

## The Letters

written by Leonard Cohen and Sharon Robinson

## Chords:

D7sus4: x57585  
 D/a: 557775  
 D#maj7: x68786  
 D#7sus4: x68696  
 D#/a#: 668886  
 Emaj7: x79897

Intro: Gm . . . |D7sus4 . D7 .|Gm . . . |Dm7 . D/a . |

Gm D7sus4 D7  
 You never liked to get  
 Gm Dm7 D/a  
 The letters that I sent.  
 Gm D7sus4 D7  
 But now you've got the gist  
 D#maj7 D7sus4 D  
 Of what my letters meant.

Gm D7sus4 D7  
 You're reading them again,  
 Gm Dm7 D/a  
 The ones you didn't burn.  
 Gm D7sus4 D7  
 You press them to your lips,  
 D#maj7 D7sus4 D  
 My pages of concern.

## Bridge:

Cm7 Gm  
 I said there'd been a flood.  
 Cm7 Gm  
 I said there's nothing left.  
 F D#  
 I hoped that you would come.  
 D  
 I gave you my address.

G#m D#7sus4 D#7  
 Your story was so long,  
 G#m D#m7 D#/a#  
 The plot was so intense,  
 G#m D#7sus4 D#7  
 It took you years to cross  
 Emaj7 D#7sus4 D#  
 The lines of self-defense.

G#m D#7sus4 D#7  
 The wounded forms appear:  
 G#m D#m7 D#/a#  
 The loss, the full extent;  
 G#m D#7sus4 D#7  
 And simple kindness here,  
 Emaj7 D#7sus4 D#  
 The solitude of strength.

## Bridge:

C#m7 G#m  
 I said there'd been a flood.  
 C#m7 G#m  
 I said there's nothing left.  
 F# E  
 I hoped that you would come.

D#7sus4 D#

I gave you my address.

Gm D7sus4 D7

You walk into my room.

Gm Dm7 D/a

You stand there at my desk,

Gm D7sus4 D7

Begin your letter to

Gm Dm7 D/a

The one who's coming next.

D# D7

(Begin your letter to)

D#maj7 D7 Gm

(Ooooooooo... the one who's coming next)

Spoken:

Gm . . . |D7sus4 . D7 . | (You never liked to get the letters that I sent.)

Gm . . . |Dm7 . D/a . | (But now you've got the gist of what my letters meant.)

Gm . . . |D7sus4 . D7 . | (You're reading them again, the ones you didn't burn.)

D#maj7 . . . |D7sus4 . D7 . | (You press them to your lips, my pages of concern.)

Gm . . . |D7sus4 . D7 . | (I said there'd been a flood. I said there's nothing left.)

Gm . . . |Dm7 . D/a . | (I hoped that you would come. I gave you my address.)

Gm . . . |D7sus4 . D7 . | (Your story was so long, the plot was so intense,)

D#maj7 . . . |D7sus4 . D7 . | (It took you years to cross the lines of self-defense.)

Gm . . . |D7sus4 . D7 . | (The wounded forms appear: the loss, the full extent;)

Gm... (And simple kindness here, the solitude of strength.)