

# The Night of Santiago

Leonard Cohen

She said she was a maiden  
That wasn't what I heard  
For the sake of conversation  
I took her at her word  
The lights went out behind us  
The fireflies undressed  
The broken sidewalk ended  
I touched her sleeping breasts  
They opened to me urgently  
Likelilies from the dead  
Behind a fine embroidery  
Her nipples rose like bread  
Then I took off my necktie  
And she took off her dress  
My belt and pistol set aside  
We tore away the rest

The night of Santiago  
And I was passing through  
So I took her to the river  
As any man would do

Her thighs they slipped away from me  
Like schools of startled fish  
Though I've forgotten half my life  
I still remember this  
Now, as a man I won't repeat  
The things she said aloud  
Except for this, my lips are sealed forever  
And for now  
And soon there's sand in every kiss  
And soon the dawn is ready  
And soon the night surrenders  
To a daffodil machete  
I gave her something pretty  
And I waited till she laughed  
I wasn't born a gypsy  
To make a woman sad

The night of Santiago  
And I was passing through  
I took her to the river  
As any man would do  
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I didn't fall in love of course  
It's never up to you  
But she was walking back and forth  
And I was passing through  
When I took her to the river  
In her virginal apparel  
When I took her to the river  
On that night of Santiago  
And yes she lied about it all

Her children and her husband  
You were born to judge the world  
Forgive me but I wasn't

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