

# Our Lady of Solitude

Leonard Cohen

All summer long she touched me  
She gathered in my soul  
From many a thorn, from many thickets  
Her fingers, like a weaver's  
Quick and cool And the light came from her body  
And the night went through her grace  
All summer long she touched me  
And I knew her, I knew her  
Face to face And her dress was blue and silver  
And her words were few and small  
She is the vessel of the whole wide world  
Mistress, oh mistress  
Of us all Dearly dead, queen of solitude  
I thank you with my heart  
For keeping me so close to thee  
While so many, oh, so many  
Stood apart

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