come Healing

O gather up the brokenness
And bring it to me now
The fragrance of those promises
You never dared to vow

The splinters that you carry
The cross you left behind
Come healing of the body
Come healing of the mind

And let the heavens hear it
The penitential hymn
Come healing of the spirit
Come healing of the limb

Behold the gates of mercy
In arbitrary space
And none of us deserving
The cruelty or the grace

O solitude of longing
Where love has been confined
Come healing of the body
Come healing of the mind

O see the darkness yielding
That tore the light apart
Come healing of the reason
Come healing of the heart

O troubled dust concealing
An undivided love
The Heart beneath is teaching
To the broken Heart above

O let the heavens falter
And let the earth proclaim:
Come healing of the Altar
Come healing of the Name

O longing of the branches
To lift the little bud
O longing of the arteries
To purify the blood

And let the heavens hear it
The penitential hymn

Come healing of the spirit
Come healing of the limb

O let the heavens hear it

Banjo

There's something that I'm watching
Means a lot to me
It's a broken banjo bobbing
On the dark infested sea

Don't know how it got there
Maybe taken by the wave
Off of someone's shoulder
Or out of someone's grave

It's coming for me darling
No matter where I go
Its duty is to harm me
My duty is to know

There's something that I'm watching
Means a lot to me
It's a broken banjo bobbing
On the dark infested sea

Lullaby

Sleep baby sleep
The day's on the run
The wind in the trees
Is talking in tongues

If your heart is torn
I don't wonder why
If the night is long
Here's my lullaby

Well the mouse ate the crumb
Then the cat ate the crust
Now they've fallen in love
They're talking in tongues

If your heart is torn...

Sleep baby sleep
There's a morning to come
The wind in the trees
they're talking in tongues

If your heart is torn
I don't wonder why
If the night is long
Here's my lullaby

Different Sides

We find ourselves on different sides
Of a line that nobody drew
Though it all may be one in the higher eye
Down here where we live it is two

I to my side call the meek and the mild
You to your side call the Word
By virtue of suffering I claim to have won
You claim to have never been heard

Both of us say there are laws to obey
But frankly I don't like your tone
You want to change the way I make love
I want to leave it alone (I want to leave it...)

The pull of the moon the thrust of the sun
And thus the ocean is crossed
The waters are blessed while a shadowy guest
Kindles a light for the lost

Both of us say there are laws to obey...

Down in the valley the famine goes on
The famine up on the hill
I say that you shouldn't you couldn't you can't
You say that you must and you will

Both of us say there are laws to obey...

You want to live where the suffering is
I want to get out of town
C'mon baby give me a kiss
Stop writing everything down

Both of us say there are laws to obey
But frankly I don't like your tone
You want to change the way I make love
I want to leave it alone

Both of us say there are laws to obey

Popular Problems

Slow

I'm slowing down the tune
I never liked it fast
You want to get there soon
I want to get there last

It's not because I'm old
It's not the life I led
I always liked it slow
That's what my momma said

I'm lacing up my shoe
But I don't want to run
I'll get here when I do
Don't need no starting gun

It's not because I'm old
It's not what dying does
I always liked it slow
Slow is in my blood

I always liked it slow:
I never liked it fast
With you it's got to go:
With me it's got to last

It's not because I'm old
It's not because I'm dead
I always liked it slow
That's what my momma said

All your moves are swift
All your turns are tight
Let me catch my breath
I thought we had all night

I like to take my time
I like to linger as it flies
A weekend on your lips
A lifetime in your eyes

I always liked it slow...

I'm slowing down the tune
I never liked it fast

You want to get there soon
I want to get there last

So baby let me go
You're wanted back in town
In case they want to know
I'm just trying to slow it down

Almost Like The Blues

I saw some people starving
There was murder, there was rape
Their villages were burning
They were trying to escape
I couldn't meet their glances
I was staring at my shoes
It was acid, it was tragic
It was almost like the blues

I have to die a little
Between each murderous thought
And when I'm finished thinking
I have to die a lot
There's torture and there's killing
And there's all my bad reviews
The war, the children missing
Lord, it's almost like the blues

So I let my heart get frozen
To keep away the rot
My father said I'm chosen
My mother said I'm not
I listened to their story
Of the Gypsies and the Jews
It was good, it wasn't boring
It was almost like the blues

There is no G-d in Heaven
And there is no Hell below
So says the great professor
Of all there is to know
But I've had the invitation
That a sinner can't refuse
And it's almost like salvation
It's almost like the blues

Samson In New Orleans

You said that you were with me
You said you were my friend
Did you really love the city
Or did you just pretend

You said you loved her secrets
And her freedoms hid away
She was better than America
That's what I heard you say

You said how could this happen
You said how can this be
The remnant all dishonored
On the bridge of misery

And we who cried for mercy
From the bottom of the pit
Was our prayer so damn unworthy
The Son rejected it?

So gather up the killers
Get everyone in town
Stand me by those pillars
Let me take this temple down

The king so kind and solemn
He wears a bloody crown
So stand me by that column
Let me take this temple down

You said how could this happen
You said how can this be
The chains are gone from heaven
The storms are wild and free

There's other ways to answer
That certainly is true
Me, I'm blind with death and anger
And that's no place for you

There's a woman in the window
And a bed in Tinsel Town
I'll write you when it's over
Let me take this temple down

A Street

I used to be your favorite drunk
Good for one more laugh
Then we both ran out of luck
Luck was all we ever had
You put on a uniform
To fight the Civil War
You looked so good I didn't care
What side you're fighting for

It wasn't all that easy
When you up and walked away
But I'll save that little story
For another rainy day
I know the burden's heavy
As you wheel it through the night
Some people say it's empty
But that don't mean it's light

You left me with the dishes
And a baby in the bath
You're tight with the militias
You wear their camouflage
You always said we're equal
So let me march with you
Just an extra in the sequel
To the old red white and blue

Baby don't ignore me
We were smokers we were friends
Forget that tired story
Of betrayal and revenge
I see the Ghost of Culture
With numbers on his wrist
Salute some new conclusion
Which all of us have missed

I cried for you this morning
And I'll cry for you again
But I'm not in charge of sorrow
So please don't ask me when
There may be wine and roses
And magnums of champagne
But we'll never no we'll never
Ever be that drunk again

The party's over
But I've landed on my feet

I'll be standing on this corner
Where there used to be a street

Did I Ever Love You

Did I ever love you
Did I ever need you
Did I ever fight you
Did I ever want to

Did I ever leave you
Was I ever able
Are we still leaning
Across the old table

Did I ever love you...

Was it ever settled
Was it ever over
And is it still raining
Back in November

The lemon trees blossom
The almond trees wither
Was I ever someone
Who could love you forever

Was it ever settled
Was it ever over
And is it still raining
Back in November

The lemon trees blossom
The almond trees whither
It's Spring and it's Summer
And it's Winter forever

Did I ever love you
Does it really matter
Did I ever fight you
You don't need to answer

Did I ever leave you
Was I ever able
Are we still leaning
Across the old table

Did I ever love you...

My Oh My

Wasn't hard to love you
Didn't have to try
Wasn't hard to love you
Didn't have to try
Held you for a little while
My Oh My Oh My

Drove you to the station
Never asked you why
Drove you to the station
Never asked you why
Held you for a little while
My Oh My Oh My

All the boys are waving
Trying to catch your eye
All the boys are waving
Trying to catch your eye
Held you for a little while
My Oh My Oh My

Wasn't hard to love you
Didn't have to try
Wasn't hard to love you
Didn't have to try
Held you for a little while
My Oh My Oh My

Nevermind

The war was lost
The treaty signed
I was not caught
I crossed the line

I was not caught
Though many tried
I live among you
Well disguised

I had to leave
My life behind
I dug some graves
You'll never find

The story's told
With facts and lies
I had a name
But never mind

Never mind
Never mind
The war was lost
The treaty signed

There's truth that lives
And truth that dies
I don't know which
So never mind

Your victory
Was so complete
That some among you
Thought to keep

A record of
Our little lives
The clothes we wore
Our spoons our knives

The games of luck
Our soldiers played
The stones we cut
The songs we made

Our law of peace
Which understands

A husband leads
A wife commands

And all of this
Expressions of
The Sweet Indifference
Some call Love

The High Indifference
Some call Fate
But we had Names
More intimate

Names so deep and
Names so true
They're blood to me
They're dust to you

There is no need
That this survive
There's truth that lives
And truth that dies

Never mind
Never mind
I live the life
I left behind

There's truth that lives...

I could not kill
The way you kill
I could not hate
I tried I failed

You turned me in
At least you tried
You side with them
Whom you despise

This was your heart
This swarm of flies
This was once your mouth
This bowl of lies

You serve them well
I'm not surprised
You're of their kin
You're of their kind

Never mind
Never mind
The story's told
With facts and lies
You own the world
So never mind

Never mind
Never mind
I live the life
I left behind

I live it full
I live it wide
Through layers of time
You can't divide

My woman's here
My children too
Their graves are safe
From ghosts like you

In places deep
With roots entwined
I live the life I left behind

Born In Chains

I was born in chains
But I was taken out of Egypt
I was bound to a burden
But the burden it was raised
Lord I can no longer
Keep this secret
Blessed is the Name
The Name be praised

I fled to the edge
Of the Mighty Sea of Sorrow
Pursued by the riders
Of a cruel and dark regime
But the waters parted
And my soul crossed over
Out of Egypt
Out of Pharaoh's dream

Word of Words
And Measure of all Measures
Blessed is the Name
The Name be blessed
Written on my heart
In burning Letters
That's all I know
I cannot read the rest

I was idle with my soul
When I heard that you could use me
I followed very closely
My life remained the same
But then you showed me
Where you had been wounded
In every atom
Broken is the Name

I was alone on the road
Your Love was so confusing
And all my teachers told me
That I had myself to blame
But in the Grip
Of Sensual Illusion
A sweet unknowing
Unified the Name

Word of Words...

I've heard the soul unfolds
In the chambers of its longing
And the bitter liquor sweetens
In the hammered cup
But all the Ladders

Of the Night have fallen
Only darkness now
To lift the Longing up

You Got Me Singing

You got me singing
Even tho' the news is bad
You got me singing
The only song I ever had

You got me singing
Ever since the river died
You got me thinking
Of the places we could hide

You got me singing
Even though the world is gone
You got me thinking
I'd like to carry on

You got me singing
Even tho' it all looks grim
You got me singing
The Hallelujah hymn

You got me singing
Like a prisoner in a jail
You got me singing
Like my pardon's in the mail

You got me wishing
Our little love would last
You got me thinking
Like those people of the past

You Want It Darker

You Want It Darker

If you are the dealer
I am out of the game
If you are the healer
I'm broken and lame
If thine is the glory
Then mine must be the shame
You want it darker
We kill the flame

Magnified and sanctified
Be Thy Holy Name
Vilified and crucified
In the human frame
A million candles burning
For the help that never came
You want it darker
We kill the flame

Hineni Hineni
I'm ready, my Lord

There's a lover in the story
But the story is still the same
There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame
But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idle claim
You want it darker
We kill the flame

They're lining up the prisoners
The guards are taking aim
I struggled with some demons
They were middle-class and tame
Didn't know I had permission
To murder and to maim
You want it darker
We kill the flame

Hineni Hineni
I'm ready, my Lord

Magnified and sanctified
Be Thy Holy Name

Vilified and crucified
In the human frame
A million candles burning
For the love that never came
You want it darker
We kill the flame

If you are the dealer
I'm out of the game
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Hineni Hineni
I'm ready, my Lord

Treaty

I seen you change the water into wine
I seen you change it back to water too
I sit at your table every night
I try but I just don't get high with you

I wish there was a treaty we could sign
I do not care who takes this bloody hill
I'm angry and I'm tired all the time
I wish there was a treaty
I wish there was a treaty
Between your love and mine

They're dancing in the street - it's Jubilee
We sold ourselves for love but now we're free
I'm so sorry for the ghost I made you be
Only one of us was real - and that was me.

I haven't said a word since you've been gone
That any liar couldn't say as well
I just can't believe the static coming on
You were my ground - my safe and sound
You were my aerial

The fields are crying out - it's Jubilee
We sold ourselves for love but now we're free
I'm so sorry for the ghost I made you be
Only one of us was real - and that was me.

I heard the snake was baffled by his sin
He shed his scales to find the snake within
But born again is born without a skin
The poison enters into everything
I wish there was a treaty we could sign
I do not care who takes the bloody hill
I'm angry and I'm tired all the time
I wish there was a treaty
I wish there was a treaty
Between your love and mine

I wish there was a treaty we could sign
It's over now, the water and the wine
We were broken then, but now we're borderline
I wish there was a treaty
I wish there was a treaty
Between your love and mine

On The Level

I knew that it was wrong
I didn't have a doubt
I was dying to get back home
And you were starting out

I said I best be moving on
You said, we have all day
You smiled at me like I was young
It took my breath away

Your crazy fragrance all around
Your secrets all in view
My lost, my lost was saying found
My don't was saying do

Let's keep it on the level
When I walked away from you
I turned my back on the devil
Turned my back on the angel too

They ought to give my heart a medal
For letting go of you
When I turned my back on the devil
Turned my back on the angel too

Now I'm living in this temple
Where they tell you what to do
I'm old and I've had to settle
On a different point of view

I was fighting with temptation
But I didn't want to win
A man like me don't like to see
Temptation caving in

Your crazy fragrance all around
You secrets in my view
My lost, my lost was saying found
My don't was saying do

Let's keep it on the level
When I walked away from you
I turned my back on the devil
Turned my back on the angel too

They ought to give my heart a medal
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Turned my back on the angel too

Leaving The Table

I'm leaving the table
I'm out of the game
I don't know the people
In your picture frame
If I ever loved you
It's a crying shame
If I ever loved you
If I knew your name

You don't need a lawyer
I'm not making a claim
You don't need to surrender
I'm not taking aim
I don't need a lover
The wretched beast is tame
I don't need a lover
So blow out the flame

There's nobody missing
There is no reward
Little by little
We're cutting the cord
We're spending the treasure
That love cannot afford
I know you can feel it
The sweetness restored

I don't need a reason
For what I became
I've got these excuses
They're tired and lame
I don't need a pardon
There's no one left to blame
I'm leaving the table
I'm out of the game

If I Didn't Have Your Love

If the sun would lose its light
And we lived an endless night
And there was nothing left
That you could feel
That's how it would be
What the world would seem to me
If I didn't have your love
To make it real

If the stars were all unpinned
And a cold and bitter wind
Swallowed up the world
Without a trace
Well that's where I would be
What my life would seem to me
If I couldn't lift the veil
And see your face

If no leaves were on the tree
And no water in the sea
And the break of day
Had nothing to reveal
That's how broken I would be
What my life would seem to me
If I didn't have your love
To make it real

If the sun would lose its light
And we lived an endless night
And there was nothing left
That you could feel
If the sea were sand alone
And the flowers made of stone
And no one that you hurt
Could ever heal
That's how broken I would be
What my life would seem to me
If I didn't have your love
To make it real

Traveling Light

I'm traveling light
It's au revoir
My once so bright
My fallen star

I'm running late
They'll close the bar
I used to play
One mean guitar

I guess I'm just
Somebody who
Has given up
On the me and you
I'm not alone
I've met a few
Traveling light like
We used to do

Goodnight goodnight
My fallen star
I guess you're right
You always are

I know you're right
About the blues
You live some life
You'd never choose

I'm just a fool
A dreamer who
Forgot to dream
Of the me and you
I am not alone
I've met a few
Traveling light like
We used to do

Traveling light
It's au revoir
My once so bright
My fallen star

I'm running late
They'll close the bar
I used to play
One mean guitar

I guess I'm just
Somebody who
Has given up
On the me and you
I'm not alone
I've met a few
Traveling light like
We used to do

But if the road
Leads back to you
Must I forget
The things I knew
When I was friends
With one or two
Traveling light like
We used to do
I'm traveling light

It Seemed The Better Way

It seemed the better way
When first I heard him speak
But now it's much too late
To turn the other cheek
Sounded like the truth
Seemed the better way
Sounded like the truth
But it's not the truth today

I wonder what it was
I wonder what it meant
At first he touched on love
But then he touched on death

I better hold my tongue
I better take my place
Lift this glass of blood
Try to say the grace

Steer Your Way

Steer your way through the ruins of the Altar and the Mall
Steer your way through the fables of Creation and The Fall
Steer your way past the Palaces that rise above the rot
Year by year
Month by month
Day by day
Thought by thought

Steer your heart past the Truth you believed in yesterday
Such as Fundamental Goodness and the Wisdom of the Way
Steer your heart, precious heart, past the women whom you bought
Year by year
Month by month
Day by day
Thought by thought

Steer your way through the pain that is far more real than you
That has smashed the Cosmic Model that has blinded every View
And please don't make me go there, tho' there be a God or not

Year by year
Month by month
Day by day
Thought by thought

They whisper still, the injured stones, the blunted mountains weep
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make things cheap
And say the Mea Culpa, which you've probably forgot
Year by year
Month by month
Day by day
Thought by thought

Steer your way, O my heart, tho' I have no right to ask
To the one who was never never equal to the task
Who knows he's been convicted, who knows he will be shot
Year by year
Month by month
Day by day
Thought by thought

String Reprise / Treaty

(instrumental)