

**Farewell Angelina**  
**Bob Dylan**

Capo 7, top E tuned down to C  
(Be sure to strum the 6th string to keep the  
droning C note going.)

Note CADGBe  
++++++  
**Bb:** 032010  
**Bbsus4:** 033010 (hammer the little finger onto the 4th string)  
**Eb:** 003211  
**Gm:** 002210  
**Dm:** x22000

[Verse 1]

**Bb** **Eb** **Bb** **Bbsus4** **Bb**  
Farewell Angelina, the bells of the crown  
**Eb** **Bb** **Bbsus4** **Bb**  
Are being stolen by bandits, I must follow the sound  
**Eb** **Bb (Baez=F)** **Bbsus4** **Bb**  
The triangle tingles, the music plays slow  
**Gm** **Dm** **Gm** **Dm** **Eb** **Bb** **Bbsus4** **Bb**  
But farewell Angelina, the night is on fire, and I must go

[Verse 2]

(same as verse 1)

There is no use in talking and there s no need for blame  
There is nothing to prove, everything still is the same  
The table stands empty by the edge of the stream  
But farewell Angelina, the sky s changing colors, and I must leave

[Verse 3]

(same as verse 1)

The jacks and the queens they have forsake the courtyard  
Fifty-two gypsies now file past the guard  
In the space where the duece and the ace once ran wild  
Farewell Angelina, the sky is folding, I ll see you after a while

[Verse 4]

(same as verse 1)

See the cross-eyed pirate sit perched in the sun  
Shooting tin cans with a sawed-off shotgun  
And the coporels and the neighbors clap and cheer with each blast  
But farewell Angelina, the sky is trembling, and I must leave fast

[Verse 5]

(same as verse 1)

King Kong little elves in the rooftops they dance  
Valentino-type tangos while the hero s clean hands  
Shut the eyes of the dead not to embarass anyone  
Farewell Angelina, the sky is flooding over, and I must be gone

[Verse 6]

(same as verse 1)

The camouflaged parrot, he flutters from fear  
When something he doesn t know about suddenly appears  
What can not be imitated perfect must die  
Farewell Angelina, the sky s flooding over, and I must go where it is dry

[Verse 7]

(same as verse 1)

Machine guns are roaring, puppets heave rocks  
At misunderstood visions and at the faces of clocks  
Call me any name you like, I will never deny it  
But farewell Angelina, the sky is erupting, and I must go where it is quiet