

SING ANOTHER SONG, BOYS

Moderately

(Spoken): "Let's sing another song, boys
This one has grown old and bitter."

Words & Music by
Leonard Cohen

The musical score is written for piano in G minor (one flat) and 8/8 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The lyrics are: "Ah, his fin-ger-nails I see they're bro - ken His ships they're all on fire The mon-ey len-der love-ly lit-tle".

Handwritten guitar chords and diagrams are provided above the staves:

- System 1: Bb (diagram), C (handwritten), Bb (handwritten).
- System 2: Bb (diagram), C (handwritten), G (handwritten), D7 (handwritten), F7 (diagram), G7 (diagram), G (handwritten), Bb (diagram), C (handwritten), D7 (handwritten), F7 (diagram), G7 (diagram).
- System 3: G (handwritten), Bb (diagram), C (handwritten), G7 (handwritten), Bb7 (diagram), C7 (diagram), C (handwritten), Eb (diagram), F (handwritten), 3 fr. (handwritten), G (handwritten), Bb (diagram), C (handwritten), A7 (handwritten), G7 (diagram), Cm (diagram), Dm (diagram), Am (handwritten), E7 (handwritten), G7 (diagram), Cm (diagram), Am (handwritten), A7 (diagram), G7 (diagram), E7 (handwritten).

Cm *DM* *Am* Bb *C* *G* F7 *G7* *D7*

daugh-ter Ah, she's eat-en, she's eat-en with de -

Bb *C* *G* Dm *Em* *Bm* D7 *E7* *B7*

-sire She spies him thru the

Gm *Am* *Em* Dm *Em* *Bm* Eb *F* 3 fr. *C*

glass-es From the pawn - shops of her wick-ed

Bb *C* *G* Dm *Em* *Bm* D7 *E7* *B7*

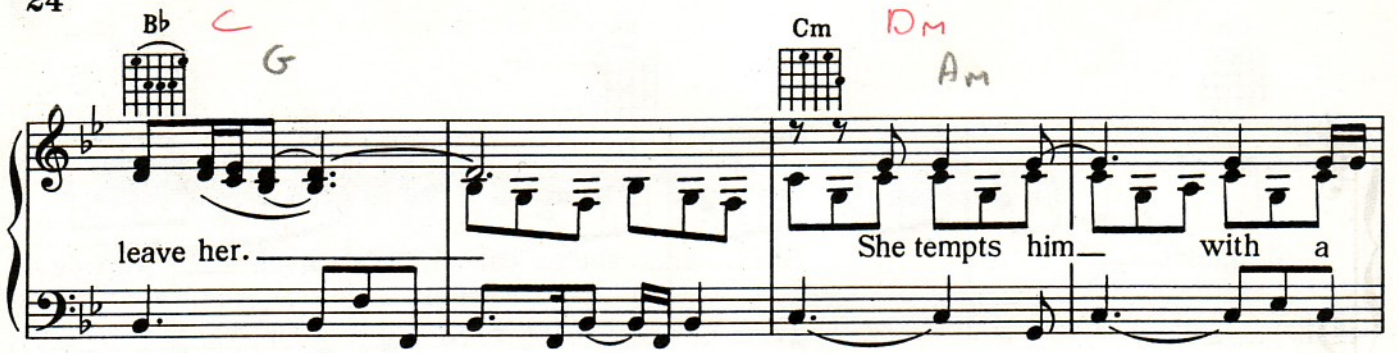
fath-er She hails him with a

Gm *Am* *Em* Dm *Em* *Bm* Eb *F* 3 fr. *C*

mi-cro- phone that some poor sing-er just like me had to

Last time to Coda ☉

Bb C G Cm Dm Am




leave her. She tempts him with a

Bb C G Gm Am D7 E7 B7



clar-i - net she

Gm Am Em F G D F7 G7 D7



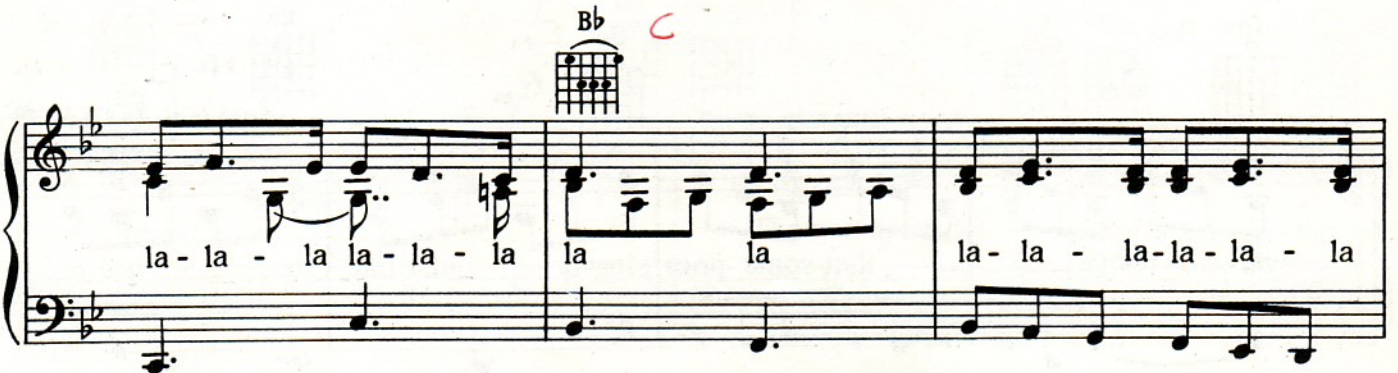
waves a na - zi dag - ger.

♠ CODA Bb C G Cm Dm Am



La-la - la la-la-la la-la-

Bb C



la - la - la la - la - la la la la - la - la-la - la - la

Cm *Dm* Bb *C*

la - la - la - la - la - la - la - la - la - la - la - la - la - la - la - la

Cm *Dm* Bb *C*

la - la-la-la - la-la - la-la - la-la-la-la - la - la-la-la - la-la - la-la - la-la-la-la

Repeat and fade

She finds him lying in a heap
 She wants to be his woman
 He says yes I just might go to sleep
 But kindly leave, leave the future, leave that open.
 He stands where it is steep
 But I guess he thinks that he's the very first one
 His hands upon his leather belt now
 Like it was the wheel of some big ocean liner.
 And she will learn to touch herself so well
 As all the sails burn down like paper
 And he has with the chain of his famous cigarillo.

They'll never, they'll never ever reach the moon
 At least not the one that we're after
 It's floating broken on the open sea (*look at them my friends*)
 And it carries no survivors.
 But let's leave these lovers wondering
 Why they cannot have each other
 And let's sing another song, boys
 This one has grown old and bitter.
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la (*etc.*)