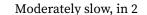
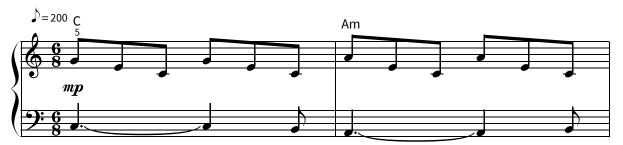
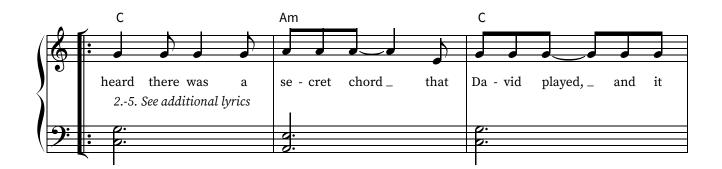
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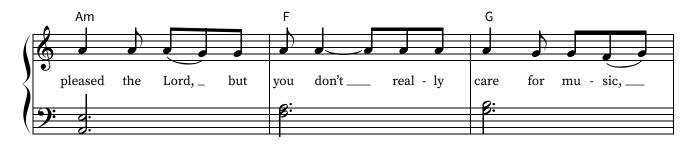
Words and Music by LEONARD COHEN





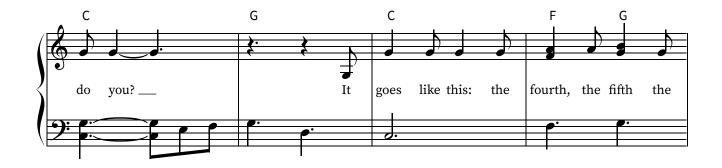


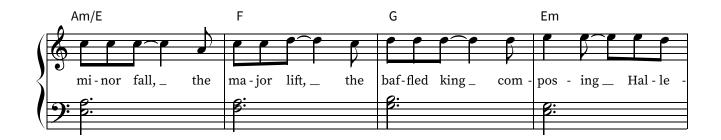




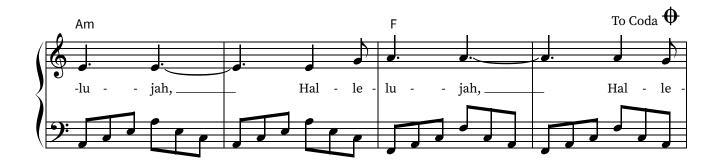
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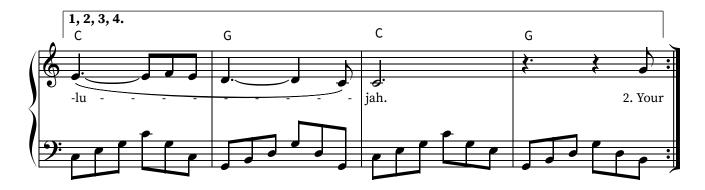
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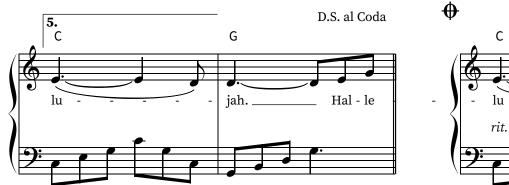




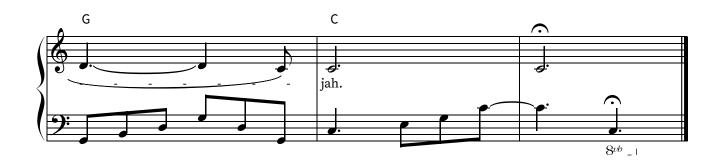












- 2. Your faith was strong, but you needed proof. You saw her bathing on the roof. Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you. She tied you to a kitchen chair. She broke your throne; she cut your hair. And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah.
- 3. Maybe I have been here before. I know this room; I've walked this floor. I used to live alone before I knew you. I've seen your flag on the marble arch. Love is not a victory march. It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah.
- 4. There was a time you let me know What's real and going on below. But now you never show it to me, do you? And remember when I moved in you, The holy dark was movin' too, And every breath we drew was Hallelujah.
- Maybe there's a God above, And all I ever learned from love Was how to shoot at someone who outdrew you. And it's not a cry you can hear at night. It's not somebody who's seen the light. It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah.