Its All Over Now Baby Blue The Byrds

#-----# #This OLGA file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation #of the song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or #research. Remember to view this file in Courier, or other monospaced font. #See http://www.olga.net/faq/ for more information. #----# Subject: b/byrds/its_all_over_now_baby_blue.crd Date: Sun, 06 Jul 1997 13:27:21 GMT From: RICKL1@ix.netcom.com The Byrds It s All Over Now Baby Blue written by Bob Dylan The Never Before LP Version Dylan s version would be G#7 Ε You better go now, take what you want you think will last But if there something you wish to keep better grab it fast F#m Yonder stands your orphan with his gun А Crying like a fire in the sun F#m Look out the saints are coming through And it s all over now, Baby Blue. В The highway is for gamblers, better use your sense. Α 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. SOLO

All your seasick sailors, they are going home.

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В
                                            Е
Your empty handed armies, they re are going home.
Your lover who just walked out your door
Has taken all his blankets from the floor.
The carpet, too, is moving under you
And it s all over now, Baby Blue.
And it s all over now, Baby Blue.
>From The Never Before CD
The Byrds It s All Over Now Baby Blue written by Bob Dylan
Easy Rider Version
You better leave , take what you need you think will last
But if there something 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 coming through
                   C
                        Αm
                        it s all over now
And it s all over now
              C
                          G
                                C
                                   G C
                   D
It s all over now, Baby Blue.
The highway is for gamblers, you 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
                         Am
And it s all over now
                        it s all over now
                           G
                                 C
                    D
It s all over now, Baby Blue.
All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home.
All Your reindeer armies, they re are going home.
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Am C G

Your lover who just walked out the door
Am C G

Has taken all your blankets from the floor.
Em D

The carpet, too, is moving under you
Am C Am D

And it s all over now it s all over now^?

Am C D G C G C G

It s all over now, Baby Blue.

>From The Ballad Of Easy Rider LP