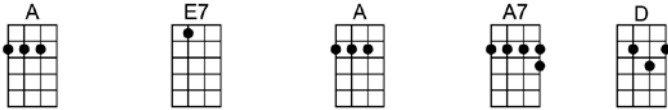


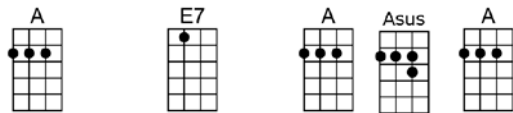
BIRD ON THE WIRE^(BAR)-Leonard Cohen

3/4 123 1 (without intro)

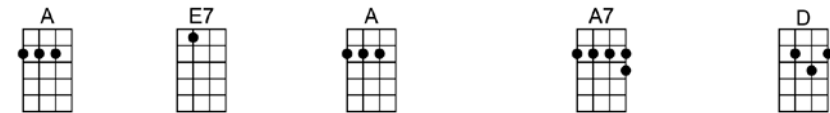
Intro: first 2 lines



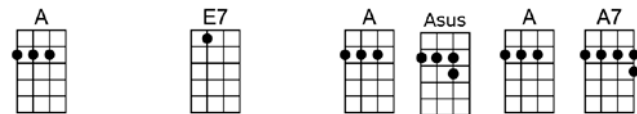
Like a bird on the wire, like a drunk in a midnight choir



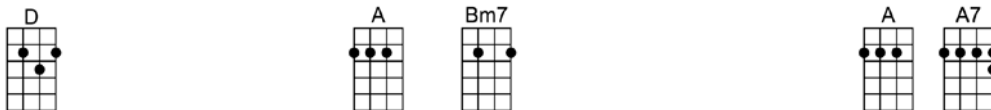
I have tried in my way to be free.



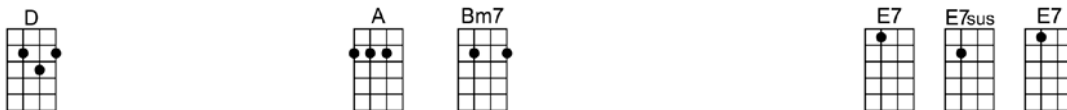
Like a worm on a hook, like a knight from some old fashioned book



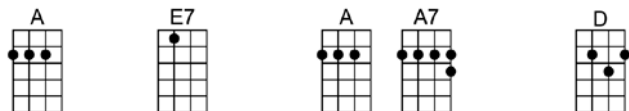
I have saved all my ribbons for thee.



If I, if I have been un-kind, I hope that you can just let it go by.



If I, if I have been un-true, I hope you know it was never to you.

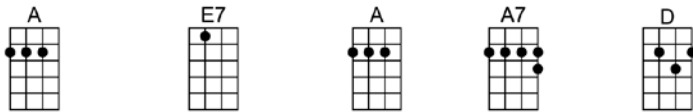


Oh, like a baby, still-born, like a beast with his horn

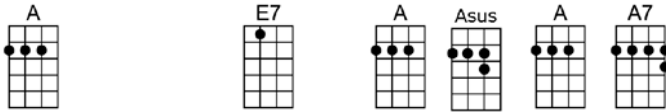


I have torn every-one who reached out for me.

p.2. Bird On the Wire



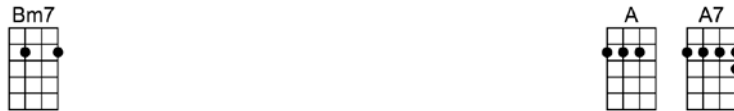
But I swear by this song, and by all that I have done wrong



I will make it all up to thee.



I saw a beggar, leaning on his wooden crutch,



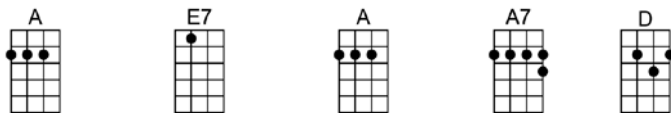
He said to me, "You must not ask for so much."



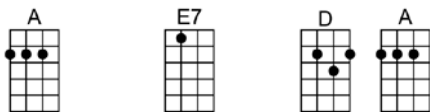
And a pretty woman, leaning in her darkened door,



She cried to me, "Hey, why not ask for more?"



Oh like a bird on the wire, like a drunk in a midnight choir



I have tried in my way to be free.

BIRD ON THE WIRE - Leonard Cohen

3/4 123 1 (without intro)

Intro: first 2 lines

A E7 A A7 D
Like a bird on the wire, like a drunk in a midnight choir

A E7 A Asus A
I have tried in my way to be free.

A E7 A A7 D
Like a worm on a hook, like a knight from some old fashioned book

A E7 A Asus A A7
I have saved all my ribbons for thee.

D A Bm7 A A7
If I, if I have been un-kind, I hope that you can just let it go by.

D A Bm7 E7 E7sus E7
If I, if I have been un-true, I hope you know it was never to you.

A E7 A A7 D
Oh, like a baby, still-born, like a beast with his horn

A E7 A Asus A
I have torn every-one who reached out for me.

A E7 A A7 D
But I swear by this song, and by all that I have done wrong

A E7 A Asus A A7
I will make it all up to thee.

D A
I saw a beggar, leaning on his wooden crutch,

Bm7 A A7
He said to me, "You must not ask for so much."

D A
And a pretty woman, leaning in her darkened door,

Bm7 E7 E7sus E7
She cried to me, "Hey, why not ask for more?"

A E7 A A7 D
Oh like a bird on the wire, like a drunk in a midnight choir

A E7 D A
I have tried in my way to be free.