

Bob Dylan, "Farewell, Angelina (Outtake)"

Farewell Angelina, the bells of the crown
Are being stolen by bandits, I must follow the sound
The triangle tingles, the music plays slow
But farewell Angelina, the night is on fire and I must go
There is no use in talking and there is no need for blame
There is nothing to prove, ev'rything's 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 forsake 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 cross-eyed pirates sit perched in the sun
Shooting tin cans with a sawed off shotgun
And the carpels and neighbors clap and cheer with each blast
But farewell Angelina, the sky is trembling and I must leave fast
King Kong, little elves, in the roof-tops they dance
Valentino-type tangos while the heroes clean hands
Shut the eyes of the dead, not to embarrass anyone
Farewell Angelina, the sky is flooding over and I must be gone
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 erupting and I must go where it is quiet