

TANGLED
UP IN
BLUE

[A] Early one mornin' the [G] sun was shinin', [A] I was layin' in [G] bed
[A] Wondering if she'd [G] changed at all, If her [D] hair was still red.
[A] Her folks they said our [G] lives together [A] sure was gonna be [G] rough
They [A] never did like Mama's [G] homemade dress
Papa's [D] bankbook wasn't big enough.
And [E] I was standin' on the [F#m] side of the road
[A] Rain fallin' on my [D] shoes. [E] Heading out for the [F#m] East Coast
Lord [A] knows I paid some [D] dues gettin' [E] through,
[G] Tangled [D] up in [A] 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.
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.
She turned around to look at me, As I was walkin' away
I heard her say over my shoulder, "We'll meet again someday on the avenue,"
Tangled up in blue.

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 axe just fell.
So I drifted down to New Orleans, where I happened 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,
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 looking' at the side of her face in the spotlight so clear.
And later on as the crowd thinned out I's just about to do the same,

She was standing there in back of my chair, Said to me, "Don't I know your name?"
I muttered somethin' 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 laces of my shoe,
Tangled up in blue.

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 and handed it to me
Written by an Italian poet from the thirteenth century.
And every one of them words rang true and glowed like burnin' coal
Pourin' 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. 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 and something inside of him died.
She had to sell everything she owned and froze up inside.
And when finally 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
Tangled up in blue.

So now I'm goin' back again, I got to get to her somehow.
All the people we used to know They're an illusion to me now.
Some are mathematicians, Some are carpenter's wives.
Don't know how it all got started,
I don't know what they're doin' 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.

TANGLED
UP IN
BLUE
(PAGE 2)