

Famous blue raincoat – Leonard Cohen

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 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
That night that you planned to go clear
Did you ever go clear?
On the last time we 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 without Lili Marlene
You treated my woman
To a 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 his 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



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych