

## Tangled Up in Blue

Words and music Bob Dylan

Album: Blood on the Tracks (1975) and on Biograph (1985), and live on Live 1975

Evii Dv  
 Early one mornin' the sun was shinin',  
 Evii Dv  
 he was layin' in bed  
 Evii Dv  
 Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all  
 E B(ii) A  
 If her hair was still red.  
 Evii Dv  
 Her folks they said their lives together  
 Evii Dv  
 Sure was gonna be rough  
 Evii Dv  
 They never did like Mama's homemade dress  
 E B(ii) A  
 Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.  
 F#m C#m  
 And he was standin' on the side of the road  
 E B(ii) A  
 Rain fallin' on his shoes  
 F#m C#m  
 Heading out for the East Coast  
 E B(ii) A B11  
 Lord knows he's paid some dues gettin' through,  
 Emaj7/b B11 E  
 Tangled up in blue.

E . . A | x3

She was married when they first met,  
 Soon to be divorced.  
 He helped her out of a jam, I guess,  
 But he used a little too much force.  
 They drove that car as far as we could  
 Abandoned it out West  
 Split up on a dark sad night  
 Both agreeing it was best.  
 She turned around to look at him  
 As he was walkin' away  
 she said: "This can't be the end, this ain't the end,  
 We'll meet on another day, on the avenue,"  
 We'll meet again some day . . .  
 Tangled up in blue.

He had a job in the old north woods  
 Working as a cook for a spell  
 But he never did like it all that much  
 And one day the ax just fell.  
 Well, he drifted down to L.A.  
 Where he reckoned to try his luck  
 Workin' for a while on an airplane plant,  
 Loading cargo onto a truck  
 But all the while he was alone  
 The past was close behind,  
 He seen a lot of women  
 But she never escaped his mind, and he just grew  
 Tangled up in blue.

She was workin' in a topless place  
 And I stopped in for a beer,  
 I just kept looking' at the side of her face  
 In the spotlight so clear.

And later on, as the crowd thinned out  
I's about to do the same,  
She was standing there in back of my chair  
Said to me, "What's your name?"  
I muttered somethin' 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 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 it to me  
By: an Italian poet  
From the thirteenth century.  
And every one of them words rang true  
And glowed like burnin' coal  
Pourin' off of every page  
Like it was written in my soul from me to you,  
Tangled up in blue.

He was always in a hurry,  
too busy or too stoned,  
And everything that she ever planned,  
just a-had to be postponed.  
She thought they were successful,  
She thought they were blessed,  
He thought . . .  
with objects and material things,  
but I never was impressed.  
And when it all came crashing down,  
I became withdrawn,  
The only thing I knew how to do  
Was to keep on keepin' on  
Like a bird that flew  
Tangled up in blue.

So now I'm goin' back again,  
I got to get to her somehow.  
All the people we used to know  
They're an illusion to me now.  
Some are mathematicians  
Some are doctors' wives.  
Don't know how it all got started,  
I don't know what they're doin' 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.