

Field Commander Cohen
Leonard Cohen

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#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. #
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Instructions: CAPO 5
strum each of the x s
(*) indicates the chord should be played in this manner:

G#m	C#m
e-----0---0-- -----1---1---	
b-----1---1-- -----3---3---	
g---2---2---2 ---2---2---2-	
d----- -0-----	
a-0----- -----	
E----- -----	

Field Commander Cohen - New Skin for the Old Ceremony

C x x x x x x x

C x x x x G x x x Bb x x x

Field Commander Cohen, he was our most important spy.

F x x x x x x

Wounded in the line of duty,

Dm x x x x C x x Gm x x

parachuting acid into diplomatic cocktail parties,

Bb x x x x F x x Cm x x x

urging Fidel Castro to abandon fields and castles.

Bb x x x Dm

Leave it all and like a man,

A C#m

come back to nothing special,

*G#m *G#m

such as waiting rooms and ticket lines,

*C#m *G#m

silver bullet suicides,

*C#m *G#m

and messianic ocean tides,

*C#m *G#m

and racial roller-coaster rides

***A**

***G#**

and other forms of boredom advertised as poetry.

Eb Eb Eb Eb (just the bottom note)

Bbm C#

I know you need your sleep now,

G#

I know your life s been hard.

Bbm C#

But many men are falling,

G#

where you promised to stand guard.

C x x x x x x x G 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 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 x x 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,

Eb G#

working for the Yankee Dollar.

Eb Eb Eb Eb

Bbm

I know you need your sleep now ...

C x x x x x x x G x x x Bb x x x
Ah, lover come and lie with me, if my lover is who you are,

F 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.

C x x x Gm x x x Bb x x x x x x
Then let the other selves be wrong, yeah, let them manifest and come

F x x x Cm 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

***G#m *E *G#m *E *G#m *E**

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