

## 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And up through the system the worlds are withdrawn  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