

Leonard Cohen

"Night Magic - The Third Invention"

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(Angels) Blindly he worked
At his third invention
Taking the chances
Of one who is lost
Feeling his way
To a cleaner expression
Of whatever it was
He stumbled across

All for the sake
Of a possible woman
He goaded himself
With a technical hope

For the sake of his longing
We came to the window
He put on his cloths
And he walked through the smoke

All for the sake
Of an interested woman
Riding to him
On a flicker of hope

Some tourist of beauty
In full disappointment
Ready to fall
In love with a ghost

And here was his ghost
With his third invention
The usual claim
To the highest reward

And now it was ready
His third invention
Ready to fall
In love with the world

And he falls back
And she comes forward

The eye of his labour
Measures them both

And she lies in the arms
Of his third invention
And back in his room
He commences the fourth

This is the work
Of the highest pretension
An automatic
Ode to the world

O deep in comfort
O full employment
He's lost to the fourth
He's lost to the third.

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