

# Leonard Cohen, You Have Loved Enough

I said I'd be your lover.  
You laughed at what I said.  
I lost my job forever.  
I was counted with the dead.

I swept the marble chambers,  
But you sent me down below.  
You kept me from believing  
Until you let me know:

That I am not the one who loves  
Its love that seizes me.  
When hatred with his package comes,  
You forbid delivery.

And when the hunger for your touch  
Rises from the hunger,  
You whisper, "You have loved enough,  
Now let me be the Lover."

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