

Dress Rehearsal Rag

Leonard Cohen

Four o'clock in the afternoon
And I didn't feel like very much
I said to myself, "Where are you, Golden Boy
Where's your famous golden touch?" I thought you knew where
All of the elephants lie down
I thought you were the crown prince
Of all the wheels in ivory town Just take a look at your body now
There's nothing much to save
And a bitter voice in the mirror cries
"Hey, Prince, you need a shave" Now, if you can manage to get
Your trembling fingers to behave
Why don't you try unwrapping
A stainless steel razor blade? That's right, it's come to this
Yes, it's come to this
And wasn't it a long way down?
Wasn't it a strange way down? There's no hot water
And the cold is running thin
Well, what do you expect from
The kind of places you've been living in? Don't drink from that cup
It's all caked and cracked along the rim
That's not the electric light, my friend
That is your vision growing dim Cover up your face with soap, there
Now, you're Santa Claus
And you've got a gift for anyone
Who will give you his applause I thought you were a racing man
Ah, but you couldn't take the pace
That's a funeral in the mirror
And it's stopping at your face That's right, it's come to this
Yes, it's come to this
And wasn't it a long way down?
Ah, wasn't it a strange way down? Once there was a path
And a girl with chestnut hair
And you passed the summers
Picking all of the berries that grew there There were times she was a woman
Oh, there were times she was just a child
And you held her in the shadows
Where the raspberries grow wild And you climbed the twilight mountains
And you sang about the view
And everywhere that you wandered

Love seemed to go along with you That's a hard one to remember
Yes, it makes you clench your fist
And then the veins stand out like highways
All along your wrist And yes, it's come to this
It's come to this
And wasn't it a long way down?
Wasn't it a strange way down? You can still find a job
Go out and talk to a friend
On the back of every magazine
There are those coupons you can send Why don't you join the Rosicrucians?
They will give you back your hope
You can find your love with diagrams
On a plain, brown envelope But you've used up all your coupons
Except the one that seems
To be written on your wrist
Along with several thousand dreams Now, Santa Claus comes forward
That's a razor in his mitt
And he puts on his dark glasses
And he shows you where to hit And then the cameras pan
The stand in stunt man
Dress rehearsal rag
It's just the dress rehearsal rag You know this dress rehearsal rag
It's just a dress rehearsal rag

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