Closing Time by Leonard Cohen

Ah we're drinking and we're dancing   
and the band is really happening   
and the Johnny Walker wisdom running high   
And my very sweet companion   
she's the Angel of Compassion   
she's rubbing half the world against her thigh   
And every drinker every dancer   
lifts a happy face to thank her   
the fiddler fiddles something so sublime   
all the women tear their blouses off   
and the men they dance on the polka-dots   
and it's partner found, it's partner lost   
and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops:   
it's CLOSING TIME   
Yeah the women tear their blouses off   
and the men they dance on the polka-dots   
and it's partner found, it's partner lost   
and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops:   
it's CLOSING TIME   
  
Ah we're lonely, we're romantic   
and the cider's laced with acid   
and the Holy Spirit's crying, "Where's the beef?"   
And the moon is swimming naked   
and the summer night is fragrant   
with a mighty expectation of relief   
So we struggle and we stagger   
down the snakes and up the ladder   
to the tower where the blessed hours chime   
and I swear it happened just like this:   
a sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss   
the Gates of Love they budged an inch   
I can't say much has happened since   
but CLOSING TIME   
  
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CLOSING TIME   
  
I loved you for your beauty   
but that doesn't make a fool of me:   
you were in it for your beauty too   
and I loved you for your body   
there's a voice that sounds like God to me   
declaring, declaring, declaring that your body's really you   
And I loved you when our love was blessed   
and I love you now there's nothing left   
but sorrow and a sense of overtime   
and I missed you since the place got wrecked   
And I just don't care what happens next   
looks like freedom but it feels like death   
it's something in between, I guess   
it's CLOSING TIME   
  
Yeah I missed you since the place got wrecked   
By the winds of change and the weeds of sex   
looks like freedom but it feels like death   
it's something in between, I guess   
it's CLOSING TIME   
  
Yeah we're drinking and we're dancing   
but there's nothing really happening   
and the place is dead as Heaven on a Saturday night   
And my very close companion   
gets me fumbling gets me laughing   
she's a hundred but she's wearing   
something tight   
and I lift my glass to the Awful Truth   
which you can't reveal to the Ears of Youth   
except to say it isn't worth a dime   
And the whole damn place goes crazy twice   
and it's once for the devil and once for Christ   
but the Boss don't like these dizzy heights   
we're busted in the blinding lights,   
busted in the blinding lights   
of CLOSING TIME   
  
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