

Leonard Cohen "Storerroom"

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I love you, without caring whom you love.
My hands below the belt, or my hands above
in the arms of other men,
or in my bed again.
It's just a man,
Taking what he needs,
From the store room,
Store room, store room.
I love to see you sitting there upon your throne,
your preachers all around you
being bored, and your prophet straight and tall.
And yet they'll undermine it all.
Just a man, just a man,
taking what he needs,
from the store room,
store room, store room.
Yeah, Shakespeare said it all, then he said no more
and he left me feeling just like a two bit whore.
Well the silence broke my heart, but yes
I spread my legs apart.
It's just a man ...
?????
?????
The hermit in the Wild,
the parent in the child.
Just a man ...
Oh my love, let us unpin you,
???? you done, bringing more:
the mother and the father, the daughter and the son.
But should one refuse to come, it does not subtract the
sum
It's just a man ...
It's not a (due?) of burning pounds that ruins your mind
like a spoon that you turn and you turn and you don't
unwind,
Though these wars that you did not stop,
they don't tear your sleep apart.
It's just a man ...
???? that keeps you up,
What a (moon?) coming like a headlight through the
window
Not the thumbnail of a screen, (?)

No best way to dream (?)
It's just a man ...
Now the woman by your side is she awake?
But there's nothing you want to give her,
and there's nothing that you really want to take.
You don't even try to prove that the noisy neighbor's
making love. (?)
It's just a man ...
I love you without caring whom you love ...

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