

## Leonard Cohen

### "Field Commander Cohen"

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Field Commander Cohen  
He was our most important spy  
Wounded in the line of duty  
Parachuting acid into diplomatic cocktail parties  
Urging Fidel Castro to abandon fields and castles

Leave it all and like a man  
Come back to nothing special  
Such as waiting rooms and ticket lines  
Silver bullet suicides and messianic ocean tides  
And racial roller coaster rides  
And other forms of boredom, advertised as poetry

I know you need your sleep now  
I know your life's been hard  
But many men are falling  
Where you promised to stand guard

I never asked but I heard  
You cast your lot along with the poor  
But then I overheard your prayer  
That you be this and nothing more

Than just some grateful faithful woman's  
Favorite singing millionaire  
The patron Saint of Envy and the grocer of despair  
Working for the Yankee dollar

I know you need your sleep now  
I know your life's been hard  
But many men are falling  
Where you promised to stand guard

Ah, lover come and lie with me  
If my lover is who you are  
And be your sweetest self awhile  
Until I ask for more, my child

Then let the other selves be one, yeah  
Let them manifest and come  
'Til every taste is on the tongue  
'Til love is pierced and love is hung

And every kind of freedom done

Then, oh, my love, oh, my love

Oh, my love, oh, my love

Oh, my love, oh, my love

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