

Farewell Angelina

Joan Baez/ Bob Dylan

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
But 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
Everything's still the same

Just a table standing empty
By the edge of the sea
Means farewell, Angelina
The sky is trembling
And I must leave

The jack and queen
Have forsaked the courtyard
52 gypsies
Now file past the guards

In the space where the deuce
And the ace once ran wild
Farewell, Angelina
The sky is falling
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
But farewell, Angelina
The sky's changing color
And I must leave fast

King Kong, little elves
On the rooftop they dance
Valentino-type tangos
While the make-up man's hands

Shut the eyes of the dead
Not to embarrass anyone
But farewell, Angelina
The sky is embarrassed
And I must be gone

The machine guns are roaring
And the puppets heave rocks
And fiends nail time bombs
To the hands of the clocks
Call me any name you like
I will never deny it
But farewell, Angelina
The sky is erupting
I must go where it's quiet