I HAD A PALE BLUE JACKET … THAT I LOVED MORE THAN LIKED
IT WAS BRAND NEW AND WARM … ON A BOURBON STREET NIGHT
WE WERE HOLDING HANDS AND WALKIN’ … MY SWEET WIFE AND I
IN DARK, DANK, AND DREARY… WAY FAR FROM POLITE

LIGHTENING, IT WAS JAGGED… WE ZAGGED THRU AN ALLEY
AROUND A CORNER SHE SLAMMED ME… I SAID… “WHAT’S THE MATTER!”
MY EYES SAW WHAT SHE SAW… AHEAD IN THE DARK
TUCKED INSIDE A DOORWAY… FETAL … STILL… STILL AS A ROCK

WE MOVED A BIT CLOSER… COULDN’T TELL IF HE WAS BREATHING
HIS CLOTHS WERE DAMP AND DIRTY … WE COULD SEE HE MUST BE FREEZIN’
AN EMPTY JIM BEAM BOTTLE … IN A BROWN PAPER SACK… CAUSE FOR ALARM NEXT TO HIS ARM
HE’D PULLED ‘EM BOTH ‘ROUND HIM… JUST TRYING TO KEEP WARM

THEN CAME A COUGH… MORE LIKE A RATTLE
IT WAS DONE… BEFORE SHE SAID IT, “TAKE OFF YOUR JACKET.”
IN OTHER TOWNS … ON OTHER STREETS … I’D SEEN THIS BEFORE
WHEN THE SOUL’S HAD ENOUGH… AND QUIETLY MOVES ON

I LAID MY JACKET DOWN… ‘ROUND SMALL FRAIL SHOULDERS
HE MAY HAVE WOKE UP… I DON’T KNOW … WE RAN… IT WAS GETTING COLDER
MORE THAN ONCE I RECALL … THAT NEW ORLEANS NIGHT
MY JACKET WAS MEANT… FOR SOMETHIN’ BETTER… AIN’T THAT RIGHT?

I IMAGINE IT HANDED DOWN … FROM ONE TO ANOTHER
I PICTURE IT OLD… NOW… AND TATTERED … BUT DRY… WARM… HEAVY
AROUND ANOTHER LOST SOUL… WHO’S NOT QUITE READY