

Field Commander Cohen

Leonard Cohen

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He was our most important spy
Wounded in the line of duty
Parachuting acid into diplomatic cocktail parties
Urging Fidel Castro to abandon fields and castles
Leave it all and like a man
Come back to nothing special
Such as waiting rooms and ticket lines
Silver bullet suicides and messianic ocean tides
And racial roller coaster rides
And other forms of boredom, advertised as poetry
I know you need your sleep now
I know your life's been hard
But many men are falling
Where you promised to stand guard
I never asked but I heard
You cast your lot along with the poor
But then I overheard your prayer
That you be this and nothing more
Than just some grateful faithful woman's
Favorite singing millionaire
The patron Saint of Envy and the grocer of despair
Working for the Yankee dollar
I know you need your sleep now
I know your life's been hard
But many men are falling
Where you promised to stand guard
Ah, lover come and lie with me
If my lover is who you are
And be your sweetest self awhile
Until I ask for more, my child
Then let the other selves be one, yeah
Let them manifest and come
'Til every taste is on the tongue
'Til love is pierced and love is hung
And every kind of freedom done
Then, oh, my love, oh, my love
Oh, my love, oh, my love
Oh, my love, oh, my love

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