

Sing Another Song, Boys

Leonard Cohen

Let's sing another song, boys
This one has grown old and bitterAh, his fingernails, I see they're broken
His ships, they're all on fire
The moneylender's lovely little daughter
Ah, she's eaten, she's eaten with desireShe spies him through the glasses
From the pawnshops of her wicked father
She hails him with a microphone
That some poor singer, just like me had to leave herShe tempts him with a clarinet
She waves a Nazi dagger
She finds him lying in a heap
She wants to be his womanHe says, "Yes, I just might go to sleep
But kindly leave, leave the future, leave it open"
He stands where it is steep
Oh, I guess he thinks that he's the very first oneHis hands upon his leather belt now
Like it was the wheel of some big ocean liner
And she will learn to touch herself so well
As all the sails burn down like paperAnd he has lit the chain
Of his famous cigarillo
Ah, they'll never, they'll never ever reach the moon
At least not the one that we're afterIt's floating, broken on the open sea, look out there, my friends
And it carries no survivors
But let's leave these lovers wondering
Why they cannot have each otherAnd let's sing another song, boys
This one has grown old and bitter

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