

Famous Blue Raincoat

Joan Baez

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. Tell me, you're building your house deep in the desert
Are you living for nothing now?
Hope you're keeping some kind of record
Yes, Jane came by with a lock of your hair
Said, you gave it to her
That night when you planned to go clear, oh
Did you ever go clear? Well, the last time we saw you, you looked so much older
Your famous blue raincoat was torn at the shoulder
Stood in the station and met every train
But she never showed up, I'm Lili Marlene
And you treated some woman to a flake of your life
When she got home, she was nobody's wife
Yes, I see you there with a 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, oh, what can I tell you?
What can I possibly say?
I guess that I miss you, I guess I forgive you
I'm glad that you stood in my way
And if you ever come by here, be it for Jane or for me
I want you to know your enemy's sleeping
I want you to know your woman is free
Yes and thanks for the trouble you took from her eyes
I thought it was there for good so we never really tried, oh
And Jane came by with a lock of your hair
Said, you gave it to her
That night when you planned to go clear
Sincerely, a friend

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