

# Tangled up in Blue

Ryan Adams

Early one morning the sun was shining  
I was lying in bed  
Wondering if she'd changed at all or if her hair was still red  
Her folks they said our lives together  
Sure was going to be rough  
They never did like Mama's homemade dress  
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough  
And I was standing on the side of the road  
Rain fallin' on my shoes  
Heading out for that old East Coast  
Lord knows I've 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 a jam, I guess  
But I used a little too much force  
We drove that car as far as we could  
And we abandoned it out west  
Split up on a dark sad night  
Both agreeing that it was best  
She turned around to look at me  
As I was walkin away  
I heard her say over my shoulder  
"We'll meet again someday on the avenue"  
Tangled up in blue

I had a job 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 ax just fell  
So I drifted down to New Orleans  
Where I'm lucky to be employed  
Working for a while on a fishing boat  
Right outside of Delacroix  
But all the while I was alone  
The past was close behind  
I've seen 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 beer  
I just kept looking at the side of her face  
In the spotlight was so clear  
And later on, when the crowd thinned out  
I was just about to do the same  
She was standin there, in the back of my chair  
Said, "Tell me, don't I know your name?"  
I muttered something underneath my breath  
She studied the lines on my face  
I must admit, I felt a little uneasy  
But when she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe  
Tangled up in blue

She lit a burner on the stove  
And offered me a pipe  
"I thought you'd never say hello," she said  
"You look like the silent type"  
Then she opened up a book of poems  
And handed me  
Written by an Italian poet  
From the thirteenth century  
And every one of them words rang true  
And glowed like a burning coal  
Pouring off of every page  
It was like it was written in my soul  
From me to you  
Tangled up in blue

I lived up and down on Montague Street  
In a basement down the stairs  
There was music in the cafes at night  
And there was revolution in the air  
Then he started into dealing with slaves  
And inside of him something died  
She had to sell everything she owned  
And froze up inside  
And when finally the bottom fell out  
Oh I became withdrawn  
The only thing I knew how to do  
Was to keep on keeping on  
Like a bird that flew  
Tangled up in blue

So now I'm going back again  
I got to get to her somehow  
All the people we used to know  
They're just an illusion to me now  
Some are mathematicians  
Some are carpenter's wives  
Don't know how it all got started  
I don't know what they did with their lives  
But me, I'm still on the road  
I'm headed for another joint  
We always felt the same  
We just saw it from a different point of view  
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