

That Don't Make It Junk

Leonard Cohen

I fought against the bottle,
But I had to do it drunk ?
Took my diamond to the pawnshop ?
But that don?t make it junk.

I know that I?m forgiven,
But I don?t know how I know
I don?t trust my inner feelings ?
Inner feelings come and go.

How come you called me here tonight?
How come you bother
With my heart at all?
You raise me up in grace,
Then you put me in a place,
Where I must fall.

Too late to fix another drink ?
The lights are going out ?
I?ll listen to the darkness sing ?
I know what that?s about.

I tried to love you my way,
But I couldn?t make it hold.
So I closed the Book of Longing
And I do what I am told.

How come you called me here tonight?
How come you bother with my heart at all?
You raise me up in grace,
Then you put me in a place,
Where I must fall.

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But I had to do it drunk ?
Took my diamond to the pawnshop ?
But that don?t make it junk.