

# Leonard Cohen, Love Itself

The light came through the window,  
Straight from the sun above,  
And so inside my little room  
There plunged the rays of Love.

In streams of light I clearly saw  
The dust you seldom see,  
Out of which the Nameless makes  
A Name for one like me.

I'll try to say a little more:  
Love went on and on  
Until it reached an open door  
Then Love Itself  
Love Itself was gone.

All busy in the sunlight  
The flecks did float and dance,  
And I was tumbled up with them  
In formless circumstance.

I'll try to say a little more:  
Love went on and on  
Until it reached an open door  
Then Love Itself  
Love Itself was gone.

Then I came back from where I'd been.  
My room, it looked the same  
But there was nothing left between  
The Nameless and the Name.

All busy in the sunlight  
The flecks did float and dance,  
And I was tumbled up with them  
In formless circumstance.

I'll try to say a little more:  
Love went on and on  
Until it reached an open door  
Then Love itself,  
Love Itself was gone.  
Love Itself was gone.