

# 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 coming 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 street  
Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheet  
The sky it too, is falling over you  
And it's all over now, Baby Blue

All your seasick sailors, they all rowing home  
All your reindeer armies, they're all going home  
The lover who has 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

Leave your stepping stones behind, 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