

Leonard Cohen "Wishing Window"

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

(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 itself by what's behind.
Too abstract -- somewhat off the beaten track.
We'd like to have this contract sealed and signed.
Then we must get back -- ask for what you lack
And we will leave you, sweet insomniac.

(Michael) Well could I have someone to love?

(Angels) You can

(Michael) Can I send her away?

(Angels) We have written it down.

(Michael) Then could I call her back again?

(Angels) You certainly can, you merry-go-man.

(Michael) Could I write whatever's in my heart?

(Angels) It's on your desk, the writer's mighty pen.

(Michael) And could I sing whatever's in my heart?

(Angels) Just close your eyes and keep your lips apart.

(Michael) I could have my heart's desire when
And where and how my heart desires it?
And could I bring the whole world to my heart?

(Angels) O Jesus, not the heart, the heart again
So boring. Everyone's like everyone
Your famous heart is like an onion,
All layers and layers of wild distress
All gathered into rings round nothingness.

(Michael) But can I have it, can I have it?

(Angels) Yes!

(Michael) If woman, heart and song are mine
The rest will come, where do I sign?

(Troupe) But could he write whatever's in his heart?

(Angels) It's on his desk, the writer's mighty pen.

(Troupe) And could he sing whatever's in his heart?

(Angels) He'll close his eyes and keep his lips apart

(Everyone) And could he have his heart's desire when
And where and how his heart desires it?

(Michael) And could I bring the whole world to my
heart?

(Everyone) O Jesus, not the heart, the heart again
So boring. Everyone's like everyone
Your famous heart is like an onion,
All layers and layers of wild distress
All gathered into rings round nothingness.

(Michael) But can I have it?

(Troupe) Can he have it?

(Angels) Yes!

(Michael) Can I have it?

(Troupe) Can he have it?

(Everyone) Yes!

(Angels) The night is ending, we have many duties
Still, much gold and silver light to spill
On anxious girls and frightened boys like you,
All brooding deeply on some window sill.
But one condition there remains to fill.
One term before the heart begins to play
With other hearts the music of it's will.

(Michael) If I don't agree?

(Angels) Still you have to pay
The ordinary price that humans pay...
With suff'ring, joy, redemption, and decay!

(Michael) All my heart's desire ... let's keep the part
About joy.

(Angels) It's a package.

(Michael) ...Suffering, redemption, and decay!

(Angels) It's a bitch.

(Michael) I have to get some sleep, I'm opening
Tomorrow night.

(Angels) Then you agree?

(Michael) Yes, yes, I agree.

(Angels) ...Do you remember long ago
You summoned us across the high frontier
Of sleep and bid us urgently appear.

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