

## **Leonard Cohen**

# **"The Third Invention"**

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(Written By Cohen, Performed In "Night Magic")

(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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