

Farewell, Angelina

[Joan Baez](#)

Farewell, Angelina, the bells of the crown
Are being stolen by bandits, I must follow the sound
The triangle tingles and the trumpets play slow
Farewell, Angelina, the sky is on fire and I must go. There's no need for anger, there's no need for blame
There's nothing to prove, everything's still the same
Just a table standing empty by the edge of the sea
Means farewell, Angelina, the sky is trembling, and I must leave. The jacks and queens have forsaken the
courtyard
Fifty-two gypsies, now file past the guards
In the space where the deuce and the ace once ran wild
Farewell, Angelina, the sky is falling, I'll see you in a while. See the cross-eyed pirates sitting perched in the sun
Shooting tin cans with a sawed-off shotgun
And the neighbours they clap and they cheer with each blast
But farewell, Angelina, the sky's changing colour and I must leave fast. King Kong, little elves on the rooftops
they dance
Valentino-type tangos while the make-up man's hands
Shut the eyes of the dead not to embarrass anyone
But farewell, Angelina, the sky is embarrassed and I must be gone. The machine guns are roaring, the puppets
heave rocks
And fiends nail time bombs to the hands of the clocks
Call me any name you like, I will never deny it
But farewell, Angelina, the sky is erupting, I must go where it's quiet.

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