

Farewell Angelina

Bob Dylan

[C] Fare well Angelina, the [F] bells of the [C] crown,
Being stolen by bandits, I must [F] follow the [C] sound.
The triangle tingles, the [F] trumpets plays [G7] slow.

[F] Fare well Ange[C]lina, the [F] sky is on [C] fire, [G7] and I must [C] go.

[C] There's no need for anger, there's no [F] need for [C] blame.
There is nothing to prove, every [F] thing's still the [C] same.
Just a table standing empty by the [F] edge of the [G7] sea,
Means fare [F] well Ange[C]lina, the [F] sky's [C] trembling, [G7] and I must [C]
leave.

[C] The jack and the queen have for[F]saked the court [C] yard.
Fifty-two gypsies now [F] file past the [C] guard.
In the space where the deuce and the [F] ace once ran [G7] wild,
Fare [F] well Ange[C]lina, the [F] sky is [C] falling, [G7] I'll see you in a [C]
while.

[C] See the cross-eyed pirate sitting [F] perched in the [C] sun,
Shooting tin cans with a [F] sawed-off shot [C] gun.
And the neighbours they clap and they [F] cheer with each [G7] blast,
Fare [F] well Ange[C]lina, the [F] sky is changing [C] colour, [G7] and I must
leave [C] fast.

[C] King Kong little elves on the [F] rooftops they [C] dance,
Valentino-type tangos while they [F] make up man's [C] hands.
Shut the eyes of the dead not to [F] embarrass any [G7] one,
Fare [F] well Ange[C]lina, the [F] sky is em[C]barrassed, and [G7] I must be [C]
gone.

[C] Machine guns are roaring, the [F] puppets heave [C] rocks,
The fiends nail time bombs to the [F] hands of the [C] clocks.
Call me any name you like, I will [F] never deny [G7] it,
Fare [F] well Ange[C]lina, the [F] sky is [C] erupting, I must [G7] go where it is
[C] quiet.