

Tangled Up In Blue

Words & Music:
Bob Dylan

A Asus4 A(add2) A Asus4 A(add2)

A G A G
Early one morning the sun was shinin'. I was layin' in bed.

A G D
Wondering if she'd changed at all, if her hair was still red.
Her folks, they said that our lives together sure was gonna be rough.

A G D
They never did like mama's home-made dress, papa's bank book wasn't big enough.

E F#m A D
And I was standing on the side of the road, rain falling on my shoes.

E F#m A D
Heading out for the old east coast, Lord knows I've paid some dues

E G D A Asus4 A(add2) A Asus4 A(add2)
Getting 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 sad dark night, both agreeing it was best.
She turned around to look at me as I was walking away.
I heard her say over her shoulder, "We'll meet again some day
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 axe just fell.
So I drifted down to New Orleans where I was lucky just to be employed.
Workin' for a while on a fishing 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 working in topless place and I stopped in for a beer
I just kept looking at the side of her face in the spotlight so clear
And later on when the crowd thinned out, I was just about to do the same
She was standing there in back of my chair saying, "Tell me, don't I know your name?"
I muttered something 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 burning 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 cafés at night and revolution in the air.
Then he started dealing in slaves and something inside of him died.
She had to sell everything she owned and froze up inside.
And when the bottom finally fell out, I became withdrawn.
The only thing I knew how to do was to keep on keeping on
Like a bird that flew. Tangled up in blue.

So, now I'm going on back again. I got to get to her some how.
All the people we used to know they're an illusion to me now.
Some are mathematicians. Some are carpenters wives.
Don't know how it all got started. I don't know what they're doing 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.