

A Singer Must Die

Leonard Cohen

Now, the courtroom is quiet but who will confess?
Is it true you betrayed us? The answer is yes
Then read me the list of the crimes that are mine
I will ask for the mercy that you love to decline
And all the ladies go moist and the judge has no choice
A singer must die for the lie in his voice
And I thank you, I thank you for doing your duty
You keepers of truth, you guardians of beauty
Your vision is right, my vision is wrong
I'm sorry for smudging the air with my song
Oh the night, it is thick, my defenses are hid
In the clothes of a woman I would like to forgive
In the rings of her silk, in the hinge of her thighs
Where I have to go begging in beauty's disguise
Oh goodnight, goodnight, my night after night
My night after night, after night, after night, after night, after night
I am so afraid that I listen to you
Your sun glassed protectors they do that to you
It's their ways to detain, their ways to disgrace
Their knee in your balls and their fist in your face
Yes and long live the state by whoever it's made
Sir, I didn't see nothing, I was just getting home late

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