

# The Grateful Dead, 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; all those saints are coming through  
And it's all over know Baby Blue.  
And it's all over know Baby Blue.

The highway is for gamblers, you 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.

The sky too is folding under you,  
And it's all over know Baby Blue.

All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home  
All your empty-handed armies are all going home.  
Your lover who has just walked out your door  
has taken all his blankets from the floor.

The carpet too is moving under you,  
And it's all over know Baby Blue.

Leave your stepping stones behind, there's something calls for you  
Forget about 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 anew,  
And it's all over know Baby Blue.  
And it's all over know Baby Blue.  
And it's all over know Baby Blue.