

# Bob Dylan, Tangled Up In Blue

Early one morning the sun was shining  
I was laying in bed  
Wond'ring if she'd changed it all  
If her hair was still red  
Her folks they said our lives together  
Sure was gonna be rough  
They never did like Mama's homemade dress  
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough  
And I was standing on the side of the road  
Rain falling on my shoes  
Heading out for the East Coast  
Lord knows I've paid some dues getting through  
Tangled up in blue.

She was married when we first meet  
Soon to be divorced  
I helped her out of a jam I guess  
But I used a little too much force  
We drove that car as far as we could  
Abandoned it out West  
Split it up on a dark sad night  
Both agreeing it was best  
She turned around to look at me  
As I was walking away  
I heard her say over my shoulder  
"We'll meet again someday on the avenue"  
Tangled up in blue.

I had a job in the great north woods  
Working as a cook for a spell  
But I never did like it all that much  
And one day the ax just fell  
So I drifted down to New Orleans  
Where I happened to be employed  
Working for a while on a fishing boat  
Right outside of Delacroix  
But all the while I was alone  
The past was close behind  
I seen a lot of women  
But she never escaped my mind and I just grew  
Tangled up in blue.

She was working in a topless place  
And I stopped in for a beer  
I just kept looking at her side of her face  
In the spotlight so clear  
And later on as the crowd thinned out  
I's just about to do the same  
She was standing there in back of my chair  
Said to me "Don't I know your name ?"  
I muttered something underneath my breath  
She studied the lines on my face  
I must admit I felt a little uneasy  
When she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe  
Tangled up in blue.

She lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe  
"I thought you'd never say hello" she said  
"You look like the silent type"  
Then she opened up a book of poems  
And handed it to me  
Written by an Italian poet  
From the thirteenth century  
And every one of them words rang true

And glowed like burning coal  
Pouring off of every page  
Like it was written in my soul from me to you  
Tangled up in blue

I lived with them on Montague Street  
In a basement down the stairs  
There was music in the caf,s at night  
And revolution in the air  
Then he started into dealing with slaves  
And something inside of him died  
She had to sell everything she owned  
And froze up inside  
And when finally the bottom fell out  
I became withdrawn  
The only thing I knew how to do  
Was to keep on keeping on like a bird that flew  
Tangled up in blue.

So now I'm going back again  
I got to get her somehow  
All the people we used to know  
They're an illusion to me now  
Some are mathematicians  
Some are carpenter's wives  
Don't know how it all got started  
I don't what they're doing with their lives  
But me I'm still on the road  
Heading for another joint  
We always did feel the same  
We just saw it from a different point of view  
Tangled up in Blue.