

The Goal

Leonard Cohen

I can't leave my house
or answer the phone.
I'm going down again
but feeling no pain.

And that's the great change
and mercy to boot ---
the enemy's dead
and I don't have to shoot.

But as for the fall:
it was writ long ago
and I can't stop it now ---
I'm rain and I'm snow.

And I settle at last
on the ground of my soul
in shapes of the past
and shapes that unfold.

I sit in my chair
and I look at the street --
the enemy's gone
and his absence is sweet!

I move with the leaves
I shine with the chrome
I'm almost alive
I'm almost at home.

But please do not follow
I've nothing to teach:
except that the goal
falls short of the reach.