

## Leonard Cohen "Democracy"

Visit "[Democracy](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

It's coming through a hole in the air  
From those nights in Tienanmen Square  
It's coming from the feel  
That this ain't exactly real  
Or it's real but it ain't exactly there

From the wars against disorder  
From the sirens night and day  
From the fires of the homeless  
From the ashes of the gay  
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

And it's coming through a crack in the wall  
On a visionary flood of alcohol  
From the staggering account  
Of the Sermon on the Mount  
Which I don't pretend to understand at all

It's coming from the silence  
On the dock of the bay  
From the brave, the bold, the battered  
Heart of Chevrolet  
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

It's coming from the sorrow in the street  
The holy places where the races meet  
From the homicidal bitchin'  
That goes down in every kitchen  
To determine who will serve and who will eat

From the wells of disappointment  
Where the women kneel to pray  
For the grace of God in the desert here  
And the desert far away  
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

Sail on, sail on  
O mighty ship of state  
To the shores of need  
Past the reefs of greed  
Through the squalls of hate  
Sail on, sail on, sail on, sail on

It's coming to America first  
The cradle of the best and of the worst  
It's here they got the range  
And the machinery for change  
And it's here they got the spiritual thirst

It's here the family's broken  
And it's here the lonely say  
That the heart has got to open  
In a fundamental way  
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

It's coming from the women and the men  
O baby we'll be making love again  
We'll be going down so deep  
The river's going to weep  
And the mountain's going to shout "Amen"

It's coming like the tidal flood  
Beneath the lunar sway  
Imperial, mysterious  
In amorous array  
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

Sail on, sail on  
O mighty ship of state  
To the shores of need  
Past the reefs of greed  
Through the squalls of hate  
Sail on, sail on, sail on, sail on

I'm sentimental if you know what I mean  
I love the country but I can't stand the scene  
And I'm neither left or right  
I'm just staying home tonight  
Getting lost in that hopeless little screen

But I'm stubborn as those garbage bags  
That time cannot decay  
I'm junk but I'm still holding up  
This little wild bouquet  
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.  
To the U.S.A.

Visit [Leonard Cohen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.