

The Land Of Plenty

Leonard Cohen

Donâ€™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 donâ€™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 â€“
For the Christ who has not risen,
From the caverns of the heart â€“

For the innermost decision,
That we cannot but obey -
For whatâ€™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 Iâ€™d meet you,
Iâ€™d meet you at the store,
But I canâ€™t buy it, baby.
I canâ€™t buy it anymore.

And I donâ€™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 donâ€™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 whatâ€™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.

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