

# ***It's All Over Now, Baby Blue***

**By 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 comin' 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 streets

Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets

This sky, too, is folding under you

And it's all over now, Baby Blue

All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home

All your reindeer armies, are all going home

The 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

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