

WORDS FILL MY HEAD

The Bootleg Series Versions

Hard Times In New York Town

Talking Bear Mountain Picnic Massacre Blues

Paths Of Victory

Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues

Farewell Angelina

Sitting On A Barbed-Wire Fence

It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry

Santa Fé

If Not For You

Need A Woman

Someone's Got A Hold Of My Heart

Series Of Dreams

Hard Times In New York Town

Come you ladies and you gentlemen, a-listen to my song.
Sing it to you right, but you might think it's wrong.
Just a little glimpse of a story I'll tell
Bout an East Coast city that you all know well
It's hard times from the country
Livin' down in New York town.

Old New York City is a friendly old town,
From Washington Heights to Harlem on down.
There's a mighty many people and they're all millin' around,
They'll kick you when you're up and knock you when you're down.
It's hard times from the country
Livin' down in New York town.

Well, the weak and the strong, and the rich and the poor
Gather together, ain't room for no more,
Crowded up above, crowded down below,
When someone disappears, you never even know.
It's hard times from the country
Livin' down in New York town.

It's a mighty long ways from the Golden Gate
To Rockefeller Plaza 'n' the Empire State.
Mister Empire sets up as high as a bird,
Old Mister Rockefeller never says a word
It's hard times from the country,
Livin' down in New York town.

Well, it's up in the mornin' tryin' to find a job of work.
Stand in one place till your feet begin to hurt.
If you got a lot o' money you can make yourself merry,
If you only got a nickel, it's the Staten Island Ferry.
And it's hard times from the country
Livin' down in New York town.

Mister Hudson come a-sailin' down the stream
And old Mister Minuet paid for his dream.
Bought your city on a one-way track,
If I had my way I'd sell it right back.
And it's hard times from the country
Livin' down in New York town.

I'll take all the smog in Cal-i-for-ne-ay,

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An' every bit of dust in the Oklahoma plains,
An' the dirt in the caves of the Rocky Mountain mines.
It's all much cleaner than the New York kind.
And it's hard times in the country
Livin' down in New York town.

So all you newsy people, spread the news around,
You c'n listen to m' story, listen to m' song.
You c'n step on my name, you c'n try 'n' get me beat,
When I leave New York, I'll be standin' on my feet.
And it's hard times from the country
Livin' down in New York town.

[Source: The Bootleg Series Vol. 1–3]

Talking Bear Mountain Picnic Massacre Blues

Well, I saw it advertised one day,
That the Bear Mountain picnic was comin' my way.
"Come along 'n' take a trip,
We'll bring you up there on a ship.
Bring the wife and family.
Bring the whole ... kids."
Yippee!

Well, I run right down 'n' bought a ticket
To this thing called the Bear Mountain Picnic.
Little did I realize
I was in for a pleasant funny surprise.
Had nothin' to do with picnics.
Didn't come close to a mountain.
I hate bears.

Took the wife 'n' kids down to the pier,
There were six thousand people there,
Everybody had a ticket for the trip.
"Oh well", I said, "it's a pretty big ship.
Besides, anyhow, the more the merrier."

Well, we all got on 'n' what d'ya think,
That big old boat started t' sink.
More people kept a-pilin' on,
That old ship was a-goin' down.
Funny way t' start a picnic.

Well, I soon lost track of m' kids 'n' wife,
So many people I never saw in m' life.
That old ship was sinkin' down in the water,
There were six thousand people tryin' t' kill each other,
Dogs a-barkin', cats a-screamin',
Women a-yellin', men a-flyin', fists a-flyin', babies flyin',
Cops a-comin', me a-runnin'.
Maybe we just better call off the picnic.

I got shoved down, got pushed around
All I remember was a moanin' sound.
Don't remember one thing more,
All I remember was wakin' up on the shore,
My arms and legs were broken,
My feet were splintered, my head was cracked,

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I couldn't walk, couldn't talk, smell, feel,
Couldn't see, I didn't know where I was,
I was bald
Quite lucky to be alive though.

Well, feelin' like I just climbed outa m' casket,
I grabbed back hold of m' picnic basket.
Took the wife 'n' kids 'n' started home,
Wishin' I'd never got up that mornin'.

Now, I don't care just what you do,
If you wanta have a picnic, that's up t' you.
But don't tell me about it, I don't wanta hear it,
Cause, see, I just lost all my picnic spirit.
Stay in m' kitchen, have a picnic in m' bathroom.

Now, it don't seem to me quite so funny
What some people are gonna do f'r money.
There's a bran' new gimmick every day
Just t' take somebody's money away.
I think we oughta take some o' these people
And put 'em on a boat, send 'em up to Bear Mountain ...
For a picnic.

[Source: The Bootleg Series Vol. 1–3]

Paths Of Victory

The trail is dark and dusty
And the road is kind of rough,
But the good road is a-waitin'
And boys it aint far off.

Trails of troubles, roads of battles,
Paths of victory, we shall walk.

I walked down to the valley
I turned my head up high.
I seen that silver linin'
That was hangin' in the sky.

Trails of troubles, roads of battles,
Paths of victory, we shall walk.

The evenin' dusk was rollin'
I was walking down the track.
There was a one-way wind a-blowin'
And it was blowin' at my back.

Trails of troubles, roads of battles,
Paths of victory, we shall walk.

The gravel road is bumpy,
It's a hard old road to ride,
But the clearer road's off yonder,
With the cinders on the side.

Trails of troubles, roads of battles,
Paths of victory, we shall walk.

The mornin' train was movin',
The hummin' of it's wheels,
Told me of a new day
Comin' across the fields.

Trails of troubles, roads of battles,
Paths of victory, we shall walk.

[Source: The Bootleg Series Vol. 1–3]

Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues

Well, I was feelin' sad and kind of blue,
I didn't know what I was gonna do.
The Communists was a-comin' around,
They was in the air,
They was on the ground.
They was all over ...

So I run down most hurriedly
And joined the John Birch Society.
Got me a secret membership card
And went back home to the yard
Started lookin' on the side-walk
Under the hedges ...

Well, I got up in the mornin' 'n' looked under my bed,
I was lookin' everyplace for them go-damned Reds.
Looked behind the sink and under the floor
Looked in the glove compartment of my car.
Couldn't find any ...

Looked behind the clothes, behind the chair
Lookin' for them Reds everywhere,
Looked way up my chimney hole,
Even looked deep down inside my toilet bowl.
They got away ...

I heard some footsteps by the front porch door
So I grabbed my shot gun from the floor
Snuck around the house with a huff and a hiss
Sayin' "Hands up, you Communist!"
It was the mailman.
He punched me out ...

Well, I was sittin' home alone an' I started to sweat,
I figured they was in my TV set.
I peeked behind the picture frame,
Got a shock from my feet, that hit my brain.
Them Reds did it!
Hootenanny television!

Well, I quit my job so I could work alone,
Got a magnifying glass like Sherlock Holmes.
Followed some clues from my detective bag

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And discovered red stripes on the American Flag!
Betsy Ross ...

Now, Eisenhower he's a Russian spy,
Lincoln and Jefferson and that Roosevelt guy.
To my knowledge there's just one man
That's really an' truly an American: that's George Lincoln Rockwell.
I know for a fact he hates Commies cus he picketed the movie Exodus.

Well, I fin'ly started thinkin' straight
When I run outa things to investigate.
I couldn't imagine nothin' else,
So now I'm home investigatin' myself!
Hope I don't find out too much ... Good God!

[Source: The Bootleg Series Vol. 1–3]

Farewell Angelina

Farewell Angelina
The bells of the crown
Are being stolen by bandits
I must follow the sound
The triangle tingles
The music plays slow
But farewell Angelina
The night is on fire
And I must go.

There is no use in talking
And there's no need for blame
There is nothing to prove
Ev'rything still is the same
A table stands empty
By the edge of the stream
But farewell Angelina
The sky's changin' colors
And I must leave.

The jacks and the queens
They've forsaked the courtyard
Fifty-two gypsies
Now file past the guard
In the space where the deuce
And the ace once ran wild
Farewell Angelina
The sky is folding
I'll see you after a while.

See the cross-eyed pirates
Sit perched in the sun
Shooting tin cans
With a sawed-off shotgun
And the cockerels and the neighbors
Clap and cheer with each blast
But farewell Angelina
The sky it is trembling
And I must leave fast.

King Kong, little elves
In the rooftops they dance
Valentino-type tangos

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While the heroes clean hands
Shut the eyes of the dead
Not to embarrass anyone
Farewell Angelina
The sky is flooding over
And I must be gone.

The camouflaged parrot
He flutters from fear
When something he doesn't know about
Suddenly appears
What cannot be imitated perfect
Must die
Farewell Angelina
The sky's flooding over
And I must go where it is dry.

Machine guns are roaring
Puppets heave rocks
At misunderstood visions
And at the faces of clocks
Call me any name you like
I will never deny it
But farewell Angelina
The sky is erupting
And I must go where it is quiet.

[Source: The Bootleg Series Vol. 1–3]

Sitting On A Barbed-Wire Fence

I paid fifteen million dollars, twelve hundred and seventy-two cents
I paid one thousand two hundred twenty-seven dollars and fifty-five cents
See my bull dog bite a rabbit
And my hound dog's sittin' on a barbed-wire fence

All right!

Well, my temperature rises and my feet can't walk so hot
Yes, my temperature rises and my feet can't walk so hot
Well, this Arabian doctor comes in, gives me a shot
But wouldn't tell what it was that I got

Well, this woman I've got, she's killing me alive
Yes, this woman I've got, she's killing me alive
She is making me into an old man,
And, man, I'm not even twenty-five

Of course, you're gonna think this song is a riff
I know you're gonna think this song is a riff
Unless you've been inside a tunnel
And fell down 69, 70 feet over a barbed-wire fence

All right!

[Source: The Bootleg Series Vol. 1–3]

It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry

Well, I ride on a mailtrain, baby,
Can't buy no thrill.
Yes, I've been up all night, baby,
Leanin' on the windowsill.
Well, if I die
On top of the hill
And if I don't make it,
You know my baby will.

Don't the moon look good, mama,
Shinin' down through the trees?
Don't the ghost child look good, baby
Sitting on his madman's knee?
Don't the sun look good
Goin' down over the sea?
Don't my gal look fine
When she's comin' after me?

All right!

Well, I've just been to the baggage car
Where the engineer's been tossed
I sent out for the compasses
Sure don't know what they cost.
Well, I wanna be your lover, baby,
I don't wanna be your boss.
I can't help it none
If this train gets lost.

[Source: The Bootleg Series Vol. 1–3]

Santa Fé

Santa Fé

Dear dear dear dear dear Santa Fé
My woman needs every day
She promised to let me stay
She's rolling up a knot to pray to Gods away
She's in Santa Fé
Dear dear dear dear dear Santa Fé

Now she opens up and lets me home
She's brown but she keeps from roam
She'll open up a happy home
She'll think when will that be warm in Santa Fé

Santa Fé,
Dear dear dear dear Santa Fé
She's arms never teach to roam
They're never never far from home
I'll never ever ever roam
To sail away
She's all feel bad
No no no no don't don't don't feel bad
She's the worst thing he's ever had
She's a mad, man that he's so glad
She's over above the hat to bad
She's never disappear so bad
I went away

Santa Fé,
Dear dear dear dear dear dear Santa Fé
My own heart city lay
I won't have a nature way
And I'm leavin every day to run away
From Santa Fé, dear dear dear dear dear Santa Fé

My woman's left sittin at home
She's actin' the police unknown
She cried like an evening stone
She leap back under a broom
But she ain't gonna find a room
And the tears send her on own ever day

[Source: The Bootleg Series Vol. 1–3]

If Not For You

If not for you,
Babe, I couldn't find the door,
Couldn't even see the floor,
I'd be sad and blue,
If not for you.

If not for you,
The night would see me wide awake
The day would surely have to break
But it would not be new,
If not for you.

If not for you,
My sky would fall,
Rain would gather too.
Without your love I'd be nowhere at all,
I'd be lost if not for you.

If not for you,
The winter would hold no spring,
Couldn't hear the robin sing,
I just wouldn't have a clue,
If not for you.

[Source: The Bootleg Series Vol. 1–3]

Need A Woman

Lately I've been having evil dreams, I wake up in a cold blue glare.
I run the tape back in my mind, wonder if I took the wrong road somewhere.
Searching for the truth the way God designed it
While the real truth is that I may be afraid to find it.

Well, I need a woman, all right
Need a woman, every night.
To be with me and know me as I am
To show me the kind of love that don't have to be condemned
And I want you to be that woman every day
Be that woman every way.

I've had my eyes on you baby, for five long years.
Well, you probably don't know me at all
But I've seen your laughter and I've seen your tears.
Tell tale heart will show itself to anybody near
There's always some new stranger in the night to lend a sympathetic ear.

Well, I need a woman, to heed my home
I need a woman, that's mine alone.
Seen you in a doorway, I seen you in the park
Seen you in the sunshine, I seen you in the dark.
And I want you to be that woman every day
Be that woman every way.

You keep listening to something long enough
You're just bound to believe that it's true
You know there's somethings that you put out
Its gonna come back on you
That which is not permanent don't last
Whatever's waiting in the future could be what you're running from in the past

Be that woman... (??)
Be that woman take it from the Savior

Someone who likes simple things, is not afraid to bend
Someone who don't make herself up to make every man her friend
And I want you to be that woman every day
Be that woman every way

Don't know what you got that I want
Don't know what I got to give
Don't know how much time that I've got

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Don't know how long I'll live
The rebellion in my soul, why was it created?
To blur the focus of my mind and keep me isolated

But I need a woman, yeah don't I?
Need a woman, all the time
To see the promised land with me as the time goes by
To rule my heart with sweetness and boldness from on high
And I want you to be that woman yes I do
Be that woman straight and true.

[Source: The Bootleg Series Vol. 1–3]

Someone's Got A Hold Of My Heart

They say eat, drink and be merry
Take the bull by the horn
I keep seeing visions of you
A lily among thorns
Everything looks a little far away too me
Getting harder and harder to recognize the track
Too much information about nothing
Too much educated rap
Just like you told me
It's just like you said it would be

Well, the moon's goin' up like wildfire
I feel the breath of a storm
There's something I gotta do tonight
You go inside and stay warm

Someone got a hold of my heart
Someone got a hold of my heart
Someone got a hold of my heart
You, you, you, you got a hold of my heart

Just got back from a city, city of red skies
Everybody thinks with their stomach
And there's plenty of spies
Every street is crooked
They just wind around until they disappear
Madame Butterfly she lulls me to sleep
Like an ancient river
So wide and so deep
She said be easy baby
Ain't nothing worth stealing in here

You're the one I been waiting for
You're the one that I desire
But you must realize first
I'm not another man you can hire

Someone got a hold of my heart
Someone got a hold of my heart
Someone got a hold of my heart
You, you, you, you got a hold of my heart

I can hear that hot blooded singer on the bandstand croon

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Poisoned Love, Red Roses For A Blue Lady and Memphis In June
While they're beating the devil
Out of a guy who's wearing a powder blue wig
I been to Babylon, I gotta confess
I can still hear that voice crying in the wilderness
What looks large from a distance
Close up is never that big
Never could learn to drink that blood and call it wine
Never could learn to look at your face and call it mine

Someone got a hold of my heart
Someone got a hold of my heart
Someone got a hold of my heart
You, you, you, you got a hold of my heart

[Source: The Bootleg Series Vol. 1–3]

Series Of Dreams

I was thinking of a series of dreams
Where nothing comes up to the top
Everything stays down where it's wounded
And comes to a permanent stop
Wasn't thinking of anything specific
Like in a dream where someone wakes up and screams
Nothing too very scientific
Just thinking of a series of dreams

Thinking of a series of dreams
Where the time and the tempo drag
And there's no exit in any direction
Except the one that you can't see with your eyes
Wasn't making any great connection
Wasn't falling for any intricate scheme
Nothing that would pass inspection
I was just thinking of a series of dreams

Dreams where the umbrella is folded
And into the path you are hurled
And the cards are no good that you're holding
Unless they're from another world

In one the surface was frozen
In another I witnessed a crime
In one I was running and in another
All I seemed to be doing was crying
Wasn't looking for any special assistance
Nor going through any great extremes
I'd already gone the distance
Just thinking of a series of dreams

Dreams where the umbrella is folded
And into the path you are hurled
And the cards are no good that you're holding
Unless they're from another world

I'd already gone the distance
Just thinking of a series of dreams
Just thinking of a series of dreams
Just thinking of a series of dreams

[Source: The Bootleg Series Vol. 1–3]