

# Farewell Angelina

John Mellencamp

Farewell Angelina, the bells of the crown  
Are being stolen by bandits, I must follow the sound  
The triangle tingles, the music plays slow  
But farewell Angelina, the night is on fire, and I must go

There is no use in talking and there's no need for blame  
There is nothing to prove, everything still is the same  
The table stands empty by the edge of the stream  
But farewell Angelina, the sky's changing colors, and I must leave

The jacks and the queens they have forsake the courtyard  
Fifty-two gypsies now file past the guard  
In the space where the deuce and the ace once ran wild  
Farewell Angelina, the sky is folding, I'll see you after a while

See the cross-eyed pirate sit perched in the sun  
Shooting tin cans with a sawed-off shotgun  
And the corporals and the neighbors clap and 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 hero's clean hands  
Shut the eyes of the dead not to embarrass anyone  
Farewell Angelina, the sky is flooding over, and I must be gone

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

Machine guns are roaring, puppets heave rocks  
At misunderstood visions and at the faces of clocks  
Call me any name you like, I will never deny it  
But farewell Angelina, the sky is erupting, and I must go where it's quiet