

# Tangled Up In Blue

Robyn Hitchcock

Early one morning the sun was shining  
I was laying in bed  
Wondering if she'd changed at all  
If her hair was still red  
Her folks said our lives together  
Sure was gonna be rough  
Never did like Papa's homemade dress  
Mama's bankbook wasn't big enough  
I was standing on the side of the road  
Rain falling on my shoes  
Heading out for the east coast  
Lord knows I paid some dues getting through  
Tangled up in blue  
She was married when we first met  
Soon to be divorced  
I helped her out of herself I guess  
But I used a little too much force  
We drove that car as far as we could  
Abandoned it out West  
Split up on a dark sad night  
Both agreeing it was best  
I turned around to look at her  
She was a-walking away  
I heard her say over my shoulder  
"We'll meet again someday  
On the Avenue  
Tangled up in blue."  
I was working in the great north woods  
Working as a cook for a spell  
But I never did like it all that much  
And one day the axe just fell  
So I drifted down to New Orleans  
Looking for to be employed  
Workin' for awhile on a fishing boat  
Right outside of Delacroix  
But all the while I was alone  
The past was close behind  
I saw a lot of women  
But she never escaped my mind  
And I just grew  
Tangled up in blue  
She was working in a topless place  
And I stopped in for a top  
I said I was missing half of my face  
She said "You've come to the wrong shop."  
Later on when the crowd thinned out  
I was just about to do the same  
She was standing there in the back of my chair  
She said "Don't I know your name?"  
I murmured something underneath my breath  
She studied the lines on my face  
I must admit I felt a little uneasy  
When she bent down to tie the lace  
Of my shoe  
Tangled up in blue  
She lit a burner on the stove  
And offered me a pipe

I thought she'd never say hello  
She said, "You look like the silent type."  
Then she opened up a book of poems  
And handed it to me  
Written by an Italian poet from the thirteenth century  
And every one of them words rang true  
And flowed like burning coal  
Pouring off of every page like it was written in my soul  
From me to you  
Tangled up in blue  
I lived with them on Montague Street  
A basement down the stairs  
There was music in the cafes at night  
Revolution in the air  
Then he started into dealing with slaves  
And something inside of him died  
I had to sell him everything I owned  
And froze up inside  
Later on on the bottom fell out  
I became withdrawn  
The only thing I knew how to do  
Was how to keep on keepin' on  
Like a bird that flew  
In blue  
So now I'm goin' back again  
I got to get to her somehow  
All of these people I used to know  
They're an illusion now  
Some are mathematicians  
Some are carpenters' wives  
I don't know how they got started  
I don't know what they're doing with their lives  
But me, I'm still on the road  
Headin' for another joint  
We always did feel the same  
We just saw it from a different point  
Of view  
Tangled up in blue  
Go Bill, yeah!