

Dress Rehearsal Rag
written by Leonard Cohen

Intro: Bm

Bm C#m
Four o'clock in the afternoon and I didn't feel like very much
Bm C#m
I said to myself, "Where are you golden boy, where's your famous golden
touch?"
Bm C#m
I thought you knew where all of the elephants lie down
Bm C#m
I thought you were the crown prince of all the wheels in Ivory Town
Bm Am
Just take a look at your body now, there's nothing much to save
Bm Am
And a bitter voice in the mirror cries, "Hey, Prince, you need a shave."
Bm C#m
Now if you can manage to get your trembling fingers to behave
Bm C#m
Why don't you try unwrapping a stainless steel razor blade?
Bm Am
That's right, it's come to this, yes it's come to this
A# D G A# D G
And wasn't it a long way down, wasn't it a strange way down?

There's no hot water and the cold is running thin
Well, what do you expect from the kind of places you've been living in?
Don't drink from that cup, it's all caked and cracked along the rim
That's not the electric light, my friend, that is your vision growing dim
Cover up your face with soap, there, now you're Santa Claus
And you've got a gift for anyone who will give you his applause
I thought you were a racing man, ah, but you couldn't take the pace
That's a funeral in the mirror and it's stopping at your face
That's right, it's come to this, yes it's come to this
And wasn't it a long way down, ah wasn't it a strange way down?

Once there was a path and a girl with chestnut hair
And you passed the summers picking all of the berries that grew there
There were times she was a woman, oh there were times she was just a child
And you held her in the shadows where the raspberries grow wild
And you climbed the twilight mountains and you sang about the view
And everywhere that you wandered love seemed to go along with you
That's a hard one to remember, yes it makes you clench your fist
And then the veins stand out like highways, all along your wrist
And yes, it's come to this, it's come to this
And wasn't it a long way down, wasn't it a strange way down?

You can still find a job, go out and talk to a friend
On the back of every magazine there are those coupons you can send
Why don't you join the Rosicrucians, they will give you back your hope
You can find your love with diagrams on a plain brown envelope
But you've used up all your coupons except the one that seems
To be written on your wrist along with several thousand dreams
Now Santa Claus comes forward, that's a razor in his mitt
And he puts on his dark glasses and he shows you where to hit
And then the cameras pan, the stand in stunt man
Dress rehearsal rag, it's just the dress rehearsal rag
You know this dress rehearsal rag, it's just a dress rehearsal rag