

Farewell Angelina

Joan Baez

D

Farewell Angelina

G

The bells of the crown

D

G

Are being stolen by bandits

I must follow the sound

D

The triangle tingles

G

the trumpet plays slow

Bm

F#m

Farewell Angelina

Bm

F#m

The sky is on fire

G

D

And I must go.

There s no need for anger

There s no need for blame

There s nothing to prove

Ev rything s still the same

Just a table standing empty

By the edge of the sea

Farewell Angelina

The sky is trembling

And I must leave.

The jacks and queens

Have forsaked the courtyard

Fifty-two gypsies

Now file past the guards

In the space where the deuce

And the ace once ran wild

Farewell Angelina

The sky is folding

I ll see you in a while.

See the cross-eyed pirates sitting

Perched in the sun

Shooting tin cans

With a sawed-off shotgun

And the neighbors they clap

And they cheer with each blast

Farewell Angelina

The sky s changing color

And I must leave fast.

King Kong, little elves
On the rooftops they dance
Valentino-type tangos
While the make-up man s hands
Shut the eyes of the dead
Not to embarrass anyone
Farewell Angelina
The sky is embarrassed
And I must be gone.

The machine guns are roaring
The puppets heave rocks
The fiends nail time bombs
To the hands of the clocks
Call me any name you like
I will never deny it
Farewell Angelina
The sky is erupting
I must go where it s quiet.