

Teachers

Leonard Cohen

I met a woman long ago
Her hair, the black that black can go
Are you a teacher of the heart?
Soft she answered, "No" I met a girl across the sea
Her hair, the gold that gold can be
Are you a teacher of the heart?
"Yes, but not for thee" I met a man who lost his mind
In some lost place I had to find
Follow me the wise man said
But he walked behind I walked into a hospital
Where none was sick and none was well
When at night the nurses left
I could not walk at all Morning came and then came noon
Dinner time a scalpel blade
Lay beside my silver spoon Some girls wander by mistake
Into the mess that scalpels make
Are you the teachers of my heart?
"We teach old hearts to break" One morning, I woke up alone
The hospital and the nurses gone
Have I carved enough my Lord?
"Child, you are a bone" I ate and ate and ate
No I did not miss a plate, well
How much do these suppers cost?
We'll take it out in hate I spent my hatred everyplace
On every work on every face
Someone gave me wishes
And I wished for an embrace Several girls embraced me, then
I was embraced by men
Is my passion perfect?
"No, do it once again" I was handsome, I was strong
I knew the words of every song
Did my singing please you?
"No, the words you sang were wrong" Who is it, whom I address
Who takes down what I confess?
Are you the teachers of my heart?
"We teach old hearts to rest" Oh, teachers, are my lessons done?
I cannot do another one
They laughed and laughed and said, "Well child
Are your lessons done?"

Are your lessons done?
Are your lessons done?"

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