

Stories Of The Street  
Leonard Cohen

[Intro]

**Am**

1:           **Am**                   **C**  
The stories of the street are mine,  
          **Em**                   **Bm**  
The Spanish voices laugh...  
**Am**                           **C**  
The Cadillacs go creeping down  
                          **Em**                                   **Bm**  
Through the night and the poison gas  
          **Am**                   **F**  
And I lean from my window-sill  
                  **G**       **F#**       **B**  
In this old hotel I chose  
          **E**                   **A**  
With one hand on my suicide  
**E**                           **D**                   **A**       **Am**  
One hand on the rose... hmmm

2:           I know you ve heard it s over now  
          And war must surely come  
          The cities they are broke in half  
          And the middle-men are gone...  
          But let me ask you one more time  
          Oh Children of the Dust...  
          These hundreds who are shrieking now,  
          Oh do they speak for us?   Hmmm...

3:           And where do all these highways go  
          Now that we are free?  
          Why are the armies marching still  
          That were coming home to me?  
          Oh lady, with your legs so fine,  
          Oh stranger at your wheel...  
          You are locked inside your suffering  
          And your pleasures are the seal... Hmmm...

4:           The Age of Lust is giving birth  
          And both the parents ask  
          The nurse to tell them fairytales  
          On both sides of the glass...  
          And now the infant with its cord  
          Is hauled in like a kite...  
          With one eye filled with blueprints  
          And one eye filled with night... Hmmm...

5: Oh come with me my little one  
And we will find that farm  
And grow us grass and apples there  
And keep all the animals warm...  
And if by chance I wake at night  
And I ask you who I am  
Oh then take me to the slaughter-house  
I will wait there with the lamb... Hmmm...

6: With one hand on a hexagram  
And one hand on a girl  
I balance on a wishing-well  
That all men call the world...  
We are so small between the stars;  
So large against the sky...  
And lost among the subway crowds  
I try to catch your eye... Hmmm...

This has been one of my favourite Leonard Cohen songs for many years. I saw a version was posted on this site already, but it was in Em... this version, which I believe is perhaps the original key, is in Am. I haven't tried the Em version yet, but I'm betting this version sounds better... Let me know if I'm right!