

# A Singer Must Die

Leonard Cohen

Now, the courtroom is quiet but who will confess?  
Is it true you betrayed us? The answer is yes  
Then read me the list of the crimes that are mine  
I will ask for the mercy that you love to decline And all the ladies go moist and the judge has no choice  
A singer must die for the lie in his voice  
And I thank you, I thank you for doing your duty  
You keepers of truth, you guardians of beauty Your vision is right, my vision is wrong  
I'm sorry for smudging the air with my song  
Oh the night, it is thick, my defenses are hid  
In the clothes of a woman I would like to forgive In the rings of her silk, in the hinge of her thighs  
Where I have to go begging in beauty's disguise  
Oh goodnight, goodnight, my night after night  
My night after night, after night, after night, after night, after night I am so afraid that I listen to you  
Your sun glassed protectors they do that to you  
It's their ways to detain, their ways to disgrace  
Their knee in your balls and their fist in your face Yes and long live the state by whoever it's made  
Sir, I didn't see nothing, I was just getting home late

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