

Leonard Cohen, Happens to the Heart

I was always working steady
but I never called it art
I got my shit together
meeting Christ and reading marx
it failed my little fire
but it's bright the dying spark
go tell the young messiah
what happens to the heart

there's a mist of summer kisses
where I tried to double park
the rivalry was vicious
the woman were in charge
it was nothing, it was business
but it left an ugly mark
I've come here to visit
what happened to the heart

I was selling holy trinkles
I was dressing kind of sharp
had a puss in the kitchen
and a panther in the yard