

# Leonard Cohen, Last Year's Man

The rain falls down on last year's man,  
that's a jew's harp on the table,  
that's a crayon in his hand.  
And the corners of the blueprint are ruined since they rolled  
far past the stems of thumbtacks  
that still throw shadows on the wood.  
And the skylight is like skin for a drum I'll never mend  
and all the rain falls down amen  
on the works of last year's man.  
I met a lady, she was playing with her soldiers in the dark  
oh one by one she had to tell them  
that her name was Joan of Arc.  
I was in that army, yes I stayed a little while;  
I want to thank you, Joan of Arc,  
for treating me so well.  
And though I wear a uniform I was not born to fight;  
all these wounded boys you lie beside,  
goodnight, my friends, goodnight.

I came upon a wedding that old families had contrived;  
Bethlehem the bridegroom,  
Babylon the bride.  
Great Babylon was naked, oh she stood there trembling for me,  
and Bethlehem inflamed us both  
like the shy one at some orgy.  
And when we fell together all our flesh was like a veil  
that I had to draw aside to see  
the serpent eat its tail.

Some women wait for Jesus, and some women wait for Cain  
so I hang upon my altar  
and I hoist my axe again.  
And I take the one who finds me back to where it all began  
when Jesus was the honeymoon  
and Cain was just the man.  
And we read from pleasant Bibles that are bound in blood and skin  
that the wilderness is gathering  
all its children back again.

The rain falls down on last year's man,  
an hour has gone by  
and he has not moved his hand.  
But everything will happen if he only gives the word;  
the lovers will rise up  
and the mountains touch the ground.  
But the skylight is like skin for a drum I'll never mend  
and all the rain falls down amen  
on the works of last year's man.