

So Long, Marianne

Leonard Cohen

Come over to the window, my little darling,
I'd like to try to read your palm.
I used to think I was some kind of gypsy boy,
before I let you take me home
Now so long Marianne it's time that we began
to laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again.

Well, you know that I love to live with you,
but you make me forget so very much.
I forget to pray for the angels,
and then the angels forget to pray for us.

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.

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

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.

Oh, you are 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 e...yelids in the rain.