

## Famous Blue Raincoat

It's four  
 in the morning, the end of December  
 I'm writing you now just to see if you're  
 better  
 New York is cold, but I like where I'm living  
 There's music on  
 Clinton Street all through the evening.

I hear that you're building your  
 little house deep in the desert  
 You're living for nothing now, I hope you're  
 keeping some kind of record.

Yes, and Jane came by with a lock of your  
 hair  
 She said that you gave it to her  
 That night that you planned to go  
 clear  
 Did you ever go clear?

Ah, the last time we saw you you looked  
 so much older  
 Your famous blue raincoat was torn at the shoulder  
 You'd  
 been to the station to meet every train  
 And you came home without Lili Marlene

And you treated my woman to a flake of your life  
 And when she came back  
 she was nobody's wife.

Well I see you there with the rose in your teeth  
 One more thin gypsy thief  
 Well I see Jane's awake --

She sends her  
 regards.  
 And what can I tell you my brother, my killer  
 What can I possibly  
 say?  
 I guess that I miss you, I guess I forgive you  
 I'm glad you stood  
 in my way.

If you ever come by here, for Jane or for me  
 Your enemy  
 is sleeping, and his woman is free.

Yes, and thanks, for the trouble  
 you took from her eyes  
 I thought it was there for good so I never tried.

And Jane came by with a lock of your hair  
 She said that you gave it to  
 her  
 That night that you planned to go clear

-- Sincerely, L. Cohen