

# The Land Of Plenty

Leonard Cohen

Don't really know who sent me  
To raise my voice and say:  
May the lights in The Land of Plenty  
Shine on the truth some day.

I don't know why I come here,  
Knowing as I do,  
What you really think of me,  
What I really think of you.

For the millions in a prison,  
That wealth has set apart -  
For the Christ who has not risen,  
From the caverns of the heart -

For the innermost decision,  
That we cannot but obey -  
For what's left of our religion,  
I lift my voice and pray:  
May the lights in The Land of Plenty  
Shine on the truth some day.

I know I said I'd meet you,  
I'd meet you at the store,  
But I can't buy it, baby.  
I can't buy it anymore.

And I don't really know who sent me,  
To raise my voice and say:  
May the lights in The Land of Plenty  
Shine on the truth some day.

I don't know why I come here,  
knowing as I do,  
what you really think of me,  
what I really think of you.

For the innermost decision  
That we cannot but obey  
For what's left of our religion  
I lift my voice and pray:  
May the lights in The Land of Plenty  
Shine on the truth some day.