

The Captain
written by Leonard Cohen

Intro: C . . . | G . . . | F . . . | C . . . |

Now the ^C Captain called me to his ^G bed

He ^F fumbled for my ^C hand

"Take these ^F silver ^C bars," he said

"I'm ^G giving you ^C command."

"Command of what, there's ^C no one ^{C7} here

There's ^F only you and ^C me

All the ^G rest are dead or in ^G retreat

Or ^F with the ^C enemy."

"Complain, complain, that's all you've done
Ever since we lost

If it's not the Crucifixion
Then it's the Holocaust."

"May Christ have mercy on your soul
For making such a joke
Amid these hearts that burn like coal
And the flesh that rose like smoke."

"I know that you have suffered, lad
But suffer this awhile
Whatever makes a soldier sad
Will make a killer smile."

"I'm leaving, Captain, I've got to go
There's blood upon your hand
But tell me, Captain, if you know
Of a decent place to stand."

"There is no decent place to stand
In a massacre

But if a woman take your hand
Then go and stand with her."

"I left a wife in Tennessee
And a baby in Saigon
I risked my life but not to hear
Some country-western song."

"Ah, but if you cannot raise your love
To a very high degree
Then you're just the man I've been thinking of
So come and stand with me."

"Your standing days are done," I cried,
"You'll rally me no more
I don't even know what side
We fought on, or what for."

"I'm on the side that's always lost
Against the side of Heaven
I'm on the side of Snake-eyes tossed
Against the side of Seven
And I've read the Bill of Human Rights
And some of it was true
But there wasn't any burden left
So I'm laying it on you."

Now the Captain he was dying
But the Captain wasn't hurt
The silver bars were in my hand
I pinned them to my shirt