

Closing Time

Leonard Cohen

G D G D

- G**
1. Ah, we're drinking and we're dancing
And the band is really happening
Em
And the Johnny Walker wisdom running high
Hm
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 **H7** **Em**
And the fiddler fiddles something so sublime

- D**
2. 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
Yeah, the women tear their blouses off
The men they dance on the polka dots
G **H7**
And it's partner found and it's partner lost
Em **C**
And it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops
G **D**
It's closing time

- G**
3. We're lonely, we're romantic
And the cider's laced with acid
Em
And the Holy Spirit's crying, "Where's the beef?"
Hm
And the moon is swimming naked
And the summer night is fragrant
Em
With a mighty expectation of relief

- C**
4. So we struggle and we stagger
Down the snakes and up the ladder
G **H7** **Em**
To the tower where the blessed hours chime
D
And I swear it happened just like this:
A sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss
C
The Gates of Love they budged an inch

I can't say much has happened since

G

But closing time

C

I swear it happned just like this:

A sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss

G

H7

The Gates of Love they budged an inch

Em

C

I can't say much has happened since

(can't say much has happned since, can't say much has happened since)

G

D

But closing time, closing time

Em

*: I loved you for your beauty

But that doesn't make a fool of me

Hm

You were in it for your beauty too

Em

And I loved you for your body

There's a voice that sounds like God to me

A

A7

Declaring (declaring) declaring (declaring)

D

Declaring that you're body's really you (really really really really)

C

I loved you when our love was blessed

I love you now there's nothing left

G

H7

Em

But sorrow and a sense of overtime

D

5. And I miss you since the place got wrecked

But I just don't care what happens next

C

Looks like freedom but it feels like death

It's something in between, I guess

G

It's closing time

C

Yeah. I miss you since the place got wrecked

by the winds of change and the weeds of sex

G

H7

looks like freedom but it feels like death

Em

C

it's something in between, I guess

G

D

it's closing time

G

6. Yeah, we're drinking and we're dancing

But there's nothing really happening

Em

The place is dead as Heaven on a Saturday night

Hm

And my very close companion

Gets me fumbling gets me laughing

Em

She's a hundred but she's wearing something tight

C

7. And I lift my glass to the Awful Truth

Which you can't reveal to the Ears of Youth

G **H7** **Em**

Except to say it isn't worth a dime

D

And the whole damn place goes crazy twice

And it's once for the Devil and it's once for Christ

C

But the Boss don't like these dizzy heights

We're busted in the blinding lights

G

Of closing time

C

The whole damn place goes crazy twice

And it's once for the Devil and it's once for Christ

G

H7

But the Boss don't like these dizzy heights

Em

C

We're busted in the blinding lights

(busted in the blinding lights)

Busted in the blinding lights

G

D

Of closing time, closing time

G

8. Oh, the women tear their blouses off

And the men they dance on the polka dots,

D

It's closing time

G

And it's partner found, and it's partner lost

And it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops

D

It's closing time

G

I swear it happned just like this:

A sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss,

D

It's closing time

G

The gates of love they budged an inch

I can't say much has happned since

D

But closing time

G

I loved you when our love was blessed

I love you now, there's nothing left

D

But closing time

G

And I missed you since our place got wrecked

By the winds of change and the weeds of sex,

D

It's closing time