

# Master Song

Leonard Cohen

I believe that you heard your master sing  
When I was sick in bed  
I suppose that he told you everything  
That I keep locked away in my head  
Your master took you traveling  
Well at least that's what you said  
And now do you come back to bring  
Your prisoner wine and bread?  
You met him at some temple  
Where they take your clothes at the door  
He was just a numberless man in a chair  
Who'd just come back from the war  
And you wrap up his tired face in your hair  
And he hands you the apple core  
Then he touches your lips now so suddenly bare  
Of all the kisses we put on some time before  
And he gave you a German Shepherd to walk  
With a collar of leather and nails  
And he never once made you explain or talk  
About all of the little details  
Such as who had a word and who had a rock  
And who had you through the mails  
Now your love is a secret all over the block  
And it never stops not even when your master fails  
And he took you up in his airplane  
Which he flew without any hands  
And you cruised above the ribbons of rain  
That drove the crowd from the stands  
Then he killed the lights in a lonely lane  
And, an ape with angel glands  
Erased the final wisps of pain  
With the music of rubber bands  
And now I hear your master sing  
You kneel for him to come  
His body is a golden string  
That your body is hanging from  
His body is a golden string  
My body has grown numb  
Oh now you hear your master sing  
Your shirt is all undone  
And will you kneel beside this bed  
That we polished so long ago  
Before your master chose instead  
To make my bed of snow?  
Your eyes are wild and your knuckles are red  
And you're speaking far too low  
No I can't make out what your master said  
Before he made you go  
Then I think you're playing far too rough  
For a lady who's been to the moon  
I've lain by this window long enough

To get used to an empty room And your love is some dust in an old man's cough  
Who is tapping his foot to a tune  
And your thighs are a ruin, you want too much  
Let's say, you came back some time too soon I loved your master perfectly  
I taught him all that he knew  
He was starving in some deep mystery  
Like a man who is sure what is true And I sent you to him with my guarantee  
I could teach him something new  
And I taught him how you would long for me  
No matter what he said no matter what you'd do I believe that you heard your master sing  
While I was sick in bed  
I'm sure that he told you everything  
I must keep locked away in my head Your master took you traveling  
Well at least that's what you said  
And now do you come back to bring  
Your prisoner wine and bread?

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