

Leonard Cohen, The Goal

i can't leave my house
or answer the phone
I am going down again
but I am not alone
settling at least
accounts of the soul
this from the trash
that pain in full
as for the fall
it began long ago

can't stop the rain
can't stop the snow
I sit in my chair
I look at the street
the neighbor returns my smile of defeat

I move whit the leaves
I shine whit the chrome
I am almost alive
I am almost at home
no one to follow
and nothing to teach
except that the goal
falls short of the reach