It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Jon Carroll

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