

# Leonard Cohen, A Bunch Of Lonesome Heroes

A bunch of lonesome and very quarrelsome heroes  
were smoking out along the open road;  
the night was very dark and thick between them,  
each man beneath his ordinary load.  
"I'd like to tell my story,"  
said one of them so young and bold,  
"I'd like to tell my story,  
before I turn into gold."  
But no one really could hear him,  
the night so dark and thick and green;  
well I guess that these heroes must always live there  
where you and I have only been.  
Put out your cigarette, my love,  
you've been alone too long;  
and some of us are very hungry now  
to hear what it is you've done that was so wrong.

I sing this for the crickets,  
I sing this for the army,  
I sing this for your children  
and for all who do not need me.  
"I'd like to tell my story,"  
said one of them so bold,  
"Oh yes, I'd like to tell my story  
'cause you know I feel I'm turning into gold."