

# Closing Time

Leonard Cohen

**Intro**  
G D

**Verse**  
G Em

Bm Em

C G B7 Em

**Chorus**  
D C G

C G B7 Em C

extra bar of C 2nd and 4th time

G D

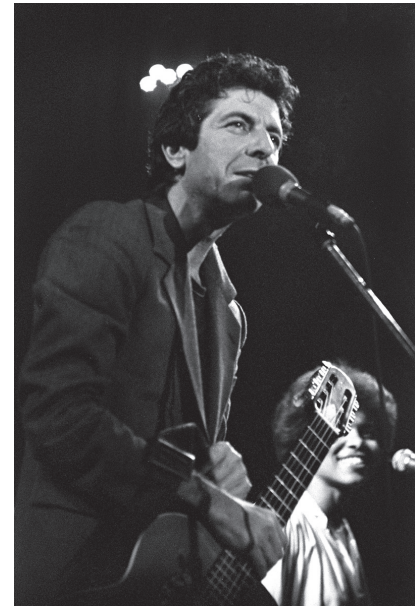
G D C Em Bm B7

**Bridge**  
Em Bm

Em A

D C G B7 Em

**Outro**  
G D



G  
Ah, we're drinking and we're dancing and the band is really happening  
Em  
and the Johnny Walker wisdom running high  
Bm  
and my very sweet companion, she's the Angel of Compassion  
Em  
and she's rubbing half the world against her thigh  
C  
and every drinker, every dancer lifts a happy face to thank her  
G B7 Em  
and the fiddler fiddles something so sublime

D  
all the women tear their blouses off. The men they dance on the polka dots  
C  
and it's partner found and it's partner lost and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops  
G  
It's Closing Time  
C

G B7 Em C  
Yeah, the women tear their blouses off and the men they dance on the polka dots  
and it's partner found and it's partner lost and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops  
G D  
It's Closing Time

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Leonard Cohen

**LEONARD COHEN**



**THE FUTURE**

<sup>G</sup>  
We're lonely, we're romantic and the cider's laced with acid  
<sup>Em</sup>  
and the Holy Spirit's crying, "Where's the beef?"  
<sup>Bm</sup>  
and the moon is swimming naked and the summer night is fragrant  
<sup>Em</sup>  
with a mighty expectation of relief  
<sup>C</sup>  
So we struggle and we stagger down the snakes and up the ladder  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>B7</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
to the tower where the blessed hours chime

<sup>D</sup>  
and I swear it happened just like this, a sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss  
<sup>C</sup>  
The Gates of Love they budged an inch. I can't say much has happened since,  
<sup>G</sup>  
but Closing Time  
<sup>C</sup>  
I swear it happened just like this, a sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>B7</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
the Gates of Love they budged an inch. I can't say much has happened since  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> *can't say much has happened since can't say much has happened since*  
but Closing Time Closing Time

<sup>Em</sup>  
I loved you for your beauty, but that doesn't make a fool of me  
<sup>Bm</sup>  
You were in it for your beauty too  
<sup>Em</sup>  
and I loved you for your body. There's a voice that sounds like God to me,  
<sup>A</sup>  
declaring *declaring* declaring *declaring*  
<sup>D</sup>  
Declaring that you're body's really *really, really, really, really*  
<sup>C</sup>  
I loved you when our love was blessed I love you now there's nothing left,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>B7</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
but sorrow and a sense of overtime

<sup>D</sup>  
and I miss you since the place got wrecked, but I just don't care what happens next  
<sup>C</sup>  
Looks like freedom but it feels like death. It's something in between, I guess  
<sup>G</sup>  
It's Closing Time  
<sup>C</sup>  
Yeah, I miss you since the place got wrecked by the winds of change and the weeds of sex  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>B7</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
looks like freedom but it feels like death it's something in between, I guess  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
It's Closing Time



# Closing Time

Leonard Cohen

Yeah, we're drinking and we're dancing, but there's nothing really happening  
The place is dead as Heaven on a Saturday night  
And my very close companion gets me fumbling, gets me laughing  
She's a hundred but she's wearing something tight  
and I lift my glass to the awful truth which you can't reveal to the ears of youth  
except to say it isn't worth a dime

and the whole damn place goes crazy twice and it's once for the Devil and it's once for Christ,  
but the Boss don't like these dizzy heights. We're busted in the blinding lights  
of Closing Time, Closing Time, Closing Time

The whole damn place goes crazy twice and it's once for the Devil and it's once for Christ,  
but the Boss don't like these dizzy heights. We're busted in the blinding lights  
of Closing Time, Closing Time *busted in the blinding lights, busted in the blinding lights*

Oh, the women tear their blouses off and the men they dance on the polka dots  
It's Closing Time  
and it's partner found, and it's partner lost and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops  
it's Closing Time  
I swear it happened just like this, A sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss  
It's Closing Time  
The gates of love they budged an inch I can't say much has happned since,  
but Closing Time  
I loved you when our love was blessed I love you now, there's nothing left,  
but Closing Time  
And I missed you since our place gor wrecked by the winds of change and the weeds of sex  
It's Closing Time

