

Leonard Cohen

"Night Magic - The Bells"

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(Judy) The birds they sang at break of day
Start again, I heard them say
Nor dwell on what has passed away
Or what is yet to be.

The wars they will be fought again
The holy dove be caught again
Bought and sold and bought again
Until we set them free.

Ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack in everything
The light behind to see.

Add up the parts, not yours the sum
Strike up the march, there is no drum
Every heart to love must come
Like a refugee

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