

Tower Of Song

Leonard Cohen

Well my friends are gone and my hair is grey

I ache in the places where I used to play
And I'm crazy for love but I'm not coming on
I'm just paying my rent everyday
In the Tower of Song

I said to Hank Williams: How lonely does it get?

Hank Williams hasn't answered yet.
But I hear him coughing all night long
A hundred floors above me
A hundred floors above me

In the Tower of Song

I was born like this, I had no choice.

I was born with the gift of a golden voice.
And twenty-seven angels from the Great beyond
They tied me to this table right here
In the Tower of Song

So you can stick your little pins in that voodoo doll

I'm very sorry, baby, doesn't look like me at all
I'm standing by the window where the light is strong
They don't let a woman kill you, not
In the Tower of Song

Now you can say that I've grown bitter, but of this you may be sure:

The rich have got their channels in the bedrooms of the poor
And there's a mighty judgment coming
But I may be wrong
You see, you hear these funny voices
In the Tower of Song

I see you standing on the other side
I don't know how the river got so wide
I loved you, baby, way back when
And all the bridges are burning that we might have crossed
But I feel so close to everything that we lost
We'll never have to lose it again

I bid you farewell, I don't know when I'll be back

They're moving us tomorrow to that tower down the track
But You'll be hearing from me, baby
Long after I'm gone
I'll be speaking to you sweetly from a window
In the Tower of Song