

Tower of Song

Leonard Cohen
Tom Jones

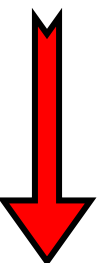
Well my friends are gone and my hair is grey
I ache in the places where I used to play
And I'm crazy for love but I'm not coming on
I'm just paying my rent every day
Oh in the Tower of Song

I said to Hank Williams: how lonely does it get?
Hank Williams hasn't answered yet
But I hear him coughing all night long
A hundred floors above me
In the Tower of Song

I was born like this, I had no choice
I was born with the gift of a golden voice
And twenty-seven angels from the Great Beyond
They tied me to this stage -- right here
In the Tower of Song

So you can stick your little pins in that voodoo doll
I'm very sorry, baby, doesn't look like me at all
I'm standing by the window where the light is strong
Ah they don't let a woman kill you
Not - in the Tower of Song

< *Lead* >



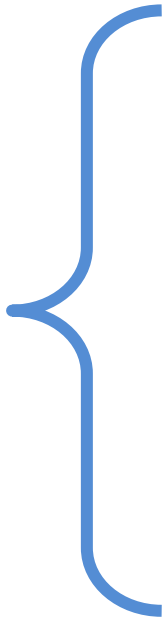
Now you can say that I've grown bitter

but of this you may be sure

The rich have got their channels in the bedrooms of the poor
& there's a mighty judgment coming, but I may be wrong

You see, you hear these funny voices

In the Tower of Song

- 
- I see you standing on the other side
 - I don't know how the river got so wide

I **loved** you baby, way back when

And all the **bridges** are burning

that **we** might have crossed

But I **feel** so close to everything that we lost

We'll never have to lose it again...

Now I **bid** you farewell, I don't know when I'll be back

They're moving us tomorrow to that tower down the track

But you'll be **hearing** from me baby, long after I'm gone

I'll be speaking to you sweetly

From a window - in the Tower of Song

I'm just paying my rent every day

In the Tower of Song