

It's Torn

Leonard Cohen

I see you in windows that open so wide
There's nothing beyond them and no one inside
You kick off your sandals and shake out your hair
The salt on your shoulders like sparks in the air
There's silt on your ankles and sand on your feet
The river too shallow, the ocean too deep
You smile at your suffering, the sweetest reprieve
Why did you leave us, why did you leave

You kick off your sandals and shake out your hair
It's torn where you're dancing, it's torn everywhere
It's torn on the right and it's torn on the left
It's torn in the center which few can accept

It's torn where there's beauty, it's torn where there's death
It's torn where there's mercy but torn somewhat less
It's torn in the highest from kingdom to crown
The messages fly but the network is down
Bruised at the shoulder and cut at the wrist
The sea rushes home to its thimble of mist
The opposites falter, the spirals reverse
And Eve must re-enter the sleep of her birth
And up through the system the worlds are withdrawn
From every dominion the mind stood upon
And now that it's over and now that it's done
The name has no number, not even the one

Come gather the pieces all scattered and lost
The lie in what's holy, the light in what's not
The story's been written the letter's been sealed
You gave me a lily but now it's a field

You kick off your sandals and shake out your hair
It's torn where you're dancing, it's torn everywhere