

A Street

Leonard Cohen

I used to be your favorite drunk
Good for one more laugh
Then we both ran out of luck
Luck was all we ever had
You put on a uniform
To fight the Civil War
You looked so good I didn't care
What side you're fighting for It wasn't all that easy
When you up and walked away
But I'll save that little story
For another rainy day
I know the burden's heavy
As you wheel it through the night
Some people say it's empty
But that don't mean it's light You left me with the dishes
And a baby in the bath
You're tight with the militias
You wear their camouflage
You always said we're equal
So let me march with you
Just an extra in the sequel
To the old red white and blue Baby don't ignore me
We were smokers, we were friends
Forget that tired story
Of betrayal and revenge
I see the ghost of culture
With numbers on his wrist
Salute some new conclusion
That all of us have missed I cried for you this morning
And I'll cry for you again
But I'm not in charge of sorrow
So please don't ask me when
There may be wine and roses
And magnums of champagne
But we'll never know
We'll never, ever be that drunk again Okay
The party's over
But I've landed on my feet
And I'm standing here on this corner

Where there used to be a street The party's over
But I've landed on my feet
I'll be standing on this corner
Where there used to be a street So let's drink to when it's over
And let's drink to when we met
I'll be standing on this corner
Where there used to be a street

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