

it's all over now

Siglo XX

You must leave, now take what you need you think will last
Whatever you wish to keep, you better grab it fast.
Yonder stands your orphan with his gun,
He is crying like a fire in the sun.

Look out, all those saints are coming through
And it's all over now, Baby Blue,
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

The highway is for gamblers, you better use your sense.
Take what you have gathered from coincidence.
The empty handed painter from your street
Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets.

The sky too is folding under you,
And it's all over now Baby Blue.

All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home
Your empty-handed armies are going home.
Your lover who has just walked out your door
Has taken all his blankets off the floor.

The carpet too is moving under you,
And it's all over now Baby Blue.

Leave your stepping stones behind, there's something calls for you
Forget about the dead you've left, they will not follow you
The vagabond who's rapping at your door
Is standing in the clothes you once wore.

Strike another match, go start anew,
And it's all over now Baby Blue [Repeat: x3]

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