

Marianne Faithfull "Chords Of Fame"

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You must leave now, take what you need
You think will last
But whatever you wish to keep
You'd better grab it fast

Yonder stands your orphan with his gun
Crying like a fire in the sun
Look out the saints are coming through
And it's all over now, baby blue

The highway is for gamblers
Better use your sense
Take what you have gathered
From coincidence

The empty-handed painter from your streets
Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets
This sky, too, is folding under you
And it's all over now, baby blue

All your seasick sailors
They are rowing home
Your empty-handed armies
Are all going home

The lover who just walked out your door
Has taken all his blankets from the floor
The carpet, too, is moving under you
And it's all over now, baby blue

Leave your stepping stones behind you
Something calls for you
Forget the dead you've left
They will not follow you

The vagabond who's rapping at your door
Is standing in the clothes that you once wore
Strike another match, go start a-new
And it's all over now, baby blue

