

The Butcher

Leonard Cohen

I came upon a butcher
He was slaughtering a lamb
I accused him there
With his tortured lamb
He said, "Listen to me, child
I am what I am
And you, you are my only son" Well, I found a silver needle
I put it into my arm
It did some good
Did some harm
But the nights were cold
And it almost kept me warm
How come the night is long? I saw some flowers growing up
Where that lamb fell down
Was I supposed to praise my Lord?
Make some kind of joyful sound
He said, "Listen, listen to me now
I go round and round
And you, you are my only child" Do not leave me now
Do not leave me now
I'm broken down
From a recent fall
Blood upon my body
And ice upon my soul
Lead on my son, is your world

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