

# 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?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>