

Steer Your Way

Leonard Cohen

Steer your way through the ruins
Of the altar and the mall
Steer your way through the fables
Of creation and the fall
Steer your way past the palaces
That rise above the rot
Year by year
Month by month
Day by day
Thought by thoughtSteer your heart past the truth
You believed in yesterday
Such as fundamental goodness
And the wisdom of the way
Steer your heart, precious heart
Past the women whom you bought
Year by year
Month by month
Day by day
Thought by thoughtSteer your path through the pain
That is far more real than you
That smashed the cosmic model
That blinded every view
And please don't make me go there
Tho' there be a god or not
Year by year
Month by month
Day by day
Thought by thoughtThey whisper still, the ancient stones
The blunted mountains weep
As he died to make men holy
Let us die to make things cheap
And say the Mea Culpa which you've probably forgot
Year by year
Month by month
Day by day
Thought by thoughtSteer your way, o my heart
Tho' I have no right to ask
To the one who was never
Never equal to the task

Who knows he's been convicted
Who knows he will be shot
Year by year
Month by month
Day by day
Thought by thought They whisper still, the ancient stones
The blunted mountains weep
As he died to make men holy
Let us die to make things cheap
And say the Mea Culpa which you gradually forgot
Year by year
Month by month
Day by day
Thought by thought

Songwriters

LEONARD COHEN Published by

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