LEONARD COHEN ANTHOLOGY

OVER FORTY SELECTED TITLES
Moderately slow

1. You thought that it could never happen to all the people you became.

Your body lost in
legends, 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 a-
2. 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.
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.

3. Shouldeering 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.

4. I leave the lady meditating
On the very love which I, I do not wish to claim.
I journeyed 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.

5. Where are you, Judy? Where are you, Ann?
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.
BIRD ON A WIRE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Slowly

1. Like a bird
   on the wire,
   like a

Drunk in a midnight choir,
I have tried in my

Knight from some old-fashioned book,
I have saved all my

Way to be free.
For thee.

2. Like a

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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.
baby still-born, like a beast with his horn, I have

torn every one 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?"

More like a bird on the wire, like a drunk in a midnight choir, I have tried in my way to be free.
HEY THAT'S NO WAY TO SAY GOODBYE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately slow, flowingly

F

I loved you in the morning, our

Bb

mp sempre legato

kisses deep and warm, Your hair upon the pillow like a

Gm

Ebmaj7

sleepy golden storm. Yes, many loved before us, I

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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 good -
2. 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.

3. 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.
Suzanne

Words and Music by Leonard Cohen

Moderately

E

play 3 times

E

A/E

E

F♯m

Bm/F♯

F♯m

1. Suzanne

takes you down
to her place near the

t

riv-er,
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
wave-length, And she lets the river answer that you've al-
ways been her lover.

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

1. And Suz-

2. And Suz-

3. And Suz-
Additional Lyrics

2. 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.

3. 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.
Chelsea Hotel #2

Words and Music by Leonard Cohen

Moderately

1. 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. And then
you got away, didn’t you, baby? 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.

1.

2. I re-

3. I don't

mean to suggest that I loved you the best, I can't
2. 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."

   Chorus

3. 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 think of you that often.
Marianne

Moderately slow, in 2

A

Come over to the window, my little darling,

Bm

I'd like to try to read your
I used to think

I was some sort of gypsy boy

Before I let you take me home...

Chorus:

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

2. Well,
Additional Lyrics

2. Well, you know that I love to live with you,
   But you make me forget so very much.
   I forget to pray for the angel,
   And then the angels forget to pray for us.
   Chorus

3. 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.
   Chorus

4. 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.
   Chorus

5. 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.
   Chorus

6. Oh, you’re 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.
   Chorus

7. O your eyes, well, I forget your eyes,
   Your body’s at home in every sea.
   How come you gave away your news to everyone,
   That you said was a secret for me?
   Chorus
TOWER OF SONG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately, with a steady beat

C

Well, my friends are gone and my hair is grey.

F

ache in the places where I used to play. And I'm crazy for love,

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but I'm not coming on. I'm just

paying my rent every day in the Tower of Song.

1, 2.
3. 1 was
4. So you can
5. Now you can

I see you standing on the other side.
I don't know how the river

Am
G
Am
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 every thing that we lost. We'll never, 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.
Additional Lyrics

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. 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.
They don’t let a woman kill you, not in the Tower of Song.

5. 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 judgment coming, but I may be wrong.
You see, you hear these funny voices in the Tower of Song.
I'M YOUR MAN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately slow, with a \( \frac{3}{4} \) feel

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
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 for 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 while across the sand,

I'm your man.
M **A S T E R S O N G**

**W O R D S A N D M U S I C B Y L E O N A R D C O H E N**

Moderately bright

Am  
C
C/E

\[ \text{mf} \]

1. I believe that you heard your master sing

Bb  
Am

\[ \text{mf} \]

when I was sick in bed. I sup-

\[ \text{mf} \]
pose that he told you everything
keep locked away in my head.

master took you traveling,
Well, at

least that's what you said.
And

To Coda
now do you come back to bring your prisoner

prisoner

wine and

bread?
do.

I come back to bring your prisoner
Additional Lyrics

2. You met him at some temple
   Where they take your clothes at the door.
   He was just a numberless man in a chair
   Who had 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 sometime before.

3. 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.

4. 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
   Where an ape with angel glands,
   Erased the final wisps of pain
   With the music of rubber bands.

5. 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.
   O now you hear your master sing,
   Your shirt is all undone.

6. 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.
   I can’t make out what your master said
   Before he made you go.

7. And 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,
   You 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,
   And you want too much,
   Let’s say you came back sometime too soon.

8. 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 do.

9. 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 traveling,
   Well, at least that’s what you said.
   I come back to bring
   Your prisoner wine and bread.
THE WINDOW

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately

\[ \text{C} \]

1. Why do you stand by the window abandoned
donned to beauty and pride?
The thorn of the night in your bosom,

\[ \text{G} \]

\[ \text{F} \]

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spear of the age in your side.
Lost in the

rag-es of frag-rance,
lost in the rags of re-

mor-se.
Lost in the waves of the sick-ness

that loos-ens the high sil-ver nerves.
Oh,
Chorus:

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
Additional Lyrics

2. 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 the rose on its ladder of thorns.

Chorus

3. Then lay your rose on the fire,
the fire give up to the sun.
The sun give over to splendor
in the arms of the High Holy One.

For the Holy One dreams of a letter,
dreams of a letter’s death.
Oh, bless the continuous stutter
of the word being made into flesh.

Chorus
JAZZ POLICE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN AND JEFF FISHER

Moderately, with a steady beat

Can you tell me why the bells are
Wild as any freedom loving

Eb9

Gm

Ebm

Dm

ringing?

Nothing's happened in a million years.

And

I've been sitting here since Wednesday morning.

Tell me now, oh beautiful and spacious,
Wednesday morning can't believe my ears.
I'm in trouble with the Jazz Police?

Jazz Police are looking through my folders.

Jazz Police are talking to my niece.

Jazz Police have got their final orders.
Jazz-er, drop your axe, it's Jazz Police.

Jesus taken serious by many.

Jesus taken joyful by a few.

Jazz Police are paid by J. Paul Getty.
Jazz - ers paid by J. Paul Get - ty Two.

Jazz Po - lice, I hear you call - ing.

Jazz Po - lice, I feel so blue.

Jazz Po - lice, I think I'm fall - ing, I'm
falling for you.

Jazz-er, drop your axe, it's Jazz Police.

They will never understand our culture. They'll

never understand the Jazz Police.
Gm

Jazz Police are working for my mother.

A7

No chord

Blood is thicker margarine than grease.

Am

Let me be somebody I admire.

Am

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.

cantabile

Jazz Police, I feel so blue.
Jazz Police, I think I'm falling, I'm falling for you.

Jazz Police are looking through my folders.

Jazz Police have got their final orders.
TAKE THIS LONGING
WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Flowingly, in 6

C

mb

1. Many men have loved the bells. You

F

sempre legato

Bb

F

Dm

fastened to the rain.

And ev'ry one who

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wanted you,
They found what they will always want again.
Your beauty lost to you yourself, just as it was lost to them.

Chorus:
take this longing from my tongue,
And
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.

Additional Lyrics

2. 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.

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

3. Hungry as an archway
   Through which the troops have passed.
I stand in ruins behind you
   With your winter clothes, your broken saddle straps.
I love to see you naked over there,
   Especially from the back.

Chorus: Ah, take this longing from my tongue,
   And all the useless things my hands have done.
Untie for me your high blue gown,
   Like you would do for the one you love.

4. 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.

Chorus: Just take this longing from my tongue,
   And 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.
IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately, with a slight lilt

D

xx0

D7

xx0

1. You were the promise at dawn,

G

000

D

xx0

I was the morning after.

You were Jesus Christ, my lord,

D7

xx0

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I was the money lender.

You were the sensitive woman, And

I was the Very Reverend Freud.

You were the manual organism, And
I was the dirty little boy.
And is

Moderately slow, with a steady beat

this what you wanted, To live in a house that is

haunted By the ghost of you and me?
Is

this what you wanted, To live in a house that is
Additional Lyrics

2. 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.
   Chorus

3. 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.
   Chorus
THE STRANGER SONG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately

1. It's

true that all the men you knew Were dealers who said

they were through, With dealing every time you gave them

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shelter. I know that kind of

man, It's hard to hold the hand of any one. Who's

reaching for the sky just to surrender,

Who is reaching for the sky just to sur...
render.

2. And then

He was just some Joseph looking for a manager.

3. And then

I told you when I came I was a stranger.
Additional Lyrics

2. 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.

3. 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."

4. But now another stranger
   Seems to want to ignore his dreams,
   As though they were the burden of some other.
   O, you've seen that kind of man before,
   His golden arm dispatching cards.
   But now it's rusted from the elbow to the finger,
   Yes, he wants to trade the game he knows for shelter.

5. 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,
   It's curling up like smoke above his shoulder.

6. 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.

7. 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.

8. 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, "O.K., the bridge or someplace later."

9. 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.

10. 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."
HUMBLED IN LOVE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Slowly, with a beat

1. Do you re-mem-ber all of those pledg-es that we
pledged in the passionate night?
Ah, they're
soiled now, they're torn at the edges
like moths on a stale yellow light.
Nor penance serves to renew them, nor
massive transfusions of trust,
Why, not even revenge can un-
do 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
Additional Lyrics

2. 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,
here in the moment at hand,
No sinner need rise up forgiven,
no victim need limp to the stand.

*Chorus*

3. And look, dear heart, look at the virgin,
look how she welcomes him into her gown.
Yes, and mark how the stranger's cold armor
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.

*Chorus*
SISTERS OF MERCY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Flowingly

A

D

A

E

A

D

A

Oh, the Sisters of Mercy, they are not departed or gone.

C\#m

G\#m

C\#m

They were waiting for me when I thought that I...
just can't go on.

And they brought me their comfort and latter they

brought me their song.

Oh, I hope you run into them, you who've been
Additional Lyrics

2. Yes, you who must leave everything
That you cannot control,
It begins with your family,
But soon it comes round 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.

3. 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.

4. 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.
FAMOUS BLUE RAINCOAT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately

Gm7

Eb

Cm

Dm7

1. It's

Gm

Eb

four in the morning, the end of December,

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I'm writing you now just to see if you're better.

New York is cold, but I like where I'm living. The music on Clinton Street all through the evening.

I hear that you're building your little
Gm7
house
Am7
deep in the desert.

Gm7
You're living for nothing now.
F
I hope you're

Gm7
keeping some kind of record.
F
Chorus: Yes, 'n

Bb
Jane

Bb
by with a lock of your
She said that you gave it to her that night that you planned to go clear.

Did you ever go clear?

The
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.

Additional Lyrics

2. 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 ev'ry train,
   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.

   Chorus: Well, I see you there with a rose in your teeth, one more thin gypsy thief.
            Well, I see Jane's away, she sends her regards.

3. 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,
   Well, your enemy is sleeping and his woman is free.

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

Coda: 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.
Ain't No Cure For Love

Words and Music by Leonard Cohen

Moderately, with a steady beat

I loved you for a long, long time,
I know this love is

(continued)

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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 that 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.

And I've got you like a habit, and I'll
never get enough. There ain't no cure, there

(continued)

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. (I'll tell angels.) There's nothing pure enough to be a cure for love.
I see you in the subway, and I...
I see you on the bus.
I see you lying down with me, and I
see you waking up.
I see your hand, I
see your hair, your bracelets and your brush.
And I
call to you, and I call to you, but I don't call soft enough...

There ain't no cure, there ain't no cure, There

(as written)  (optional pattern)  (continued)

ain't no cure for love. I walked into this

empty church, I had no place else to go.
When the sweet-est voice I ever heard— whispered to my soul—

I don’t need to be for-giv-en—

for lov-ing you so much— It’s writ-ten in the

scrip-tures,— it’s writ-ten there in blood—
I even heard the angels declare it from above.

There ain't no cure, there ain't no cure for love...

(continued)

There ain't no cure for love...

(continued)
All the rocket ships are climbing through the sky,
the holly books are open wide.
The doctors working day and night.
But they'll never, never find that cure for love.
Repeat and fade

that cure for love.
The
(No) Diamonds In The Mine

Words and Music by Leonard Cohen

Moderately

1. 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

Chorus:

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 your boxes anymore.

And there are no diamonds in the mine.
And there are no diamonds in the mine...

2. Well, you

Additional Lyrics

2. Well, you tell me that your lover has a broken limb.
   You see, I'm kind-a 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.
   Chorus

3. 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.
   Chorus
Moderate slow

I. The door, it opened slowly, My father, he came in. I was

nine years old.

And he stood so fall above.
me,
Blue eyes, they were shining, And his
voice was very cold,... Said, "I've had a vi-

sion, And you know I'm strong... and ho-ly, I must
do what I've been told."
So he started up the
moun- tain, I was run- ning, he was walk- ing, And his ax was made of gold.

Additional Lyrics

2. 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.

3. You who build the altars now
   To sacrifice these children,
   You must not do it any more.
   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.

4. 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.
TONIGHT WILL BE FINE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately

1. Sometimes I find I get to thinking of the past. We swore to each other then 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.

[1., 2.]

2. I choose the rooms that I live in with care.
The windows are small and the walls must be bare.
There's only one bed and there's only one prayer.
And I listen all night for your step on the stair.
Chorus

3. 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.
Chorus

Additional Lyrics
THE GUESTS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately

1. One by one.
2. And those who dance

the guests arrive,
be gin to dance,

the guests who weep
are coming through.

And,

"Welcome, welcome,"
cries a voice,

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the broken hearted few.

"Let all my guests come in."

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
Additional Lyrics

3. And all go stumbling through that house in lonely secrecy,
   Saying, "Do reveal yourself," or, "Why hast thou forsaken me?"
   Chorus

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

5. And here they take their sweet repast while house and grounds dissolve.
   And one by one, the guests are cast beyond the garden walls.
   Chorus

6. And those who dance begin to dance, those who weep begin.
   And those who earnestly are lost, are lost and lost again.
   Chorus

7. One by one, the guests arrive, the guests are coming through.
   The broken-hearted many, the open-hearted few.
SING ANOTHER SONG, BOYS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately slow, in 2

Spoken: Let's sing another song, boys.
This one has grown old and bitter.

1. Ah, his

Fin-ger-nails, I see they're brok-en.

His ships, they're all on fire.
Bridge I:

Cm

The money lender's lovely little daughter,

Ah,

Bb

F9sus4 Bb

she's eaten, she's eaten with desire.

Dm

Gm

She spies him through the glasses from the

pawns shops 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.
2. She finds him lying in a heap.

3. See additional lyrics

She wants to be his woman.

He says, "Yes, I just might go to sleep. But kindly

leave, leave the future, leave it open."
It's floating broken on the open sea, look at them, my friends,

And it carries no survivors.

But let's leave these lovers wondering,

why they cannot have each other.
And let's sing another song, boys.

This one has grown old and bitter.

La la la, la la la, la la la la la la la la

la la, La la la la la la la la, la la la la
Additional Lyrics

(After 1st ending)
Bridge II. He stands where it is steep,
Ah, I guess he thinks that he’s the very first one.
His hands 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 with the chain of his famous cigarillo.

3. They’ll never, they’ll never ever reach the moon,
   At least not the one that we’re after.
(To 2nd ending)
A SINGER MUST DIE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately, quasi recitative

1. 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

1. 2. 3

lie in his voice. 2. And I getting home late. La la

poco rit.

poco rit.
Additional Lyrics

2. 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.
   La la la la, la la la la la la,
   La la la la la, la la la la la la.

3. The night, it is thick, my defenses 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.
   Goodnight, goodnight, my night after night,
   My night after night after night after night.

4. I am so afraid that I listen to you,
   Your sunglassed protectors, they do that to you.
   It's their ways to detain, it's 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.
AVALANCHE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately slow

Fm

1. I stepped into an avalanche,

Fm

it covered up my soul. When I am not this

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hunch-back that you see,
I sleep beneath the golden hill.

You who wish to conquer pain,
you must learn,
to serve me well.
Additional Lyrics

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

3. 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.

4. 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 a shadow, shadow of my wound.

5. I have begun to long for you,
   I who have no creed.
   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.

6. Do not dress in those rags for me,
   I know you are not poor.
   And 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.
SEEMS SO LONG AGO, NANCY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately

1. It seems so long ago.

Nancy was alone,

Looking at the Late Late Show through a
sem - i - pre - cious stone.

In the House of Hon - es - ty, her
fa - ther was on tri - al.

In the House of Mys - ter - y, there
Additional Lyrics

2. 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.

3. 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.

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

WORDS BY LEONARD COHEN/GARCIA LORCA
MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately bright, with a lilt

No chord

D
C/E
D/F#

1. Now in Vienna,

enna there's ten pretty women.

concert hall in Vienna.

There's a

shoulder where death comes to cry.

mouth had a thousand reviews.

There's a

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lobby with nine hundred windows.  There's a
bar where the boys have stopped talking.  They've been

tree sentenced to death by the blues.  There's a
Ah, but

piece that was torn from the morning, And it with a
who is it climbs to your picture?

hangs garland in the gallery of frost.
Ay, ay, ay, ay.
Take this

waltz, take this waltz.
Take this

waltz, with the clamp on its jaws.
Take this

Oh, There's an
want you, I want you, I want you on a attic where children are playing, Where I've

chair with a dead magazine, In the In a
got to lie down with you soon,

cave at the tip of the lil'ly, In some In the

dream of Hungarian lanterns,

hallway where love's never been, On a And I'll
mist of some sweet afternoon.
bed
see what you've chained to your sorrow,
In a
All your

cry
sheep filled with footsteps and sand.

Ay, Ay,
ay, ay, ay.
Take this

waltz,
take this waltz.
Take its "I'll"
Am/C

brok - en waist in your hand,

A7/C‡

nev - er for - get you, you know.”

D/C

Em

B/D‡

Em

This

Esus2

waltz, this waltz, this waltz, this waltz

with its

Em

ver - y own breath of brandy and death,
Cm6

Drag - ging its tail in the sea.

[D/G]

There’s a

And I’ll

G

dance with you in Vienna.

I’ll be

G

D6/F#

wear - ing a riv - er’s dis - guise.

The
hyacinth wild on my shoulder,

mouth on the dew of your thighs.

bury my soul in a scrapbook,

photographs there, and the moss.
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.
LADY MIDNIGHT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately slow, in 2

1. 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, und-
fold me." But she scorned me, and she told me I was dead,

and I could never return.
2. Well, I
Additional Lyrics

2. 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."

3. I cried, "Oh, Lady Midnight, I fear that you grow old,
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, the 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."
Flowingly, in 6

1. And where, where, where is my_ gyp - sy wife_ to - night?

I've heard all the wild re - ports, they can't be right.

But whose head is this she's danc - ing with on the
thresh-ing floor? Whose darkness deep-ens

in her arms a lit-tle more? And where,

where is my gyp-sy wife to-night?

Where, where is my gyp-sy wife to-night?
2. Ah, the silver knives are flashing in the tired old café.
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.

Chorus

3. 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 can be touched.
But you who come between them will be judged.

Chorus
CAME SO FAR FOR BEAUTY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN AND JOHN LISSAUER

Moderately slow, reflectively

F  F7  Bb  Bbbass  Abass  Abbass

G7  G+7  G7  C7

come so far for beauty,

F7  Bb  A  Ab

left so much behind,

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My patience and my family,

my masterpiece unsigned.

1. I thought I'd be rewarded
for such a
lonely choice.

And surely she
would answer

to such a
very hopeless voice.

I practiced
on my sainthood,
I gave to one and all,

But the rumors of my virtue,

they moved her not at all.

I changed my style to silver,
Additional Lyrics

2. 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.
YOU KNOW WHO I AM

Words and Music by Leonard Cohen

Flowingly, not too slow

Cm

1. I

Dm

Cannot follow you, my love.

Cm

Dm

You cannot follow me.

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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.

Additional Lyrics

2. 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.
   *Chorus*

3. If you should ever track me down,
   I will surrender there.
   And I'll leave with you one broken man
   Whom I'll teach you to repair.
   *Chorus*

4. I cannot follow you, my love,
   You cannot follow me.
   I am the distance you put between
   All the moments that we will be.
   *Chorus*
Slowly, with a steady beat

1. 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

let's be married one more night. It's light, light enough to let it go.

light enough to let it go.
Remember when the scenery started fading,

I held you till you learned to walk on air.

So don't look down,

the ground is gone, there's no one waving anymore.
Additional Lyrics

2. 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 or you’ll be late,
   There’s 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 till 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 ev’rywhere.
DRESS REHEARSAL RAG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately slow, in 2

Bm

\[\text{(quasi recitative)}\]

Four o’clock in the

afternoon,

and I didn’t feel like very

much.

I said to myself, “Where are you,
golden boy, where's your famous golden touch?
I thought you knew where all of the phantoms lie down,
I thought you were the crown prince of all the wheels in Iv'ry 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 un-

wrapping 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?

Ah, wasn't it a strange way down?

down?

D.S. al Coda

Coda

shows you where to hit. And then the camera as

pan the standing stunt man,
dress rehearsal rag.

It's just the dress rehearsal rag.

You know this

dress rehearsal rag.

It's just the
dress rehearsal rag.
2. A 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?

B Don't drink from that cup, it's all caked up and cracked
along the rim,
That's not electric light, my friend, that is your
vision growing dim.

C Cover up your face with soap, there, now you're Santa Claus,
And you got a gift for anyone who will give you his applause.

D 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.

E 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?

3. A Once there was a path and girl with chestnut hair,
And you passed the summers picking all of the berries that
grew there.

B There were times she was a woman, there were times she was
just a child,
And you held her in the shadows where the raspberries grow wild.

C And you climbed the twilight mountains, and you sang about the
view,
And ev'rywhere you wandered, love seemed to go along with you.

D That's a hard one to remember, yes, it makes you clench your fist,
And the veins stand out like highways all along your wrist.

E And yes, it's come to this.
It's come to this,
And wasn't it a long way down?
And wasn't it a strange way down?

4. A 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 sand.

B Why don't you join the Rosicrucians? They will give you
back your hope,
You can find your love with diagrams on a plain brown
envelope.

C But you've used up all coupons, except the one that seems
To be written on your wrist along with several thousand
dreams.

D Now Santa Claus comes forward, that's a razor in his mitt,
And he puts on his dark glasses, and he
Φ shows you where to hit.

E 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 the dress rehearsal rag.
There Is A War

Words and Music by Leonard Cohen

Moderately, with a steady beat

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 that there

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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.

2. 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.

3. You cannot stand what I've become, you much prefer the gentleman I was before.

It 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.
4. 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?
JOAN OF ARC

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately

1. Now the flames, they followed Joan of Arc

As she came riding through the dark.

No moon to keep her armor bright.

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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.

Chorus:
La la la, la la la, la la la, la la
Em

La, la, la, la, la

G

La, la, la, la, la

D

La, la, la, la, la

A

La, la, la, la, la

A7

1, 2, 3.

D

2. Well, I'm
Additional Lyrics

2. Well, I'm glad to hear you talk this way,
   You know I've watched you riding ev'ry day.
   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."
   Chorus

3. "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.
   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.
   Chorus

4. 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!
   Chorus
WINTER LADY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately
D

1. Trav'ling__
   la - dy__,
   stay a - while un -
   til the night is o - ver.

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I'm just a station on your way,
I know I am not your lover.

Well,
I lived with a child of snow
when I was a soldier,

fought every man for her unb-

til the nights grew colder.

Additional Lyrics

2. 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.
ONE OF US CANNOT BE WRONG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately

C

Instrumental fade

C

1. I lit a thin green candle

To make you jealous of me.

But the
room just filled up with mos-quitos,
They

heard that my body was free.
Then I

took the dust of a long sleep-less night,
And I

put it in my little shoes.
And
then I confess that I tortured the dress That you wore for the world to look through.

Additional Lyrics

2. I showed my heart to the doctor,
   He said I'd 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.

3. I heard of a saint who had loved you,
   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.

4. 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,
   O, please let me come into the storm.
Why Don't You Try

Words and Music by Leonard Cohen

Moderately slow (with a slight feel)

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
2. 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 the 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?

3. I’d like to take you to the ceremony,
Well, that is if I remember the way.
You see Jack and Jill, they’re gonna join their misery,
And 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.
THE TRAITOR

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Flowingly, in 6

D

G

D

1. Now the swan, it floated on the English river.

Ah, the rose of high romance, it opened wide.

A suntanned woman

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yawned my through the summer,

And the judges watched us from the other side.

2. I told my mother, "Mother, I must leave you."

Pre-serve my room, but
do not shed a tear.

should

rumors of a shabby ending reach you,

It was half my fault and half the atmosphere.

Fine

1, 2. (to next strain)

3. 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.

4. The love

Additional Lyrics

4. The judges said, "You missed it by a fraction,
   Rise up and brace your troops for the attack.
   The dreamers ride against the men of action,
   Oh, see the men of action falling back."

5. But I lingered on her thighs a fatal moment,
   I kissed her lips as though I thirsted still.
   My falsity, it stung me like a hornet,
   The poison sank and it paralysed my will.

6. I could not move to warn 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.

7. And long ago she said, "I must be leaving,
   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."

8. 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.
WHO BY FIRE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately bright

1. And

who by fire, — Who by water?

Who in the sunshine, Who in the nighttime?

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Am G Am
Who by high ordeal,
Who by com-
Am C G C
mon-trial?
Who in your mer-ry mer-ry month of May,
Who by ver-y slow de-cay?
And who
G C Am
Fmaj7
shall I say_

is call-
Additional Lyrics

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

3. And who by brave ascent,
   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?
FIRST WE TAKE MANHATTAN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN

Moderately, with a driving beat

They sentenced me to
(I'm) guided by a

Am

twenty years of boredom

signal in the heavens

I'm

Dm

trying to change the system from within

guided by this birthmark on my skin

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ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. USED BY PERMISSION.
I'm coming now, I'm coming to re-
ward weap.

ward them.

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ward them.
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?
And I told you, and I told you, I 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.

D.S. (to 2nd ending) at Coda
lin.

Ah, re-

member me,

I used to live for

music,

And re-member me,
I brought your groceries in.

Well, it's Father's Day and everybody's

wounded.

First we take Man-

hat-tan,
Additional Lyrics

From D.S.
I don't like your fashion business, mister.
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.

(Bridge):
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?
And I told you, and I told you,
I told you I was one of those,

And I thank you for those items that you sent me:
The monkey and the plywood violin.
I practiced every night and now I'm ready.
First we take Manhattan, then we take Berlin. (To Coda)
EVERYBODY KNOWS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LEONARD COHEN AND SHARON ROBINSON

Moderately, with a steady beat

Verses

1. Everybody knows that 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, the rich get rich. That's how it goes.

Everybody knows.

2. Everybody
knows that the boat is leaking. Everybody

knows 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.
knows that you've been faithful,
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.

That's how it goes.
knows.

Everybody knows.

That’s how it goes.

Everybody knows.

Verse

4. And everybody

Everybody
Additional Lyrics

4. And everybody knows that it's now or never.
   Everybody knows that it's me or you.
   And everybody knows that you live forever
   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.

5. 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.

6. 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.
Lover Lover Lover

Words and Music by Leonard Cohen

Moderately, with a steady beat

I asked my father,
I said, "Father, change my name..."

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using now is covered up with fear and filth and cowardice and

Chorus:

shame.

lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, lover, come

back to me.

Yes, and
Additional Lyrics

2. 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.”

Chorus

3. “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.”

Chorus

It was you who built the temple, it was you who covered up my face.”

Chorus

5. 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.

Chorus and fade