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Master Song
Leonard Cohen

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The pattern remains the same throughout the song: play the verse then the intro (played twice at the start) once.

[Intro:] X2

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-3-------------3-----------------------------------------|
------------------------------1-------------1------------|
---0---0---0-----0---0---0-----0---0---0-----0---0---0--|
-----2---3---------2---3---------2---3---------2---3----|
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G# **Gm**
I believe that you heard your master sing
G# **Gm**
when I was sick in bed.
G# **Gm**
I suppose that he told you everything
G# **Gm**
that I keep locked away in my head.
G# **Cm**
Your master took you travelling,
Eb **F**
well at least that s what you said.
Bb **Bb/A** **Bb** **Bb/A**
And now do you come back to bring
Eb **D**
your prisoner wine and bread?

[Intro] x1

You met him at some temple, where
they take your clothes at the door.
He was just a numberless man in a chair
who d just come back from the war.
And you wrap up his tired face in your hair
and he hands you the apple core.
Then he touches your lips now so suddenly bare

of all the kisses we put on some time before.

And he gave you a German Shepherd to walk
with a collar of leather and nails,
and he never once made you explain or talk
about all of the little details,
such as who had a word and who had a rock,
and who had you through the mails.
Now your love is a secret all over the block,
and it never stops not even when your master fails.

And he took you up in his aeroplane,
which he flew without any hands,
and you cruised above the ribbons of rain
that drove the crowd from the stands.
Then he killed the lights in a lonely Lane
and, an ape with angel glands,
erased the final wisps of pain
with the music of rubber bands.

And now I hear your master sing,
you kneel for him to come.
His body is a golden string
that your body is hanging from.
His body is a golden string,
my body has grown numb.
Oh now you hear your master sing,
your shirt is all undone.

And will you kneel beside this bed
that we polished so long ago,
before your master chose instead
to make my bed of snow?
Your eyes are wild and your knuckles are red
and you re speaking far too low.
No I can t make out what your master said
before he made you go.

Then I think you re playing far too rough
for a lady who s been to the moon;
I ve lain by this window long enough
to get used to an empty room.
And your love is some dust in an old man s cough
who is tapping his foot to a tune,
and your thighs are a ruin, you want too much,
let s say you came back some time too soon.

I loved your master perfectly
I taught him all that he knew.
He was starving in some deep mystery
like a man who is sure what is true.
And I sent you to him with my guarantee
I could teach him something new,

and I taught him how you would long for me
no matter what he said no matter what you d do.

I believe that you heard your master sing
while I was sick in bed,
I m sure that he told you everything
I must keep locked away in my head.
Your master took you travelling,
well at least that s what you said,
And now do you come back to bring
your prisoner wine and bread?

Chords:
Bb/A (x0333x)