**Tangled Up In Blue**

*Lyrics And Tab*

*(By Bob Dylan)*

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**Intro** - G - C - G - C

G F G F

Early one morning the sun was shining and she was lying in bed
G F C

Wondering if she'd changed it all if her hair was still red
G F G

her folks said their lives together sure was going to be rough
G F C

They never did like Mama's homemade dress Papas bankbook wasn't big enough
D Em C

He was standing on the side of the road rain falling on his shoes
D Em C D

Heading out for the old east coast Lord knows he paid some dues gettin' through
F C G C G C

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G F G F

She was married when they first met soon to be divorced
G F C

He helped her out of jam I guess but he used a little too much force
G F G F

And he drove that car as far as they could abandoned it out west
G F C

Splitting up on a dark side night both agreeing it was best
D Em C

And she turned around and looked at him as he was walking away
D Em C D

Saying over her shoulder we'll meet again someday on the avenue
F C G C G C

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G F G F

He had a job in Santa Fe - workin' in an old hotel
G F C

But he never did like it all that much and one day it just went to hell
G F G F

So he drifted down to New Orleans lucky enough to be destroyed
G F C

Well he got him a job on a fishing boat docked outside of Delacroy
D Em C

But all the while he was alone the past was close behind
D Em C D

He'd seen a lot of women but she never escaped his mind and he just grew
F C G C G C

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G F G F

She was working in a topless place and I stopped in for a beer
G F C

I just kept looking at the side of her face in the spotlight so clear
Then later on when the crowd thinned out I was just about to do the same
She was standing there right beside my chair said don't tell me let me guess your name?
I muttered something underneath my breath she studied the lines on my face
Must admit - I felt a little uneasy when she bent to tie the laces of my shoes
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I lived with them on Montague St in a basement down the stairs
There was music in the cafes at night and revolution in the air
Well he started into dealing with slaves something inside of him died
She had to sell everything she owned and froze up inside
And when it all came crashing down - I became withdrawn
The only thing I knew how to do - was to keep on keeping on like a bird that flew
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So now I'm going on back again I got to get to them somehow
All the faces that we used to know they're an illusion to me now
Some are mathematicians, some are truck drivers wives
Don't know how it all got started I don't know what we do with our lives
But me I'm still on the road, heading for another joint
We always did feel the same we just started from a different point - of view
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