

# Tangled Up In Blue

Bob Dylan

Early one mornin' the sun was shinin',  
I was layin' in bed  
Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all  
If her hair was still red.  
Her folks they said our lives together  
Sure was gonna be rough  
They never did like Mama's homemade dress  
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.  
And I was standin' on the side of the road  
Rain fallin' on my shoes  
Heading out for the East Coast  
Lord knows I've paid some dues gettin' through,  
Tangled up in blue.

She was married when we first met  
Soon to be divorced  
I helped her out of a jam, I guess,  
But I used a little too much force.  
We drove that car as far as we could  
Abandoned it out West  
Split up on a dark sad night  
Both agreeing it was best.  
She turned around to look at me  
As I was walkin' away  
I heard her say over my shoulder,  
"We'll meet again someday on the avenue,"  
Tangled up in blue.

I had a job in the great north woods  
Working as a cook for a spell  
But I never did like it all that much  
And one day the ax just fell.  
So I drifted down to New Orleans  
Where I happened to be employed  
Workin' for a while on a fishin' boat  
Right outside of Delacroix.  
But all the while I was alone  
The past was close behind,  
I seen a lot of women  
But she never escaped my mind, and I just grew  
Tangled up in blue.

She was workin' in a topless place  
And I stopped in for a beer,  
I just kept lookin' at the side of her face  
In the spotlight so clear.  
And later on as the crowd thinned out  
I's just about to do the same,  
She was standing there in back of my chair  
Said to me, "Don't I know your name?"

I muttered somethin' underneath my breath,  
She studied the lines on my face.  
I must admit I felt a little uneasy  
When she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe,  
Tangled up in blue.

She lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe  
"I thought you'd never say hello," she said  
"You look like the silent type."  
Then she opened up a book of poems  
And handed it to me  
Written by an Italian poet  
From the thirteenth century.  
And every one of them words rang true  
And glowed like burnin' coal  
Pourin' off of every page  
Like it was written in my soul from me to you,  
Tangled up in blue.

I lived with them on Montague Street  
In a basement down the stairs,  
There was music in the cafes at night  
And revolution in the air.  
Then he started into dealing with slaves  
And something inside of him died.  
She had to sell everything she owned  
And froze up inside.  
And when finally the bottom fell out  
I became withdrawn,  
The only thing I knew how to do  
Was to keep on keepin' on like a bird that flew,  
Tangled up in blue.

So now I'm goin' back again,  
I got to get to her somehow.  
All the people we used to know  
They're an illusion to me now.  
Some are mathematicians  
Some are carpenter's wives.  
Don't know how it all got started,  
I don't know what they're doin' with their lives.  
But me, I'm still on the road  
Headin' for another joint  
We always did feel the same,  
We just saw it from a different point of view,  
Tangled up in blue.

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