

Bob Dylan, Farewell, Angelina

Farewell Angelina
the bells on the crown
Are being stolen by bandits
I must follow the sound
The triangle tingles
And the music plays slow
But farewell Angelina
The night is on fire
And I must go

There is use in talking
And there's no need for blame
There is nothing to prove
Everything still is the same
A table stands empty
By the edge of the stream
But farewell Angelina
The sky is changing colors
And I must leave

The jacks and the queens
They foresake the courtyard
Fifty-two gypsies
Now file past the guard
In the space where the deuce
And the ace once ran wild
Farewell Angelina
The sky is folding
I'll see you after a while

See the crosseyed pirates
Sit perched in the sun
Shooting tin cans
With a sawed off shot gun
And the corporals and the neighbors
Clap and cheer with each blast
But farewell Angelina
The sky is trembling
And I must leave fast

King Kong, little elves
And the roof-tops they dance
Valentino-type tangos
While the heroes clean hands
Shut the eyes of the dead
Not to embarass anyone
Farewell Angelina
The sky is flooding over and I must be gone

[Harmonica break]

The camouflaged parrot
He flutters from fear
When something he doesn't know about
Suddenly appears
What cannot be imitated
Perfect must die
Farewell Angelina
The sky is flooding over
And I must go where it is dry

Machine guns are roaring
The puppets heave rocks
At misunderstood visions

And at the faces of clocks
Call me any name you like
I will never deny it
But farewell Angelina
The sky is errupting
And I must go where it is quiet