

Leonard Cohen, Store Room

it's not the wind
that keeps you up
it's not the snow
it's not the moon
coming like a headlight
through your window
it's not the thumbnail
of a screen
that scrapes away your dreams

it's just this man
taking
what he needs
from the store room

it's not the news
of burning town
that ruins your mind
like a spool you turn and you turn
but i won't unwind

no these wars
you did not start
they don't tear your sleep apart

it's just a man
taking
what he needs
from the store room

and now this woman
by your side well
she's asleep
and there's nothing you can give her
and there's nothing you want to keep
you don't even try to prove
that the noise is neighbors making love

it's just a man
taking
what he needs
from the store room

well go to sleep
and change the locks
when you wake up
share your toast maybe
spill some coffee
from your cup

oh there's nothing left to chose
and there's so much more to lose

there's this man
taking
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from the store room

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and now the woman by your side
well she's awake
but there's nothing you can give her
and there's nothing you want to take
you don't even try to prove
that the noise is neighbors making love

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from the store room

oh go to sleep and
change the locks when
you wake up
share your toast
maybe spill a little coffee
from your cup

he's got nothing left to chose
and you've got so much more to lose

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it's not the wind