

The Grateful Dead, All Over Now For Baby Blue

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; all those saints are coming through
And it's all over now Baby Blue.
And it's all over now Baby Blue.

The highway is for gamblers, you 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.

The sky too is folding under you,
And it's all over now Baby Blue.

All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home
All your empty-handed armies are all going home.
Your lover who has 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, there's something
calls for you
Forget about 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.
And it's all over now Baby Blue.
And it's all over now Baby Blue.