

Democracy
written by Leonard Cohen

Intro: C#

C# F# C#
It's coming through a hole in the air
C# G# C#
From those nights in Tiananmen Square
F#
It's coming from the feel
B F#
That this ain't exactly real
C#
Or it's real, but it ain't exactly there
F Fsus4 F
From the wars against disorder
A#m/f Fsus4 A#m/f
From the sirens night and day
F Fsus4 F
From the fires of the homeless
A#m/f Fsus4 A#m/f
From the ashes of the gay:
G# F# C# . . . | F#m . . . | C# . . . | F#m . . . |
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

C# . . . | | | |

It's coming through a crack in the wall
On a visionary flood of alcohol
From the staggering account
Of the Sermon on the Mount
Which I don't pretend to understand at all
It's coming from the silence
On the dock of the bay
From the brave, the bold, the battered
Heart of Chevrolet:
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

It's coming from the sorrow on the street
The holy places where the races meet
From the homicidal bitchin'
That goes down in every kitchen
To determine who will serve and who will eat
From the wells of disappointment
Where the women kneel to pray
For the grace of God in the desert here
And the desert far away:
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

Chorus:

G# F#
Sail on, sail on
C#
O mighty Ship of State!
G#
To the Shores of Need
F#
Past the Reefs of Greed
C#
Through the Squalls of Hate
D#m G# F# C#
Sail on, sail on, sail on, sail on

It's coming to America first
The cradle of the best and of the worst
It's here they got the range

And the machinery for change
 And it's here they got the spiritual thirst
 It's here the family is broken
 And it's here the lonely say
 That the heart has got to open
 In a fundamental way:
 Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

It's coming from the women and the men
 O baby, we'll be making love again
 We'll be going down so deep
 That the river's going to weep
 And the mountain's going to shout Amen!
 It's coming like the tidal flood
 Beneath the lunar sway
 Imperial, mysterious
 In amorous array:
 Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

Chorus:
 Sail on, sail on
 O mighty Ship of State!
 To the Shores of Need
 Past the Reefs of Greed
 Through the Squalls of Hate
 Sail on, sail on, sail on, sail on

I'm sentimental, if you know what I mean:
 I love the country but I can't stand the scene
 And I'm neither left or right
 I'm just staying home tonight
 Getting lost in that hopeless little screen
 But I'm stubborn as those garbage bags
 That Time cannot decay
 I'm junk but I'm still holding up
 This little wild bouquet:
 Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

Guitarist friendly version

Capo 1st fret

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 E Esus4 E
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 Am/e Esus4 Am/e
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 From the fires of the homeless
 Am/e Esus4 Am/e
 From the ashes of the gay:
 G F C . . . | Fm . . . | C . . . | Fm . . . |
 Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.
 C . . . | | | |

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Chorus:

 G F
Sail on, sail on

 C
O mighty Ship of State!

 G
To the Shores of Need

 F
Past the Reefs of Greed

 C
Through the Squalls of Hate

 Dm G F C
Sail on, sail on, sail on, sail on

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