Leonard Cohen "Night Magic - Wishing Window"

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(Angels) Come, sleeper to the window, do you know Us know? Have we changed? Have you seen us here Before? Do you remember long ago You summoned us across the high frontier Of sleep, and bid us urgently appear. You called, we came, we waited every night, Like crystals in solution coming clear, Until your dream was sharp enough and bright To waken you with stabs of appetite. (Michael) Is this the moment in my story when The messengers of destiny prepare The usual historic specimen, Some lonely little hero starving there, And feed him with the fruits of solitaire? Is this my miracle of bread and fishes? This the mystery of answered prayer? Is this my table laid with golden dishes?

(Angels) Let us not say prayer, let's just say wishes. Don't stand there dreaming, let us in, It wasn't all that easy getting here. We had To metamorphosize at least a hundred Thousand times through all the dreary realms of Sense, just to get us from the astral, to The mental, to the solid and the dense. And that's not counting countless times we spent Manifesting aimlessly as Elements of chaos in the undifferentiated Anti-universe before We even had a chance to be unborn As shadowy particals in streams of light -- Now hurry up, we haven't got all night!

(Michael) What am I supposed to do?

(Angels) Ask for something.

(Michael) I can't think.

(Angels) Come on darling.

(Michael) Help me!

(Angels) You can ask for peace on earth. There's a few That do. Or you can ask for peace of mind. It's very rare but we've had one or two. Or ask that human suffering unwind And justify itse

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