

# Famous Blue Raincoat

[Tori Amos](#)

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 your building  
Your little house deep in the desert  
You're living for nothing now  
I hope you're keeping some kind of a 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? The last time I 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  
You came home alone without Lili Marlene  
And you treated my woman to flake of your life  
And when she came back she was nobody's wife Well, 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 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  
Well, your enemy is sleeping  
And 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 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

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