

# 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 cat The 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 boots Can'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 throat For 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 soil Can 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 behind When 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 enough The 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 arms The 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 bad It 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 zipper I 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 slipper It 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 fussed It 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 shares There'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 floor  
Suffocating 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 sale  
It 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 mitten  
If 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 sing  
I hope you don't think I'm merely trying to be clever  
I wish this coat would last forever

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