

# Farewell Angelina

Bob Dylan

The bells of the crown  
Are being stolen by bandits  
I must follow the sound  
The triangle tingles  
And the trumpets play slow  
The sky is on fire  
And I must go

There's no need for anger  
There's no need for blame  
There's nothing to prove  
Ev'rything's still the same  
Just a table standing empty  
By the edge of the sea  
The sky is trembling  
And I must leave.

The jacks and queens  
Have forsaked the courtyard  
Fifty-two gypsies  
Now file past the guards  
In the space where the deuce  
And the ace once ran wild  
The sky is folding  
I'll see you in a while.

See the cross-eyed pirates sitting  
Perched in the sun  
Shooting tin cans  
With a sawed-off shotgun  
And the neighbors they clap  
And they cheer with each blast  
The sky's changing color  
And I must leave fast.

King Kong, little elves  
On the rooftops they dance  
Valentino-type tangos  
While the make-up man's hands  
Shut the eyes of the dead  
Not to embarrass anyone  
The sky is embarrassed  
And I must be gone.

The machine guns are roaring  
The puppets heave rocks  
The fiends nail time bombs  
To the hands of the clocks  
Call me any name you like  
I will never deny it  
The sky is erupting  
I must go where it's quiet.