

Joan Baez, Farewell, Angelina

(Bob Dylan)

Farewell Angelina

The bells of the crown

Are being stolen by bandits

I must follow the sound

The triangle tingles

And the trumpet play slow

Farewell Angelina

The sky is on fire

And I must go.

There's no need for anger

There's no need for blame

There's nothing to prove

Ev'rything's still the same

Just a table standing empty

By the edge of the sea

Farewell Angelina

The sky is trembling

And I must leave.

The jacks and queens

Have forsaked 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

I'll see you in a while.

See the cross-eyed pirates sitting

Perched in the sun

Shooting tin cans

With a sawed-off shotgun

And the neighbors they clap

And they cheer with each blast

Farewell Angelina

The sky's changing color

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 is embarrassed

And I must be gone.

The machine guns are roaring

The puppets heave rocks

The fiends nail time bombs

To the hands of the clocks

Call me any name you like

I will never deny it

Farewell Angelina

The sky is erupting

I must go where it's quiet.