

# It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Bob Dylan

You must leave now, take what you need, you think will last  
But whatever you wish to keep, you better grab it fast  
Yonder stands your orphan with his gun  
Crying like a fire in the sun Look out, the saints are comin' through  
And it's all over now, Baby Blue The highway is for gamblers, better use your sense  
Take what you have gathered from coincidence  
The empty-handed painter from your streets  
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're all rowing home  
Your empty-handed army is all going home  
Your lover who just walked out the door  
Has taken all his blankets from the floor The carpet too is moving under you  
And it's all over now, Baby Blue  
Leave your stepping stones behind there, something calls for you  
Forget the dead you've left, they will not follow you  
The vagabond who's rapping at your door  
Is standing in the clothes that you once wore  
Strike another match, go start anew  
And it's all over now, Baby Blue

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>