Tangled Up In Blue—Bob Dylan

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| 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 I know your name?”  I muttered somethin’ 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 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 cafés 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 keepin’ on like a bird that flew  Tangled up in blue  So now I’m goin’ back again  I got to get to her somehow  All the people we used to know  They’re an illusion to me now  Some are mathematicians  Some are carpenters’ 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 a different point of view  Tangled up in blue |