Leonard Cohen, Don't Go Home With Your Hard-

I was born in a beauty salon
My father was a dresser of hair
My mother was a girl you could call on
When you called she was always there
When you called she was always there
When you called she was always there
When you called she was always there
When you called she was always there

Ah but don't go home with your hard-on
It will only drive you insane
You can't shake it (or break it) with your Motown
You can't melt it down in the rain

You can't melt it down in the rain
You can't melt it down in the rain
You can't melt it down in the rain

I've looked behind all of the faces
That smile you down to you knees
And the lips that say, Come on, taste us
And when you try to they make you say Please

When you try to they make you say Please
When you try to they make you say Please
When you try to they make you say Please
When you try to they make you say Please

Ah but don't go home with your hard-on ...

Here come's your bride with her veil on
Approach her, you wretch, if you dare
Approach her, you ape with your tail on
Once you have her she'll always be there

Once you have her she'll always be there
Once you have her she'll always be there
Once you have her she'll always be there
Once you have her she'll always be there

Ah but don't go home with your hard-on ...

So I work in that same beauty salon
I'm chained to the old masquerade
The lipstick, the shadow, the silicone
I follow my father's trade

I follow my father's trade
Yes I follow my father's trade
Yes I follow my father's trade
Yes I follow my father's trade

Ah but don't go home with your hard-on
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