

Joan of Arc

Leonard Cohen

Now the flames they followed Joan of Arc
As she came riding through the dark
No moon to keep her Armour bright
Then no man to get her through this darkest very smoky night
She said, "I'm tired of the war
I want the kind of work I had before
With a wedding dress or something white
To wear upon my swollen appetite"
"Well, I'm glad to to hear you talk this way
You see I've watched you riding all most every single day
And theres something in me yearns to win
Such a very cold and such a very lonesome heroine
Well then, who are you?" she sternly spoke
To the one beneath the smoke
"Why, I'm, I'm fire," he replied
"And I love your solitude, how I love your sense of pride"
"Well then fire, make your body cold
I'm gonna give you mine to hold"
Saying this she climbed inside
To be his one, to be his only bride
It was deep into his fiery heart
He took the dust of a Joan of Arc
And high above all these assembled wedding guests
He hung the ashes of her very lovely wedding dress
It was deep deep into his fiery heart
That he took the dust of all precious Joan of Arc
Then she clearly clearly understood
If if he was fire, oh she must be wood
I saw her wince, I saw her cry
I saw the glory in her eye
Myself I long, I long for love and light
But must it come so cruel, and must it must it be so very bright?

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