We are aging soldiers in an ancient war

Seeking out some half remembered shore

We drink our fill and still we thirst for more

Asking if there's no heaven what is this hunger for?

Our path is worn our feet are poorly shod

We lift up our prayer against the odds

And fear the silence is the voice of God, of God, of God

And we cry Hallelujah, Hallelujah, we cry Hallelujah

Sorrow is constant and the joys are brief

The seasons come and bring no sweet relief

Time is a brutal but a careless thief

Who takes our lot but leaves behind the grief

It is the heart that kills us in the end

Just one more old broken bone that cannot mend

As it was now and ever shall be amen, amen, amen

Laura, are you still living there

On your estate of sorrows?

You used to leave it occasionally

But now you don't even bother

To ride that commuter train, west to Chicago

To stroll through the greenery in the park past the statues

How their eyes seemed to follow you like a hated addiction

Their beauty carved out of absolutes that you could never claim

Or even envision

Laura, you were the saddest song

In the shape of a woman

Yeah, I thought you were beautiful

But I wept with your movements

But I hope that you're laughing now from that place on the carpet

Where we shared a sleeping bag in your sister's apartment

Oh, how she would worry so

You know, I was just a stranger

But she asked me to care for you, yes she did

And I went and betrayed her

But do you know we're in high demand, Laura, us people who suffer

Because we don't take to arguing

And we're quick to surrender

Well, I think I would call tonight if I still had your number

Your thoughts have always lain close to mine

Yeah, we were both skipping supper

But you should never be embarrassed by your trouble with living

Because it's the ones with the sorest throats, Laura

Who have done the most singing

Everybody

Lalalala . . .

Read more at <http://www.songmeanings.net/songs/view/107538/#kej6ymmw88vltIM1.99>

You've long been on the open road,

You've been sleeping in the rain,

From dirty words and muddy cells

Your clothes are smeared and stained,

But the dirty words and muddy cells

Will soon be hid in shame

So only stop to rest yourself

Till you are off again

Chorus:

So tell me of the ones you saw

As far as you could see

Across the plain from field to town

A-marching to be free

And of the rusted prison gates

That tumbled by degree

Like laughing children, one by one,

They look like you and me

Chorus.

I know you are no stranger down

The crooked rainbow trails

From dancing cliff-edged shattered sills

Of slandered, shackled jails

For the voices drift up from below

As the walls they're being scaled

Yes, all of this, and more, my friend,

Your song shall not be failed.

So take off your thirsty boots

 and stay for a while,

 Your feet are hot and weary,

 from a dusty mile,

 And maybe I can make you laugh,

 maybe I can try,

 I'm just looking for the evening,

 the morning in your eye.

Chorus.

Yes, you've long been on the open road

You've been sleeping in the rain

From dirty words and muddy cells

Your clothes are smeared and stained

But the dirty words, the muddy cells,

They'll soon be judged insane

So only stop to rest yourself

'til you are off again.

Chorus.

Sam Stone came home,

To his wife and family

After serving in the conflict overseas.

And the time that he served,

Had shattered all his nerves,

And left a little shrapnel in his knee.

But the morphine eased the pain,

And the grass grew round his brain,

And gave him all the confidence he lacked,

With a Purple Heart and a monkey on his back.

Chorus:

There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes,

Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose.

Little pitchers have big ears,

Don't stop to count the years,

Sweet songs never last too long on broken radios.

Mmm....

Sam Stone's welcome home

Didn't last too long.

He went to work when he'd spent his last dime

And Sammy took to stealing

When he got that empty feeling

For a hundred dollar habit without overtime.

And the gold rolled through his veins

Like a thousand railroad trains,

And eased his mind in the hours that he chose,

While the kids ran around wearin' other peoples' clothes...

Repeat Chorus:

Sam Stone was alone

When he popped his last balloon

Climbing walls while sitting in a chair

Well, he played his last request

While the room smelled just like death

With an overdose hovering in the air

But life had lost its fun

And there was nothing to be done

But trade his house that he bought on the G. I. Bill

For a flag draped casket on a local heroes' hill.

Repeat Chorus

Just before our love got lost you said

"I am as constant as a northern star"

And I said, "Constant in the darkness

Where's that at?

If you want me I'll be in the bar"

On the back of a cartoon coaster

In the blue TV screen light

I drew a map of Canada

Oh Canada

With your face sketched on it twice

Oh you are in my blood like holy wine

Oh and you taste so bitter but you taste so sweet

Oh I could drink a case of you

I could drink a case of you darling

Still I'd be on my feet

I'd still be on my feet

Oh I am a lonely painter

I live in a box of paints

I'm frightened by the devil

And I'm drawn to those ones that ain't afraid

I remember that time that you told me, you said

"Love is touching souls"

Surely you touched mine

"Cause part of you pours out of me

In these lines from time to time

Oh you are in my blood like holy wine

And you taste so bitter but you taste so sweet

Oh I could drink a case of you

I could drink a case of you darling

Still I'd be on my feet

I'd still be on my feet

I met a woman

She had a mouth like yours

She knew your life

She knew your devils and your deeds

And she said

"Go to him, stay with him if you can

Oh but be prepared to bleed"

Oh but you are in my blood you're my holy wine

Oh and you taste so bitter but you taste so sweet

I could drink a case of you darling

Still I'd be on my feet

Still I'd be on my feet

I'd still be on my feet

Read more at <http://www.songmeanings.net/songs/view/60025/#cSwS9FQm1y9K0jHL.99>

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now

Cartwheels turn to car wheels through the town

And they tell him, "Take your time. It won't be long now.

'Til your drag your feet to slow the circles down"

And the seasons they go 'round and 'round

And the painted ponies go up and down

We're captive on the carousel of time

We can't return we can only look behind

From where we came

And go round and round and round

In the circle game

And who by fire?

Who by water?

Who in the sunshine?

Who in the night time?

Who by high ordeal?

Who by common trial?

Who in your merry merry month of May?

Who by very slow decay?

And who shall I say is calling?

(Who shall I say is calling?)

And who in her lonely slip?

Who by barbiturate?

Who in these realms of love?

Who by something blunt?

Who by avalanche?

Who by powder?

Who for his greed?

Who for his hunger?

And who shall I say is calling?

(Who shall I say is calling?)

And who by brave assent?

Who by accident?

Who in solitude?

Who in this mirror?

Who by his lady's command?

Who by his own hand?

Who in mortal chains?

Who in power?

And who shall I say is calling?

(Who shall I say is calling?)

Read more: LEONARD COHEN - WHO BY FIRE LYRICS

(Paul Simon)

Many's, the time I'v been mistaken

And many times confused

Yes, and often felt forsaken

And certainly misused

But I'm all right, I'm all right

I'm just weary to my bones

Still, you don't expect to be

Bright and bon vivant

So far away from home, so far away Irom home

And I don't know a soul who's not been battered

I don't have a friend who feels at ease

I don't know a dream that's not been shattered

or driven to its knees

But it's all right, it's all right

We've lived so well so long

Still, when I think of the road

we're traveling on

I wonder what went wrong

I can't help it, I wonder what went wrong

A Hard Rain's A-gonna Fall

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?

Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?

I’ve stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,

I’ve walked and I’ve crawled on six crooked highways,

I’ve stepped in the middle of seven sad forests,

I’ve been out in front of a dozen dead oceans,

I’ve been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard,

And it’s a hard, and it’s a hard, it’s a hard, and it’s a hard,

And it’s a hard rain’s a-gonna fall.

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?

Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?

I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it

I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it,

I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin’,

I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin’,

I saw a white ladder all covered with water,

I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,

I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children,

And it’s a hard, and it’s a hard, it’s a hard, it’s a hard,

And it’s a hard rain’s a-gonna fall.

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?

And what did you hear, my darling young one?

I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin’,

Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,

Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin’,

Heard ten thousand whisperin’ and nobody listenin’,

Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin’,

Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,

Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley,

And it’s a hard, and it’s a hard, it’s a hard, it’s a hard,

And it’s a hard rain’s a-gonna fall.

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?

Who did you meet, my darling young one?

I met a young child beside a dead pony,

I met a white man who walked a black dog,

I met a young woman whose body was burning,

I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,

I met one man who was wounded in love,

I met another man who was wounded with hatred,

And it’s a hard, it’s a hard, it’s a hard, it’s a hard,

It’s a hard rain’s a-gonna fall.

Oh, what’ll you do now, my blue-eyed son?

Oh, what’ll you do now, my darling young one?

I’m a-goin’ back out ’fore the rain starts a-fallin’,

I’ll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest,

Where the people are many and their hands are all empty,

Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,

Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,

Where the executioner’s face is always well hidden,

Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,

Where black is the color, where none is the number,

And I’ll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,

And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,

Then I’ll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin’,

But I’ll know my song well before I start singin’,

And it’s a hard, it’s a hard, it’s a hard, it’s a hard,

It’s a hard rain’s a-gonna fall.