Field Commander Cohen Leonard Cohen

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#-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
#----#
Date: Sat, 3 Jan 1998 20:16:24 -0700 (MST)
From: T Dymarz
Subject: CRD:c/cohen_leonard/field_commander_cohen.crd
tabbed by Tullia Dymarz tdymarz@gpu.srv.ualberta.ca
Instructions: CAPO 5
strum each of the x s
(*) indicates the chord should be played in this manner:
Bbm
             Ebm
b----1---|----3---3---|
g---2---2|---2--2-
d-----|-0-----|
a-0-----|
E-----
Field Commander Cohen - New Skin for the Old Ceremony
C \times \times \times \times \times \times \times
        	ext{x} 	ext{ } 	ext{x} 	ext{ } 	ext{x} 	ext{ } 	ext{x} 	ext{ } 	ext{G}
                                   x \times x
 Field Commander Cohen, he was our most important spy.
       x \quad x \quad x \quad x \quad x \quad x
 Wounded in the line of duty,
Dm x x x x x x C x
                            {\tt x} {\tt x} {\tt Gm} {\tt x}
  parachuting acid into diplomatic cocktail parties,
Bb x x x x x x x F x x x Cm x x x
 urging Fidel Castro to abandon fields and castles.
               x x Dm
        Bb x
 Leave it all and like a man,
                 F:bm
come back to nothing special,
       *Bbm
                       *Bbm
such as waiting rooms and ticket lines,
               *Bbm
silver bullet suicides,
and messianic ocean tides,
*Ebm
and racial roller-coaster rides
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*B *Bb

and other forms of boredom advertised as poetry.

F F F (just the bottom note)

Cm Eb

I know you need your sleep now,

Bb

I know your life s been hard.

Cm E

But many men are falling,

Вb

where you promised to stand guard.

C x x x x x x x x x Bb x x x

I never asked but I heard you cast your lot along with the poor.

F x x x x x

But then I overheard your prayer,

Dm x x x x x x

that you be this and nothing more

C x x x Gm x x x Bb x x x

than just some grateful faithful woman s favourite singing

 $x \quad x \quad x \quad x$

millionaire,

F x x x Cm x x x Bb x x x Dm the patron Saint of envy and the grocer of despair,

F Bb

working for the Yankee Dollar.

FFFF

Cm

I know you need your sleep now ...

 $\hbox{\tt C} \qquad \hbox{\tt x} \qquad$

Ah, lover come and lie with me, if my lover is who you are,

F x x x x x x x Dm x x x x x x

and be your sweetest self awhile until I ask for more, my child.

F x x x x x x

till every taste is on the tongue,

Bb x x x Dm x x x

till love is pierced and love is hung,

Bb x x x Dm x x x

and every kind of freedom done, then

*Bbm *F# *Bbm *F# *Bbm *F#

oh my love, oh my love, oh my love,...