

# It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Jon Carroll

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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