

Les últimes cançons de Leonard Cohen

I'm going down again/ But I'm not alone

Set mesos després que morís Leonard Cohen (el 7 de novembre del 2016), el seu fill Adam - també músic- es va retirar sol en un garatge proper a la casa on vivia el seu pare per treballar amb el material que li havia confiat. Si Adam ja havia col·laborat amb *You Want It Darker*, el disc que Leonard va publicar mesos abans de morir, ara ha donat forma -amb col·laboracions com la de Javier Mas, Bryce Dessner, Damien Rice o fins i tot Sílvia Pérez Cruz- al disc pòstum *Thanks for the Dance*. «Quan vam fer els arranjaments musicals perquè s'adaptessin a les seves paraules, vam escollir les seves marques musicals més característiques, i vam aconseguir que ell estigués amb nosaltres". "El que més m'emociona del disc és la gran sorpresa que han tingut els que l'han escoltat, anaven dient: "Leonard es viu!". Aquest disc es publicarà el 22 de novembre. N'escoltem els dos primers avançaments: *Happens to the Heart* i *The Goal*.

V?deo: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2AMMb9CiScI>

I was always working steady
But I never called it art
I got my shit together
Meeting Christ and reading Marx
It failed my little fire
But it's bright the dying spark
Go tell the young messiah
What happens to the heart

There's a mist of summer kisses
Where I tried to double-park
The rivalry was vicious
The women were in charge
It was nothing, it was business
But it left an ugly mark
I've come here to revisit
What happens to the heart

I was selling holy trinkets
I was dressing kind of sharp
Had a pussy in the kitchen
And a panther in the yard

In the prison of the gifted
I was friendly with the guards
So I never had to witness
What happens to the heart

I should have seen it coming
After all I knew the chart
Just to look at her was trouble
It was trouble from the start
Sure we played a stunning couple
But I never liked the part
It ain't pretty, it ain't subtle

What happens to the heart

Now the angel's got a fiddle
The devil's got a harp
Every soul is like a minnow
Every mind is like a shark
I've broken every window
But the house, the house is dark
I care but very little
What happens to the heart

Then I studied with this beggar
He was filthy, he was scarred
By the claws of many women
He had failed to disregard
No fable here no lesson
No singing meadowlark
Just a filthy beggar guessing
What happens to the heart

I was always working steady
But I never called it art
It was just some old convention
Like the horse before the cart
I had no trouble betting
On the flood, against the ark
You see, I knew about the ending
What happens to the heart

I was handy with a rifle
My father's
I fought for something final
Not the right to disagree

V?deo: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mszJwXsZwKM>
I can't leave my house
Or answer the phone
I'm going down again
But I'm not alone

Settling at?last
Accounts?of the soul
This?for the trash
That paid 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 with the leaves

I shine with the chrome
I'm almost alive
I'm almost at home

No one to follow
And nothing to teach
Except that the goal
Falls short of the reach



Thanks for the dance

