

Famous Blue Raincoat

Aaron

Its four in the morning, the end of december
Im writing you now just to see if youre better
New york is cold, but I like where Im living
Theres music on clinton street all through the evening.

I hear that youre building your little house deep in the desert
Youre living for nothing now, I hope youre 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
Youd 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 nobodys wife.

Well I see you there with the rose in your teeth
One more thin gypsy thief
Well I see janes 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
Im 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