

Tangled Up In Blue

Robyn Hitchcock

Early one morning the sun was shining
I was laying in bed
Wondering if she'd changed at all
If her hair was still red
Her folks said our lives together
Sure was gonna be rough
Never did like Papa's homemade dress
Mama's bankbook wasn't big enough
I was standing on the side of the road
Rain falling on my shoes
Heading out for the east coast
Lord knows I paid some dues getting through
Tangled up in blue
She was married when we first met
Soon to be divorced
I helped her out of herself 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
I turned around to look at her
She was a-walking away
I heard her say over my shoulder
"We'll meet again someday
On the Avenue
Tangled up in blue."
I was working 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 axe just fell
So I drifted down to New Orleans
Looking for to be employed
Workin' for awhile on a fishing boat
Right outside of Delacroix
But all the while I was alone
The past was close behind
I saw a lot of women
But she never escaped my mind
And I just grew
Tangled up in blue
She was working in a topless place
And I stopped in for a top
I said I was missing half of my face
She said "You've come to the wrong shop."
Later on when the crowd thinned out
I was just about to do the same
She was standing there in the back of my chair
She said "Don't I know your name?"
I murmured something 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 lace
Of my shoe
Tangled up in blue
She lit a burner on the stove
And offered me a pipe

I thought she'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 flowed like burning coal
Pouring 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
A basement down the stairs
There was music in the cafes at night
Revolution in the air
Then he started into dealing with slaves
And something inside of him died
I had to sell him everything I owned
And froze up inside
Later on on the bottom fell out
I became withdrawn
The only thing I knew how to do
Was how to keep on keepin' on
Like a bird that flew
In blue
So now I'm goin' back again
I got to get to her somehow
All of these people I used to know
They're an illusion now
Some are mathematicians
Some are carpenters' wives
I don't know how they got started
I don't know what they're doing 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
Go Bill, yeah!