

# 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