

# Bob Dylan, It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

You must leave now, take what you need, you think will last  
But whatever you wish to keep, you better grab it fast  
Yonder stands your orphan with his gun  
Crying like a fire in the sun  
Look out the saints are comin' through  
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

The highway is for gamblers, better use your sense  
Take what you have gathered from coincidence  
The empty handed painter from your streets  
Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets  
This sky, too, is folding under you  
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home  
Your empty handed armies, are all going home  
Your lover who just walked out the door  
Has taken all his blankets from the floor  
The carpet, too, is moving under you  
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

Leave your stepping stones behind, something calls for you  
Forget the dead you've left, they will not follow you  
The vagabond who's rapping at your door  
Is standing in the clothes that you once wore  
Strike another match, go start a new  
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.