

# 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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