

# Leonard Cohen, That Don't Make It Junk

I fought against the bottle,  
But I had to do it drunk  
Took my diamond to the pawnshop  
But that don't make it junk.

I know that I'm forgiven,  
But I don't know how I know  
I don't trust my inner feelings  
Inner feelings come and go.

How come you called me here tonight?  
How come you bother  
With my heart at all?  
You raise me up in grace,  
Then you put me in a place,  
Where I must fall.

Too late to fix another drink  
The lights are going out  
I'll listen to the darkness sing  
I know what that's about.

I tried to love you my way,  
But I couldn't make it hold.  
So I closed the Book of Longing  
And I do what I am told.

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How come you bother with my heart at all?  
You raise me up in grace,  
Then you put me in a place,  
Where I must fall.

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But I had to do it drunk  
Took my diamond to the pawnshop  
But that don't make it junk.