

Farewell Angelina

by Bob Dylan (1965) (3/4)

F F/E F/D F/C F F/E F/D F/C

F F Bb F F/E F/D F/C
Farewell Angelina, the bells of the crown. Are being
F F Bb F F/E F/D F/C
stolen by bandits, I must follow the sound. The
F₍₂₎ Bb₍₁₎ F7 Bb C C C C
triangle tingles and the trumpet plays slow.
Dm Am Dm Am Bb₍₂₎ C7₍₁₎ F F/E F/D F/C F F/E F/D F/C
Farewell Angelina, the sky is on fire, and I must go

There is **no** use in **anger** and **no** use for **blame**
There is **nothing** to **prove**, every thing's still the **same**
Just a **table** stands **empty** by the **edge** of the **sea**
Means **farewell** Angelina, the **sky** is trembling and I must **leave**

The **jacks** and the **queens** they have **forsaked** the **courtyard**
And fifty-two **gypsies** now **file** past the **guards**
In the **space** where the **duece** and the **ace** once ran wild
Farewell Angelina, the **sky** is changing **color**, I'll **see** you in a **while**

See the **cross-eyed** **pirates** sitting **perched** in the **sun**
Shooting tin **cans** with a **sawed-off** shot **g`**
And the **neighbors** they **clap** and they **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 **make-up** man's **hands**
Shut the **eyes** of the **dead** not to **embarrass** anyone
Farewell Angelina, the **sky** is **embarrassed** and **I** must be **gone**

The **camouflaged** **parrot**, he **flutters** from **fear**
When **something** he doesn't **know** about **suddenly** **appears**
What **cannot** be **imitated** **perfect** must **die**
Farewell Angelina, the **sky's** **flooding** **over**, and I must **go** where it's **dry**