

Leonard Cohen's Never Gonna Bring My Groceries In

by Nancy White

I was listening to music as I swept the kitchen floor.
I was needing a shampoo and I was pushing 44.
And I had one of those flashes that hits you now and then
About experience manqué and certain sadly missing men.
And I realized in horror as I stroked my double chin,
Leonard Cohen's never gonna bring my groceries in!

I've a husband and a baby, there's another on the way.
And, like Leonard, I am aching in the place I used to play.
But really, I'm enjoying all this domesticity.
Hey, I never have to deal with Warren Beatty's vanity.
But there is one thing I regret, and my regret is genuine.
Leonard Cohen's never gonna bring my groceries in.

Oh Leonard and me, together we'd be great.
Strumming our guitars and singing songs while it got late!
(Well, not TOO late, these days I kind of fold about 11.
But for a little while it would be heaven, heaven, heaven.)
Oh, Leonard and me, we'd be so decadent.
We'd look at all those bottles, wonder where the wine all went.
(Well frankly I can't drink it anymore, my head can't take it.
But I know me and Leonard we could make it, make it.)

I love each line he's written, Except for maybe one:
"Nancy wore green stockings [Male chorus] and she slept with
everyone."*)
I thought: "What if somebody thinks he's singing about me?"
'Cause after all, I lived in Montreal in 1963.
And perhaps I was his type when I was young and sweet and thin.
But now Leonard's never gonna bring my groceries in.

Oh, Leonard and me, we're soulmates, there's no doubt.
I feel it in my heart, we'd have so much to talk about.
We'd hole up in the Tower of Song with coffee strong and bitter.
That is, of course, if I could get a sitter,
A sitter, a sitter.
Hey, I'm just some singer looking for a sitter.

[Nancy White's gushingly spoken words over Cohen-type "la, la, la, la" female chorus]

OK wait! Leonard! Hey maybe Leonard could babysit. Yeah, Oh he'd be wonderful, the girls would love him. He can read stories. A poet can always use an extra five dollars an hour. He would be perfect.

How can I get his number? Hmm, Marie-Lynn Hammond she'll have his number. I know she will. I'm going to call her right now. This is inspiring.

I am so happy! So Leonard Cohen can babysit and Doug and I can go to the mall and pick out the new towels for the bathroom. [pause]

That's what I really want to do.

Of course, [pause and sexy, sotto voce] 'cause maybe I can be the one to drive the babysitter home tonight.

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