

Byrds, The

"It's All over Now, Baby Blue"

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You better go now, take what you want
You think will last
But if there's something you wish to keep
Better grab it fast

Yonder stands your orphan with his gun
Crying like a fire in the sun
Look out for who, the saints are comin' 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
The sky too is foldin' under you
And it's all over now, baby blue

All your seasick sailors, they are goin' home
Your empty-handed armies, they are goin' home
Your lover who just walked out the door
Has taken all his blankets from the floor
The carpet too is movin' under you
And it's all over now, baby blue

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It's all over now, baby blue

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