

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Dion

You must leave, take what you need, you think will last
But whatever you wish to keep, you better grab it fast
Yonder stands your orphan with his gun
Crying like a fire in the sun

Look out the saints are comin' through
And it's all over now, baby blue

The highway is for gamblers, better use your sins
And take what you have gathered from coincidence
The empty-handed painter from your streets
Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets

This sky too is folding under you
And it's all over now, baby blue

All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home
You have to hand it army, they are going home
Your lover who just walked out the door
Has taken all his blankets from the floor

The carpet too is moving under you
And it's all over now, baby blue

Leave your stepping stones behind
There's something that calls for you now
Forget about the dead, they will not follow you
The vagabond who's rapping at your door
Is standing in the clothes you once wore

Strike another match, go start anew
Oh it's all over now, baby blue