

Street To Nowhere

"Famous Blue Raincoat"

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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

And 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
The night that you planned to go clear
Did you ever go clear?

Well, the last time we saw you, you looked so much
older
Your famous blue raincoat was torn at the shoulder
You went to the station to meet every train
And came back without Lili Marlene

And you treated my woman to a flake of your life
And when she came back,
She was nobody's wife, yes

And I see you there
With a rose in your teeth
One more thin gypsy thief
Now I see Jane's away
She sends her regards

But 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

Well Jane came
By with a lock of your hair
She said that you gave it to her
The night that you planned to go clear
Did you ever go clear?

[Leonard Cohen cover]

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