

Leonard Cohen, Almost Like the Blues

I saw some people starving
There was murder, there was rape
Their villages were burning
They were trying to escape

I couldn't meet their glances
I was staring at my shoes
It was acid, it was tragic
It was almost like the blues
It was almost like the blues

I have to die a little
Between each murderous plot
And when I'm finished thinking
I have to die a lot

There's torture, and there's killing
And there's all my bad reviews
The war, the children missing, lord
It's almost like the blues
It's almost like the blues

Though I let my heart get frozen
To keep away the rot
My father says I'm chosen
My mother says I'm not

I listened to their story
Of the Gypsies and the Jews
It was good, it wasn't boring
It was almost like the blues
It was almost like the blues

There is no God in Heaven
There is no hell below
So says the great professor
Of all there is to know

But I've had the invitation
that a sinner can't refuse
It's almost like salvation
It's almost like the blues
It's almost like the blues
Almost like the blues
(Almost like the blues)