

## Grateful Dead

### "Tangled Up In Blue"

Visit "[Tangled Up In Blue](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Early one mornin' the sun was shinin', I was layin' in  
bed  
Wond'rin if she'd changed at 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 standin' on the side of the road rain fallin' on  
my shoes  
Heading out for the 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  
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  
She turned around to look at me as I was walkin' 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  
Workin' for a while on a fishin' 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 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  
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 you know my name?"  
I muttered somethin' under 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 burnin' coal  
Pourin' 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 cafes at night and revolution in  
the air  
Then he started into dealing with slaves and something  
inside 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 keepin'  
on  
Like a bird that flew, tangled up in blue

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 know what they're doin' with their lives  
But me, I'm still on the road headin' for another joint  
We always did feel the same we just saw it from  
another point of view  
Tangled up in blue

Visit [Grateful Dead](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.