Farewell (Studio Version)

Bob Dylan

Oh it's fare thee well my darlin' true,
I'm leavin' in the first hour of the morn.
I'm bound off for the bay of Mexico
Or maybe the coast of Californ.
So it's fare thee well my own true love,
We'll meet another day, another time.
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.Oh the weather is against me and the wind blows hard
And the rain she's a-turnin' into hail.
I still might strike it lucky on a highway goin' west,
Though I'm travelin' on a path beaten trail.
So it's fare thee well my own true love,
We'll meet another day, another time.
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.I will write you a letter from time to time,
As I'm ramblin' you can travel with me too.
With my head, my heart and my hands, my love,
I will send what I learn back home to you.
So it's fare thee well my own true love,
We'll meet another day, another time.
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.I will tell you of the laughter and of troubles,
Be them somebody else's or my own.
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high,
I will travel unnoticed and unknown.
So it's fare thee well my own true love,
We'll meet another day, another time.
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.

Songwriters
BOB DYLANPublished by
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