

# Farewell Angelina

Jeff Buckley

Farewell Angelina  
The bells of the crown  
Are being stolen by bandits  
I must follow the sound  
The triangle, tinglesAnd the trumpets play slow  
Farewell Angelina  
The sky is on fire  
And I must goThere's no need for anger  
There's no need for blame  
There's nothing to prove  
Ev'rything's still the sameJust a table standing empty  
By the edge of the sea  
Farewell Angelina  
The sky is trembling  
And I must leaveThe jacks and the queens  
Have forsaked the courtyard  
Fifty-two gypsies  
Now file past the guardsIn the space where the deuce  
And the ace once ran wild  
Farewell Angelina  
The sky is folding  
I'll see you in a whileSee the cross eyed pirates sitting  
Perched in the sun  
Shooting tin cans  
With a sawed off shotgunAnd the neighbors they clap  
And they cheer with each blast  
Farewell Angelina  
The sky's changing color  
And I must leave fastKing Kong, little elves  
On the rooftops they dance  
Valentino, type tango's  
While the make up man's handsShut the eyes of the dead  
Not to embarrass anyone  
Farewell Angelina  
The sky is embarrassed  
And I must be goneThe machine guns are roaring  
The puppets heave rocks  
The fiends nail time bombs  
To the hands of the clocksCall me any name you like

I will never deny it  
Farewell Angelina  
The sky is erupting  
I must go where it's quiet

Songwriters

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