

# Leonard Cohen, The Butcher

I came upon a butcher,  
he was slaughtering a lamb,  
I accused him there  
with his tortured lamb.  
He said, "Listen to me, child,  
I am what I am  
and you, you are my only son."  
Well, I found a silver needle,  
I put it into my arm.  
It did some good,  
did some harm.  
But the nights were cold  
and it almost kept me warm,  
how come the night is long?

I saw some flowers growing up  
where that lamb fell down;  
was I supposed to praise my Lord,  
make some kind of joyful sound?  
He said, "Listen, listen to me now,  
I go round and round  
and you, you are my only child."

Do not leave me now,  
do not leave me now,  
I'm broken down  
from a recent fall.  
Blood upon my body  
and ice upon my soul,  
lead on, my son, it is your world.