

Iodine

Leonard Cohen

I needed you, I knew I was in danger
Of losing what I used to think was mine
You let me love you till I was a failure
You let me love you till I was a failure
Your beauty on my bruise like iodine I asked you if a man could be forgiven
And though I failed at love, was this a crime?
You said, Don't worry, don't worry, darling
You said, Don't worry, don't you worry, darling
There are many ways a man can serve his time You covered up that place I could not master
It wasn't dark enough to shut my eyes
So I was with you, o sweet compassion
Yes, I was with you, o sweet compassion
Compassion with the sting of iodine Your saintly kisses reeked of iodine
Your fragrance with a fume of iodine
And pity in the room like iodine

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