

# Indigo Girls, Summer Time

early one morning the sun was shining  
i was laying in bed  
wondering if she'd changed at 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 bank book wasn't big enough  
me i'm standing on the side of the road  
rain falling on my shoes  
i'm heading out to the east coast  
lord knows i've paid some dues  
getting through  
tangled up in blue  
she was married when we first met  
soon to be divorced  
i helped her out of a jam i guess  
but i used a little too much force  
and we drove that car as far as we could  
abandoned it out west  
we split up on a sad dark night  
both agreeing it was best  
she turned around and looked at me  
as i was walking away  
then i heard her say over my shoulder  
we'll meet again someday  
on the avenue  
tangled up in blue  
i was living in the great north woods  
working as a cook for a spell  
i never did like it all that much  
and one day the axe just fell  
so i drifted down to new orleans  
where i happened to be employed  
yeah i was working for a while on a fishing boat  
right outside of de la croix  
and all the while i was alone  
the past was close behind  
i'd seen a lot of women  
but she never escaped my mind  
and i just grew  
tangled up in blue  
she was working at a topless bar  
and i stopped in for a beer  
i just kept looking at the side of her face  
in the spotlight so clear  
now later on as the crowd thinned out  
and i was just about to do the same  
yeah but she was standing there at the back of my chair  
she said don't i know your name  
well 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 shoes  
we were tangled up in blue  
i know i know i know  
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  
and then she opened up a book of poems  
and handed it to me  
written by an italian poet

from the 13th century  
every one of his words rang true  
and glowed like burning coal  
pouring off every page  
like it was written in my soul  
from me to you  
tangled up in blue  
yeah yeah  
i lived with them on montague street  
in a basement down the stairs yeah  
there was music in the cafes at night  
and revolution in the air  
that's when he started into dealing with slaves yeah  
something inside of her died just died  
and she had to sell everything she owned  
and she froze up inside  
finally the bottom fell out  
i became withdrawn  
the only thing i knew how to do  
was to keep on keepin' on  
like a bird that flew  
tangled up in blue  
oh yeah  
now i'm headed back again  
i gotta get to her somehow  
and all the people we used to know  
they're an illusion to me now  
some are mathematicians  
some are carpenter's wives  
i don't know how they all got started  
i don't know what they're doing with their lives  
but me i'm still on the road  
headed for another joint  
we always did feel the same  
we just saw it from a different point  
of view  
tangled up in blue  
i know i know i know  
yeah yeah oh yeah  
words and music bob dylan  
copyright 1974 ram's horn music