

The Land of Plenty

Leonard Cohen

Don't really have the courage
To stand where I must stand
Don't really have the temperament
To lend a helping hand
Don'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 don't know why I've come here
Knowing as I do
What you really think of me
What I really think of you
For the millions in the prison
That wealth has set apart
For the Christ who has not risen
From the caverns of the heart
For the innermost decision
That we cannot but obey
For what's left of our religion
I lift my voice and pray
May the lights in 'The Land of Plenty'
May the lights in 'The Land of Plenty'
May the lights in 'The Land of Plenty'
Shine on the truth some day
I know I said I'd meet you
I'd meet you at the store
But I can't buy it, baby
I can't buy it anymore
And I don'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
For the innermost decision
That we cannot buy obey
For what's left of our religion
I lift my voice and pray
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