My Winter Coat

The Roches

The fit is generous and loose
The coat is filled with down of goose
Should I feel guilty about that?
I wouldn't wear the fur of a catThe coat is black so in New York City
It doesn't look dirty it stays pretty
The cuffs are purple which perfectly suits
A pair I already had of bootsCan't help sharing on a personal note
A secret I have concerning the coat
One of the reasons that it got my vote
Is the way it lies open around the throatFor me the collar mustn't come too high
Because well all right my skin is dry
So each morning I rub my face with oil
And the fabric you see the grease could soilCan we speak a moment about the lining?
After my own heart's designing
It's nylon so your skirts don't wind
Up in a bunch around your behindWhen the time comes for the coat to clean
You throw this thing in the washing machine
Drying you doubt but the filling does fluff
I'm here to proclaim this coat is enoughThe length of the coat is below the knees
So in the cold your legs don't freeze
I'm nuts about another one of its charms
There's plenty of room underneath the armsThe coat's not bulky it weighs about an ounce
And it's practically void of any frivolous flounce
I will admit it has shoulder pads
All things considered it's not so badIt looks all right even from the side
I guess because the bottom isn't overly wide
Okay so you say you'd prefer something hipper
But can I just tell you about the zipperI searched for it for many years
Last one I had I tore up in tears
It turned me into Jack the Ripper
But now I stepped in Cinderella's slipperIt runs from the gullet to just south of the crotch
And workin' it's a task you can hardly botch
It's made of a material that will not rust
It won't get stuck you don't get fussedIt undoes easily in the usual way
But you can also pull it up if you'd like to, let's say
Sit down on the train or climb some stairs
Your desire to bend this coat about sharesThere's snaps as well which I don't even use
But they beat out buttons if I had to choose
I remember the night I went to the store

Fighting my way across the cloak-stuffed floorSuffocating I was it seemed
When from a rack this last hope beamed
Of all my requirements I pursued the trail
To find furthermore the damn thing was on saleIt had a small chain at the back of the neck
So you could hang it on a hook but it broke what the heck
With the end of each sleeve I'm totally smitten
Ample space for to emerge a thick mittenIf you wanna be warm it wins far and away
It's like walkin' around in your bed all day
I know you're not supposed to be so fond of a thing
But today this is my heartfelt inspiration to singI hope you don't think I'm merely trying to be clever
I wish this coat would last forever

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