

## Bob Dylan

### "Tangles Up In Blue"

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Early one morning the sun was shining.  
I was laying in bed  
Wondering if she'd changed it all.  
If her hair was still red.  
Her folks, they said, our lives together  
Sure was gonna be rough.  
They never did like Mama's homemade dress.  
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough  
And I was standing on the side of the road,  
Rain falling on my shoes,  
Heading out for the east coast.  
Lord knows I've paid some dues getting through,  
Tangled up in blue.

She was married when we first meet.  
Soon to be divorced.  
I helped her out of a jam, I guess,  
But I used a little too much force.  
We drove that car as far as we could;  
Abandoned it out west.  
Split it up on a dark sad night;  
Both agreeing it was best.  
She turned around to look at me  
As I was walking away.  
I heard her say over my shoulder  
"We'll meet again someday on the avenue."  
Tangled up in blue.

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 happened to be employed  
Working for a while on a fishing boat  
Right outside of Delacroix,  
But all the while I was alone.  
The past was close behind.  
I seen a lot of women,  
But she never escaped my mind and I just grew  
Tangled up in blue.

She was working in a topless place  
And I stopped in for a beer.  
I just kept looking at the side of her face  
In the spotlight so clear  
And later on as the crowd thinned out  
I's just about to do the same,  
She was standing there in back of my chair.  
Said to me "Don't I know your name?"  
I muttered something underneath my breath.  
She studied the lines on my face.  
I must admit I felt a little uneasy  
When she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe.  
Tangled up in blue.

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  
And handed it to me.  
Written by an Italian poet  
From the thirteenth century  
And every one of them words rang true  
And glowed like burning coal  
Pouring off of every page  
Like it was 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 cafe's at night  
And revolution in the air.  
Then he started into dealing with slaves  
And something inside of him died.  
She had to sell everything she owned  
And froze up inside  
And when finally the bottom fell out,  
I became withdrawn.  
The only thing I knew how to do  
Was to keep on keeping on like a bird that flew  
Tangled up in blue.

So now I'm going back again.  
I got to get her somehow.  
All the people we used to know;  
They're an illusion to me now.  
Some are mathematicians.  
Some are carpenter's wives.  
Don't know how it all got started.  
I don't what they're doing with their lives,  
But me, I'm still on the road

Heading for another joint.  
We always did feel the same.  
We just saw it from a different point of view.  
Tangled up in blue

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