It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Bryan Ferry

You must leave now, take what you need, you think will last.
But whatever you wish to keep, you better grab it fast.
Yonder stands your orphan with his gun,
Crying like a fire in the sun.
Look out the saints are comin through
And its all over now, Baby Blue.
The highway is for gamblers, better use your sense.
Take what you have gathered from coincidence.
The empty-handed painter from your streets
Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets.
This sky, too, is folding under you
And its all over now, Baby Blue.All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home.
All your reindeer armies, are all going home.
The lover who just walked out your door
Has taken all his blankets from the floor.
The carpet, too, is moving under you
And its all over now, Baby Blue.Leave your stepping stones behind, something calls for you.
Forget the dead youve left, they will not follow you.
The vagabond whos rapping at your door
Is standing in the clothes that you once wore.
Strike another match, go start anew
And its all over now, Baby Blue

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