

Farewell Angelina (Acoustic Bob Dylan Cover)

[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

Bob DylanPublished by

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