

LEONARD COHEN



THE FLAME

HAPPENS TO THE HEART

I was always working steady
But I never called it art
I was funding my depression
Meeting Jesus reading Marx
Sure it failed my little fire
But it's bright the dying spark
Go tell the young messiah
What happens to the heart

There's a mist of summer kisses
Where I tried to double-park
The rivalry was vicious
And the women were in charge
It was nothing, it was business
But it left an ugly mark
So I've come here to revisit
What happens to the heart

I was selling holy trinkets
I was dressing kind of sharp
Had a pussy in the kitchen
And a panther in the yard
In the prison of the gifted
I was friendly with the guard
So I never had to witness
What happens to the heart

I should have seen it coming
You could say I wrote the chart
Just to look at her was trouble
It was trouble from the start
Sure we played a stunning couple
But I never liked the part
It ain't pretty, it ain't subtle
What happens to the heart

Now the angel's got a fiddle
And the devil's got a harp
Every soul is like a minnow
Every mind is like a shark
I've opened every window
But the house, the house is dark
Just say Uncle, then it's simple
What happens to the heart

I was always working steady
But I never called it art
The slaves were there already
The singers chained and charred
Now the arc of justice bending
And the injured soon to march
I lost my job defending
What happens to the heart

I studied with this beggar
He was filthy he was scarred
By the claws of many women
He had failed to disregard
No fable here no lesson
No singing meadowlark
Just a filthy beggar blessing
What happens to the heart

*Sure it failed my little fire
But it's bright the dying spark
Go tell the young messiah
What happens to the heart*

June 24, 2016

I was always working steady
But I never called it art
I could lift, but nothing heavy
Almost lost my union card
I was handy with a rifle
My father's .303
We fought for something final
Not the right to disagree



I DO

I do, I love you Mary
More than I can say
Cuz if I ever said it
They'd take us both away

They'd lock us up for nothing
And throw away the key
The world don't like us Mary
They're on to you and me

We got a minute Mary
Before they pull the plug
50 seconds maybe
You know that's not enough

30 seconds baby
Is all we got to love
And if they catch us laughing
They gonna rough us up

I do, I love you Mary
More than I can say
Cuz if I ever said it
They'd take us both away

They'd lock us up for nothing
And throw away the key
The world don't like us Mary
They're on to you and me



LAMBCHOPS

thinking of those lambchops
at Moishe's the other night

we all taste good to one another
most bodies are good to eat
even reptiles and insects

even the poisonous lutefisk of Norway
buried in the dirt a million years before serving
and the poisonous blowfish of Japan
can be prepared
 to insure reasonable risks
at the table

if the crazy god did not want us to eat one another
why make our flesh so sweet

I heard it on the radio
a happy rabbit at the rabbit farm
saying to the animal psychic

don't be sad
it's lovely here
they're so good to us

we're not the only ones
said the rabbit
 comforting her

everyone gets eaten
as the rabbit said
to the animal psychic

2006

9:22 PM

how the
pearls
are made

the oyster
is not asked

the
painful
peaceful
irritation

the grain of
sand is not
asked

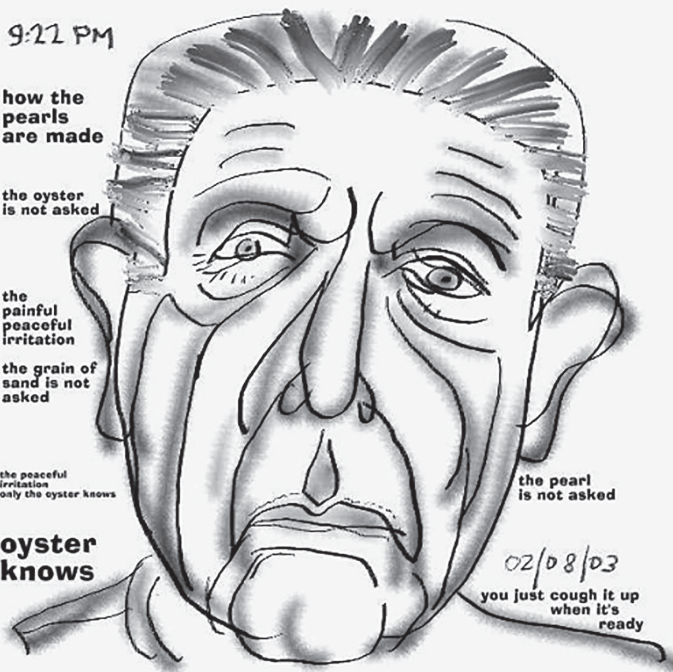
the peaceful
irritation
only the oyster knows

**oyster
knows**

the pearl
is not asked

02/08/03

you just cough it up
when it's
ready



NO TIME TO CHANGE

No time to change
The backward look
It's much too late
My gentle book

Too late to make
The men ashamed
For what they do
With naked flames

Too late to fall
Upon my sword
I have no sword
It's 2005

How dare I care
What's on my plate
O gentle book
You're much too late

You missed the point
Of poetry
It's all about them
Not about me



I DIDN'T KNOW

I knew that I was weak
I knew that you were strong
I did not dare to kneel
Where I did not belong

And if I meant to touch
Your beauty with my hand
Then come the boils and blood
Which I would understand

You tore your knees apart
The loneliness revealed
That drew this unborn heart
From chains that would not yield

But weakened by your exercise
You fell against my soul
The stricken soul the mind denies
Until you make it whole

So I can love your beauty now
Though seeming from afar
Until my neutral world allow
How intimate you are

Sometimes it gets so lonely
I don't know what to do
I'd trade my stash of boredom
For a little hit of you

I didn't know
I didn't know
I didn't know
How much you needed me



I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE

O apple of the world
we weren't married on the surface
we were married at the core
I can't take it anymore

surely there must be
a limit for the rich
and a hope unto the poor
I can't take it anymore

and the lies that they tell
about G-d
as if they owned the store
I can't take it anymore

