

# The Letters

Song by Leonard Cohen

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## Lyrics

You never liked to get  
The letters that I sent.  
But now you've got the gist  
Of what my letters meant.  
You're reading them again,  
The ones you didn't burn.  
You press them to your lips,  
My pages of concern.  
I said there'd been a flood.  
I said there's nothing left.  
I hoped that you would come.  
I gave you my address.  
Your story was so long,  
The plot was so intense,  
It took you years to cross  
The lines of self-defense.  
The wounded forms appear:  
The loss, the full extent;  
And simple kindness here,  
The solitude of strength.  
You walk into my room.  
You stand there at my desk,  
Begin your letter to  
The one who's coming next.

Source: [LyricFind](#)