

# Tangled Up In Blue

The Whitlams

Early one mornin' the sun was shinin'  
I was layin' in bed  
Wonderin' if she had changed at all  
If her hair was still red

And her folks had said our lives together  
It sure was gonna be rough  
They never did like Mama's homemade dress  
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough

And she was standin' on the side of the road  
As rain's fallin' on my shoes  
I'm heading out for the old East Coast  
Lord, knows I've paid some dues gettin' through  
Tangled up in blue

She was married when we first met  
Soon to be divorced  
I helped her out of a jam, I guess  
But I used a little too much force

So 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

Then she turned around and looked at me  
As I was walkin' away  
I heard her say over my shoulder  
"We're gonna meet again someday on a avenue?  
We got tangled up in blue

So I had a job 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 ax just fell

So I drifted down to New Orleans  
Where I was looking out to be employed  
Workin' for a while on a fishin' boat  
Right outside of Delacroix

But all the while I was alone  
The past was close behind me  
I seen a lot of women  
But she never escaped my mind and I just grew  
Tangled up in blue

She was workin' in a topless place  
And I stopped in for a beer  
I just kept lookin' at the side of her face  
In the spotlight so clear

Then later on as the crowd thinned out  
I was just about to do the same  
She was standing there at the back of the chair  
Singin', "Tell me, don't I know your name?"

I muttered somethin' underneath the breath  
She studied the lines on my face  
I must admit I felt a little uneasy  
When she bent to tie the lace of my shoe  
We got tangled up in blue

So she lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe  
"I thought you'd never say hello", she said  
"You look like the silent type"

Then she opened up a book of poems  
Handed it to me  
Written by an Italian poet  
In the thirteenth century

And every one of those words rang true  
Glowed like burnin' coal  
Pourin' off of every page  
Like it's written in my soul from me to you  
Tangled up in blue

I lived with them on Montague Street  
In a basement down the stairs  
There was music in the cafes at night  
And revolution in the air

Then he started into dealing with slaves  
Something inside of him died  
She had to sell everything they owned  
And froze up inside

And when finally as the bottom fell out  
I became withdrawn,  
The only thing I knew how to do  
Was to keep on keepin' on like a bird that flew  
We got tangled up in blue

Now I'm goin' back again  
Got to get to her somehow  
All the people that we used to know  
They're illusion to me now

Some are mathematicians  
Some are carpenter's wives  
We don't know how this got started  
Don't know what we do with our lives

Me, I'm still on the road  
Headin' for another joint  
We didn't always see the same  
And we start it from a different point of view  
Tangled up in blue