

Mellencamp John Cougar

"Farewell Angelina"

Visit "[Farewell Angelina](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Harvest

Written by: Bob Dylan 1965

Farewell Angelina, the bells of the crown

Are being stolen by bandits, I must follow the sound

The triangle tingles, the music plays slow

But farewell Angelina, the night is on fire, and I must
go

There is no use in talking and there's no need for
blame

There is nothing to prove, everything still is the same

The table stands empty by the edge of the stream

But farewell Angelina, the sky's changing colors, and I
must leave

The jacks and the queens they have forsake the
courtyard

Fifty-two gypsies now file past the guard

In the space where the deuce and the ace once ran wild

Farewell Angelina, the sky is folding, I'll see you after a
while

See the cross-eyed pirate sit perched in the sun

Shooting tin cans with a sawed-off shotgun

And the corporals and the neighbors clap and cheer
with each blast

But farewell Angelina, the sky is trembling, and I must

leave fast

King Kong little elves in the rooftops they dance

Valentino-type tangos while the hero's clean hands

Shut the eyes of the dead not to embarrass anyone

Farewell Angelina, the sky is flooding over, and I must
be gone

The camouflaged parrot, he flutters from fear

When something he doesn't know about suddenly
appears

What can not be imitated perfect must die

Farewell Angelina, the sky's flooding over, and I must
go where it is dry

Machine guns are roaring, puppets heave rocks

At misunderstood visions and at the faces of clocks

Call me any name you like, I will never deny it

But farewell Angelina, the sky is erupting, and I must
go where it's quiet

Visit [Mellencamp John Cougar](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.