

# Iodine

Leonard Cohen

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