

Tori Amos, Famous Blue Raincoat

It's four the morning
the end of December
I'm writing you now, 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
on the night that you planned to clear
Did you ever go clear?
Last time I saw you
you looked so much older
your famous blue raincoat
torn at the shoulder
went to the station
to meet every train
you came home alone without Lili Marlene
You treated my woman like a flake of your life
And when she came back
she was nobody's wife.
I see you there with a rose in your teeth
jut one more thin gypsy thief
I see Jane's awake
She sends her regards.
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
for Jane or for me
Your enemy is sleeping, and his woman is free.
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
on the night that you planned to clear
Sincerely, L. Cohen