

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Portastatic

Hey, Joe you got it
Right, blow horn You must leave now
Take what you need, you think will last
But whatever you wish to keep
You, you better grab it fast You understands
Your orphan with his gun
And that's no fun
Crying
Like a fire in the sun So, so look out, babe
The saints are comin' through
Oba, was vorbei is
Is vorbei, baby blue The highway is for gamblers
You better use your sins
Take whatever you gathered
Take whatever you gathered
From your coincidence The empty handed painter
From your streets
Is drawing crazy patters
On his sheets And babe, the sky too
Is folding over you
Oba trotzdem, was vorbei is
Is vorbei, baby blue Und vergi nicht deine
High heels, deine high heels
Deine heien, roten schuh'
Baby blue Leave your stepping stones behind
There's something that calls for you
Forget the dead you've left
They will not follow you Your lover who has just walked
Out the door
He has taken all his blankets
From the floor, Jesus Look out, babe
The saints are comin' through
Oba, was vorbei is
Is vorbei, baby blue Go, strike another match, go, go
Get, start something new
Start something new
Oba, was vorbei is
Is vorbei, baby blue Still lovin', baby
Und wenns'd mi hearst

Dann wat eh wen I man, okay
There's a couple of drinks more, please

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