

# Leonard Cohen - Closing Time

Tom: G

Introduction:

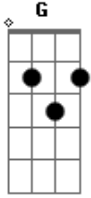
G D  
 Ah, we're drinking and we're dancing  
 and the band is really happening  
 Em  
 and the Johnny Walker wisdom running high,  
 Bm  
 And my very sweet companion,  
 she's the Angel of Compassion  
 Em  
 and she's rubbing half the world against her thigh.  
 C  
 And every drinker, every dancer  
 lifts a happy face to thank her  
 G B7 Em  
 and the fiddler fiddles something so sublime  
 D  
 all the women tear their blouses off  
 the men they dance on the polka dots  
 C  
 and it's partner found and it's partner lost  
 and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops  
 G  
 it's CLOSING TIME  
 C  
 Yeah, the women tear their blouses off  
 the men they dance on the polka dots  
 G B7  
 and it's partner found and it's partner lost  
 Em C  
 and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops  
 G D  
 it's CLOSING TIME  
 G  
 We're lonely, we're romantic  
 and the cider's laced with acid  
 Em  
 and the Holy Spirit's crying, "Where's the beef?"  
 Bm  
 And the moon is swimming naked  
 and the summer night is fragrant  
 Em  
 with a mighty expectation of relief  
 C  
 So we struggle and we stagger  
 down the snakes and up the ladder  
 G B7 Em  
 to the tower where the blessed hours chime  
 D  
 and I swear it happened just like this:  
 a sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss  
 C  
 the Gates of Love they budged an inch  
 I can't say much has happened since  
 G  
 but CLOSING TIME  
 C  
 I swear it happned just like this:  
 a sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss  
 G B7  
 the Gates of Love they budged an inch  
 Em C  
 I can't say much has happened since  
 (can't say much has happned since, can't say much has  
 happened since)  
 G D  
 but CLOSING TIME, CLOSING TIME

Em  
 I loved you for your beauty  
 but that doesn't make a fool of me  
 Bm  
 you were in it for your beauty too  
 Em  
 and I loved you for your body  
 there's a voice that sounds like God to me  
 A A7  
 declaring (declaring) declaring (declaring)  
 D  
 declaring that you're body's really you (really really really  
 really)  
 C  
 I loved you when our love was blessed  
 I love you now there's nothing left  
 G B7 Em  
 but sorrow and a sense of overtime  
 D  
 and I miss you since the place got wrecked  
 but I just don't care what happens next  
 C  
 looks like freedom but it feels like death  
 it's something in between, I guess  
 G  
 it's CLOSING TIME  
 C  
 Yeah. I miss you since the place got wrecked  
 by the winds of change and the weeds of sex  
 G B7  
 looks like freedom but it feels like death  
 Em C  
 it's something in between, I guess  
 G D  
 it's CLOSING TIME  
 G  
 Yeah, we're drinking and we're dancing  
 but there's nothing really happening  
 Em  
 The place is dead as Heaven on a Saturday night  
 Bm  
 And my very close companion  
 gets me fumbling gets me laughing  
 Em  
 she's a hundred but she's wearing something tight  
 C  
 And I lift my glass to the Awful Truth  
 which you can't reveal to the Ears of Youth  
 G B7 Em  
 except to say it isn't worth a dime  
 D  
 And the whole damn place goes crazy twice  
 and it's once for the Devil and it's once for Christ  
 C  
 but the Boss don't like these dizzy heights  
 we're busted in the blinding lights  
 G  
 of CLOSING TIME  
 C  
 The whole damn place goes crazy twice  
 and it's once for the Devil and it's once for Christ  
 G B7  
 but the Boss don't like these dizzy heights  
 Em C  
 we're busted in the blinding lights  
 (busted in the blinding lights)  
 busted in the blinding lights  
 G D  
 of CLOSING TIME, CLOSING TIME  
 G  
 Oh, the women tear their blouses off  
 D  
 and the men they dance on the polka dots, it's CLOSING TIME

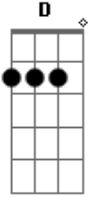
And it's partner found, and it's partner lost  
 and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops  
 it's CLOSING TIME  
 I swear it happned just like this:  
 A sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss, it's CLOSING TIME

The gates of love they budged an inch  
 I can't say much has happned since but CLOSING TIME  
 I loved you when our love was blessed  
 I love you now, there's nothing left but CLOSING TIME  
 And I missed you since our place gor wrecked  
 by the winds of change and the weeds of sex, it's CLOSING TIME

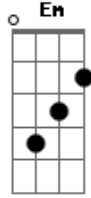
## Acordes



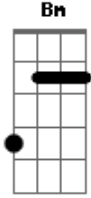
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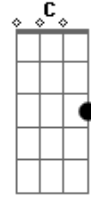
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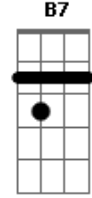
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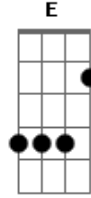
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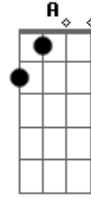
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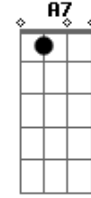
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