Closing Time

**Leonard Cohen**

[G] [D] [G] [D]

Ah, we're [G] drinking and we're dancing

and the band is really happening

and the [Em] Johnny Walker wisdom running high,

And my [Bm] very sweet companion,

she's the Angel of Compassion

and she's [Em] rubbing half the world against her thigh.

And every [C] drinker, every dancer

lifts a happy face to thank her

and the [G] fiddler fiddles [B7] something so sub[Em]lime

all the [D] women tear their blouses off

the men they dance on the polka dots

and it's [C] partner found and it's partner lost

and it's [Em] hell to pay when the [C] fiddler stops

it's [G] CLOSING TIME (closing time closing time closing time)

Yeah, the [C] women tear their blouses off

the men they dance on the polka dots

and it's [G] partner found and it's [B7] partner lost

and it's [Em] hell to pay when the [C] fiddler stops

... it's [G] CLOSING TIME [D]

We're [G] lonely, we're romantic

and the cider's laced with acid

and the [Em] Holy Spirit's crying, "Where's the beef?"

And the [Bm] moon is swimming naked

and the summer night is fragrant

with a [Em] mighty expectation of relief

So we [C] struggle and we stagger

down the snakes and up the ladder

to the [G] tower where the [B7] blessed hours [Em] chime

and I [D] swear it happened just like this:

a sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss

the [C] Gates of Love they budged an inch

I can't say much has happened since

but [G] CLOSING TIME (closing time closing time closing time)

I [C] swear it happned just like this:

a sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss

the [G] Gates of Love they [B7] budged an inch

I [Em] can't say much has [C] happened since

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

but [G] CLOSING TIME, [D] CLOSING TIME

I [Em] loved you for your beauty

but that doesn't make a fool of me

[Bm] you were in it for your beauty too

and I [Em] loved you for your body

there's a voice that sounds like God to me

[A] declaring (declaring) declaring ([A7]declaring)

[D]declaring that you're body's really you (really really really really)

I [C] loved you when our love was blessed

I love you now there's nothing left

but [G] sorrow and a [B7] sense of over[Em]time

and I [D] 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

it's [G] CLOSING TIME

Yeah. I [C] miss you since the place got wrecked

by the winds of change and the weeds of sex

[G] looks like freedom but it [B7] feels like death

it's [Em] something in be[C]tween, I guess

... it's [G] CLOSING TIME [D]

Yeah, we're [G] drinking and we're dancing

but there's nothing really happening

The [Em] place is dead as Heaven on a Saturday night

And my [Bm] very close companion

gets me fumbing gets me laughing

she's a [Em] hundred but she's wearing something tight

And I [C] lift my glass to the Awful Truth

which you can't reveal to the Ears of Youth

[G] except to say it [B7] isn't worth a [Em] dime

And the [D] whole damn place goes crazy twice

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

but the [C] Boss don't like these dizzy heights

we're busted in the blinding lights

of [G] CLOSING TIME

The [C] whole damn place goes crazy twice

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

but the [G] Boss don't like these [B7] dizzy heights

we're [Em] busted in the [C] blinding lights

(busted in the blinding lights)

busted in the blinding lights

of [G] CLOSING TIME, [D] CLOSING TIME

Oh, the [G] women tear their blouses off

and the men they dance on the polka dots, it's [D] CLOOOOSING TIME

And it's [G] partner found, and it's partner lost

and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops it's [D] CLOOOOSING TIME

I [G] swear it happned just like this:

A sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss, it's [D] CLOOOOSING TIME

The [G] gates of love they budged an inch

I can't say much has happned since but [D] CLOOOOSING TIME

I [G] loved you when our love was blessed

I love you now, there's nothing left but [D] CLOOOOSING TIME

And I [G] missed you since our place gor wrecked

by the winds of change and the weeds of sex, it's [D] CLOOOOSING TIME