Master Song

Leonard Cohen

I believe that you heard your master sing
When I was sick in bed
I suppose that he told you everything
That I keep locked away in my headYour master took you traveling
Well at least that's what you said
And now do you come back to bring
Your prisoner wine and bread?You met him at some temple
Where they take your clothes at the door
He was just a numberless man in a chair
Who'd just come back from the warAnd you wrap up his tired face in your hair
And he hands you the apple core
Then he touches your lips now so suddenly bare
Of all the kisses we put on some time beforeAnd he gave you a German Shepherd to walk
With a collar of leather and nails
And he never once made you explain or talk
About all of the little detailsSuch as who had a word and who had a rock
And who had you through the mails
Now your love is a secret all over the block
And it never stops not even when your master failsAnd he took you up in his airplane
Which he flew without any hands
And you cruised above the ribbons of rain
That drove the crowd from the standsThen he killed the lights in a lonely lane
And, an ape with angel glands
Erased the final wisps of pain
With the music of rubber bandsAnd now I hear your master sing
You kneel for him to come
His body is a golden string
That your body is hanging fromHis body is a golden string
My body has grown numb
Oh now you hear your master sing
Your shirt is all undoneAnd will you kneel beside this bed
That we polished so long ago
Before your master chose instead
To make my bed of snow?Your eyes are wild and your knuckles are red
And you're speaking far too low
No I can't make out what your master said
Before he made you goThen I think you're playing far too rough
For a lady who's been to the moon
I've lain by this window long enough

To get used to an empty roomAnd your love is some dust in an old man's cough
Who is tapping his foot to a tune
And your thighs are a ruin, you want too much
Let's say, you came back some time too soonI loved your master perfectly
I taught him all that he knew
He was starving in some deep mystery
Like a man who is sure what is trueAnd I sent you to him with my guarantee
I could teach him something new
And I taught him how you would long for me
No matter what he said no matter what you'd doI believe that you heard your master sing
While I was sick in bed
I'm sure that he told you everything
I must keep locked away in my headYour master took you traveling
Well at least that's what you said
And now do you come back to bring
Your prisoner wine and bread?

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