

Jeff Buckley, Farewell Angelina

farewell angelina
the bells of the crown
are being stolen by bandits
i must follow the sound
the triangle tingles
and the trumpets play slow
farewell angelina
the sky is on fire
and i must go

there's no use in talking
there's no need for blame
there's nothing to prove
ev'rything's still the same
a table stands empty
by the edge of the sea
farewell angelina
the sky's changing colours
and i must leave

the jacks and the queens
have forsaken the courtyard
fifty-two gypsies
now file past the guards
in the space where the deuce
and the ace once ran wild
farewell angelina
the sky is folding
and i'll see you after a while

see the cross-eyed pirates sitting
perched in the sun
shooting tin cans
with a sawed-off shotgun
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
on the rooftops they dance
valentino-type tangos
while the make-up man's hands
shut the eyes of the dead
not to embarrass anyone
farewell angelina
the sky's spreading over
and i must be gone

the camouflaged parrot
he flutters from fear
when something he dont
know about suddenly appears
what cannot be imitated
perfect must die
farewell angelina
the sky's spreading over
and i must go where it is dry

machine guns are roaring
the puppets heave rocks
and misunderstood visions
at the faces of clocks

call me any name you like
i'll never deny it
farewell angelina
the sky is erupting
i must go where it's quiet