

# 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