

## Famous Blue Raincoat

Angela McCluskey

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 free  
Did you ever go free?

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 lead every train  
But you never came back coming Lili Marlene  
So you treated my woman to a flake of your life  
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, and what can I tell you,  
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/ your/ woman is free.

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