

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>