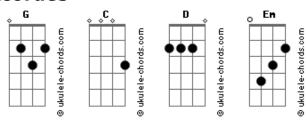


Tom: G

Leonard Cohen - Tower Of Song

Well my friends are gone and my hair is grey I ache in the places where I used to play And I'm crazy for love but I'm not coming on I'm just paying my rent everyday In the Tower of Song I said to Hank Williams: How lonely does it get? Hank Williams hasn't answered yet. But I hear him coughing all night long D A hundred floors above me In the Tower of Song I was born like this, I had no choice. I was born with the gift of a golden voice. And twenty-seven angels from the Great beyond D They tied me to this table right here In the Tower of Song So you can stick your little pins in that voodoo doll I'm very sorry, baby, doesn't look like me at all I'm standing by the window where the light is strong D They don't let a woman kill you, not

Acordes



In the Tower of Song Now you can say that I've grown bitter, but of this you may be sure: The rich have got their channels in the bedrooms of the poor And there's a mighty judgment coming But I may be wrong D You see, you hear these funny voices In the Tower of Song I see you standing on the other side I don't know how the river got so wide I loved you, baby, way back when And all the bridges are burning that we might have crossed D But I feel so close to everything that we lost We'll never have to lose it again I bid you farewell, I don't know when I'll be back They're moving us tomorrow to that tower down the track But You'll be hearing from me, baby Long after I'm gone D I'll be speaking to you sweetly from a window In the Tower of Song