

Whitlams

"Tangled Up in Blue"

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Early one mornin' the sun was shinin'
I was layin' in bed
Wonderin' if she had changed at all
If her hair was still red

And her folks had said our lives together
It sure was gonna be rough
They never did like Mama's homemade dress
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough

And she was standin' on the side of the road
As rain's fallin' on my shoes
I'm heading out for the old East Coast
Lord, knows I've paid some dues gettin' through
Tangled up in blue

She was married when we first met
Soon to be divorced
I helped her out of a jam, I guess
But I used a little too much force

So we drove that car as far as we could
Abandoned it out West
Split up on a dark sad night
Both agreeing it was best

Then she turned around and looked at me
As I was walkin' away
I heard her say over my shoulder
"We're gonna meet again someday on a avenue?
We got tangled up in blue

So I had a job in the great north woods
Working as a cook for a spell
But I never did like it all that much
And one day the ax just fell

So I drifted down to New Orleans
Where I was looking out to be employed
Workin' for a while on a fishin' boat
Right outside of Delacroix

But all the while I was alone
The past was close behind me
I seen a lot of women
But she never escaped my mind and I just grew
Tangled up in blue

She was workin' in a topless place
And I stopped in for a beer
I just kept lookin' at the side of her face
In the spotlight so clear

Then later on as the crowd thinned out
I was just about to do the same
She was standing there at the back of the chair
Singin', "Tell me, don't I know your name?"

I muttered somethin' underneath the breath
She studied the lines on my face
I must admit I felt a little uneasy
When she bent to tie the lace of my shoe
We got tangled up in blue

So she lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe
"I thought you'd never say hello", she said
"You look like the silent type"

Then she opened up a book of poems
Handed it to me
Written by an Italian poet
In the thirteenth century

And every one of those words rang true
Glowed like burnin' coal
Pourin' off of every page
Like it's written in my soul from me to you
Tangled up in blue

I lived with them on Montague Street
In a basement down the stairs
There was music in the cafes at night
And revolution in the air

Then he started into dealing with slaves
Something inside of him died
She had to sell everything they owned
And froze up inside

And when finally as the bottom fell out
I became withdrawn,
The only thing I knew how to do
Was to keep on keepin' on like a bird that flew

We got tangled up in blue

Now I'm goin' back again
Got to get to her somehow
All the people that we used to know
They're illusion to me now

Some are mathematicians
Some are carpenter's wives
We don't know how this got started
Don't know what we do with our lives

Me, I'm still on the road
Headin' for another joint
We didn't always see the same
And we start it from a different point of view
Tangled up in blue

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