

Here It Is

Leonard Cohen

Here is your crown
And your seal and rings
And here is your love
For all things. Here is your cart,
And your cardboard and piss
And here is your love
For all of this. May everyone live,
And may everyone die.
Hello, my love,
And my love, Goodbye. Here is your wine,
And your drunken fall
And here is your love.
Your love for it all. Here is your sickness.
Your bed and your pan
And here is your love
For the woman, the man. May everyone live,
And may everyone die.
Hello, my love,
And, my love, Goodbye. And here is the night,
The night has begun
And here is your death
In the heart of your son. And here is the dawn,
(Until death do us part)
And here is your death,
In your daughter's heart. May everyone live,
And may everyone die.
Hello, my love,
And, my love, Goodbye. And here you are hurried,
And here you are gone
And here is the love,
That it's all built upon. Here is your cross,
Your nails and your hill
And here is your love,
That lists where it will. May everyone live,
And may everyone die.
Hello, my love,
And my love, Goodbye.

Songwriters

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