

# Leonard Cohen, Happens to the Heart

I was always working steady  
but I never called it art  
I got my shit together  
meeting Christ and reading marx  
it failed my little fire  
but it's bright the dying spark  
go tell the young messiah  
what happens to the heart

there's a mist of summer kisses  
where I tried to double park  
the rivalry was vicious  
the woman were in charge  
it was nothing, it was business  
but it left an ugly mark  
I've come here to visit  
what happened to the heart

I was selling holy trinkles  
I was dressing kind of sharp  
had a puss in the kitchen  
and a panther in the yard