

WORDS FILL MY HEAD

The folk Years

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One Eyed Jacks

The queen of his diamonds
And the jack his knave
Won't you dig my grave
With a silver spade?
And forget my name.
I'm twenty years old.
That's twenty years gone.
Can't you see me crying,
Can't you see me dying,
I'll never reach twenty-one ...

[Source: fragment reprinted in Robert Shelton: No Direction Home]

Cuban Missile Crisis

Come gather 'round you people, a story I will tell,
About a night not long ago, you all remember well.
I tell it to you straight and true, I tell it like friend.
All about the fearful night, we thought the world would end.

I was walking down the sidewalk not causing any harm
The radio reported it sounded with alarm
The Russian ships were sailing all out across the sea.
We all feared by daybreak it would be World War Number Three.

I was worried about an argument I had the day before
Over some small matter, I'm sure it was nothin' more.
But just a day ago, how it wrinkled up my brow.
The same thing today seem so unimportant now.

[Source: Tape: Broadside Office, New York City, New York, Late 1962]

Talkin' Devil

This is all about what the Devil is. Some people say that there is no Devil ...

Well, sometimes you can't see him so good,
When he hides his head in his snow white hood,
And rides to kill with his face well hid
And then goes home to his wife and kids.
Wonder if his kids know who he is?

Well, he wants you to hate, he wants you to fear,
He wants you to fear something that's not even there,
He'll give you your hate, he'll give you his lies,
He'll give you the weapons to run out and die.
And you give him your soul.

[Source: Tape: Broadside Office, New York City, New York, 19 January 1963]

Talking Folklore Center

I came down to New York Town,
Got out and started walking around,
I's up around Sixty-Second Street,
All of a sudden comes a cop on his beat,
Said my hair was too long, said my boots were too dirty,
Said my hat was un-American, said he'd throw me in jail.

So I got out on a subway and took a seat
Got out on forty-second street
I met this fellow named Delores there
He started rubbin' his hands thru my hair
I figured somethin' was wrong so I ran through 10 hot dog stands,
4 movie houses and a couple a dancing studios to get back on the subway train.

The wind it blew me north and south
It blew me in a coffee house
I met this fellow with sun glasses on
He told me he sung folksongs
I believed him 'cause he was wearin' sun glasses.

He sung "Scarlet Ribbons" 'bout ten times or more
He sung "Michael row the boat ashore"
He sung "Where do all the flowers go?"
There was no folksong he didn't know
The ones he didn't know he didn't like anyway.

On MacDougal Street I saw a cubby hole
I went in to get out of the cold
Found out after I entered
The place was called the Folklore Center
Owned by Izzy Young - he's always in the back - of the center.

They got real records and real books
Anybody can walk in and look
You don't have to own a Cadillac car
Or a nine-hundred and fifty-two dollar guitar
Do like most people do - walk in - walk around - walk out.

But that's not the way you see
That ain't the way it oughta be
There's just one way a lookin' at it
You shouldn't take this place for granted
That'll always be here.

WORDS FILL MY HEAD - The Folk Years

So go down and buy a record or a book
Don't just walk around and look
You can do that when you go uptown
When you come down here you're on common ground
Common people ground - common guitar people ground
WE NEED EVERY INCH OF IT!

[Source: Occassionally #1]

I Shall Be Free

(Recorded version)

Well, I took me a woman late last night,
I's three-fourths drunk, she looked all right,
Till she started peelin' off her onion gook
She took off her wig, said "how do I look?"
I's high-flyin' ... bare-naked ...
Out the window!

Well, sometimes I might get drunk,
Walk like a duck and smell like a skunk.
Don't hurt me none, don't hurt my pride
Cause I got my little lady right by my side.
She's a-tryin' to hide
Pretendin' she don't know me

I's out there paintin' on the old woodshed
When a can a black paint it fell on my head.
I went down to scrub and rub
But I had to sit in back of the tub.
Cost a quarter
Half price

Well, my telephone rang it would not stop,
It's President Kennedy callin' me up
He said "My friend, Bob, what do we need to make the country grow?"
I said "My friend, John, Brigitte Bardot"
"Anita Ekberg"
"Sophia Loren"
"Country'll grow!"

Well, I got a woman five feet short
She yells and hollers and screams and snorts.
She tickles my nose and pats me on my head
Rolls me over and kicks me out of bed
She's a man-eater ... meat grinder ...
Bad loser!

Oh, there ain't no use in me working all the time
I got a woman who works herself blind
Works up to her bridges, up to her neck
Writes me letters and sends me checks.
She's a humdinger
Folk singer

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Folk Years

Late one day in the middle of the week
Eyes were closed I was half asleep.
I chased me a woman up the hill
Right in the middle of an air raid drill.
I jumped a fallout shelter
I jumped a string bean
I jumped a T.V. dinner
I jumped a shotgun.

Now the man on the stand he want my vote,
He's a-runnin' for office on the ballot note.
He's out there preachin' in front of the steeple,
Tellin' me he loves all kinds-a people.
He's eatin' bagels.
He's eatin' pizza.
He's eatin' chitlins.

Oh, I set me down on a television floor,
I flipped the channel to number four.
Out of the shower comes a football man
With a bottle of oil in his hand.
Greasy kid stuff!

What I want to know, Mr Football Man, is
What do you do about Willy Mays, Martin Luther King,
Olatunji

Well the funniest woman I ever seen
Was the great-granddaughter of Mr Clean.
She takes about fifteen baths a day
Wants me to grow a moustache on my face.
She's insane!

Well, ask me why I'm drunk alla time,
It levels my head and eases my mind.
I just walk along and stroll and sing
I see better days and I do better things
I catch dinosaurs
I make love to Elizabeth Taylor ...
Catch hell from Richard Burton!

[Source: The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan]

Corrina, Corrina

Take 2 from The 1st Freewheelin' Bob Dylan recording session 24 April 1962

Corrina, Corrina
Gal, what's on your mind
Corrina, Corrina
Gal, what's on your mind
Well, I'm sittin' down thinkin'
I just can't keep from crying

I got a bird that whistles
I got a bird that sings
I got a bird that whistles
I got a bird that sings
But I ain't got Corrina
Life don't mean a thing

Ain't got Corrina
I can't be satisfied
Ain't got Corrina
I can't be satisfied
Got a barricade on my trail
The devil's by my side.

Corrina, Corrina
Where you been so long?
Corrina, Corrina
Gal, where you been so long?
I been worr'in' 'bout you, baby
Baby, please come home

<the third verse is new>

Last verse from take 2 from The 4th Freewheelin' Bob Dylan recording session 26 October 1962

Down the road baby,
Down the road I'm bound to go
But I really love you
But I can't stay around no more

<new verse>

[Source: The 50th Anniversary Collection]

Baby, I'm In The Mood For You

Take 2 from The 3rd Freewheelin' Bob Dylan recording session 9 July 1962

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna hear my milk cow moan
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna leave my lonesome home
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna hit that highway road
But then again, and then again, and then again,
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna lay right down and die
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna sit right here and cry
Sometimes I'm in the mood, Lord I wanna kiss you tonight
And then again, and then again, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna change my house around
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna make a change in this here town
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna change the world around
But then oh, I said oh, I said oh, I said oh
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna rag up against the wall
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna live in my pony's stall
And sometimes I'm in the mood, I ain't gonna do nothin' at all
But then again, I said oh, I said oh,
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you

[Source: The 50th Anniversary Collection]

Bob Dylan's Blues

Take 2 from the 3rd Freewheelin' Bob Dylan recording session 9 July 1962

Well, I feel like runnin' down the Shenandoah
I got a home on the highway,
I feel I'm bound to go
Bound to go, bound to go.

And the Lone Ranger and Tonto
They are ridin' down the line
They're fixin' ev'rybody's troubles
Ev'rybody's 'cept mine
Somebody musta tol' 'em
That I was doin' fine

Oh you five and ten cent women
With nothin' in your heads
I got a real gal I'm lovin'
And I'll love her till I'm dead
Go away from my door and my window too

I ain't goin' down to no race track
See no sports car run
I don't have no sports car
Lord, I don't even wish to have one
I can walk all the way around the block

I got a clock in my stomach
And a watch in my head
I'm a-tickin' so loud,
Lord, I'm gonna wound up dead
Yes, I will, no I won't, maybe I will

Well, I gotta keep on a-goin'
Up and down the street
With my hat in my hand
And my boots on my feet
Here I come, here I go, come again

Look-a here buddy
You want to be like me
Pull out your gun
And rob every bank you can see
Tell the judge I said it was all right
Yes!

<first and fifth verse are new> [Source: The 50th Anniversary Collection]

Mixed-Up Confusion

**Take 9 from the 5th Freewheelin' Bob Dylan recording session 1
November 1962**

I got mixed up confusion
Man, it's a-killin' me
Well, there's just too many people
And they're all too hard to please

And my hat's in my hand
Babe, I'm walkin' down the line
I'm lookin' for a woman
Whose head's mixed up like mine

I'm too old to lose
Baby, I'm just too young to win
And I feel like a stranger
In the world I'm livin' in

And I'm walkin' and a-wonderin'
My poor feet don't ever stop
Seein' my reflection
I'm hung over, hung down, hung up!

<third verse is new>

[Source: The 50th Anniversary Collection]

Ballad Of The Gliding Swan

Camera Script version

Tenderly William kissed his wife.
Her knuckles were white on the kitchen knife
And the swan on the river goes gliding by.

Lady Margaret's pillow is wet with tears.
No-one has touched her in twenty years.
And the swan on the river goes gliding by.
The swan on the river goes gliding by.

The doctor gave Sally a sad surprise.
A seven pound baby with no eyes.
And the swan on the river goes gliding by.

Little Billy Brown will shake with fright.
He has a new father every night.
And the swan on the river goes gliding by.
The swan on the river goes gliding by.

My father will drink, my mother will mope.
The girl I'm in love with takes dope.
And the swan on the river goes gliding by.
The swan on the river goes gliding by.

Oh, when will the swan begin to sing?
For we are weary of everything.
And the swan on the river goes gliding by.
The swan on the river goes gliding by.

Broadcast version

Tenderly William kissed his wife.
Then he opened her head with a butcher knife.
And the swan on the river went gliding by.

Lady Margaret's pillow was wet with tears.
Nobody's been on it in twenty years.
And the swan on the river goes gliding by.
The swan on the river goes gliding by.

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Folk Years

Little Billy Brown will shake with fright.
He's got a new daddy and mommy every night.
And the swan on the river goes laughing by.
The swan on the river goes laughing by.

"I've got a sad surprise" the doctor said
"A twenty pound baby without any head"
The swan on the river went lookin'

[Source: Steppin' Out]

I'm Troubled And I Don't Know Why

I'm troubled and I don't know why
I'm troubled and I don't know why
There's trouble on my mind
And it's driving me blind
I'm troubled and I don't know why

What did the newspaper tell?
What did the newspaper tell?
Well it rolled in the door
And it bounced on the floor
And thing's ain't going too well

What did the television squawk?
What did the television squawk?
Well it roared and it boomed
And it bounced around the room
And it didn't say nothing at all

What did the movie screen lecture?
What did the movie screen lecture?
Well, it sank and it rose
And it took off all it's clothes
And I left in the middle of the picture

I'm troubled and I don't know why
I'm troubled and I don't know why
There's trouble on my mind
And it's driving me blind
I'm troubled and I don't know why

[Source: Some Other Kind Of Songs]

Love Is Just A Four-Letter Word

Seems like only yesterday
I left my mind behind
Down in the Gypsy Caf
With a friend of a friend of mine
She sat with a baby heavy on her knee
Yet spoke of life most free from slavery
With eyes that showed no trace of misery
A phrase in connection first with she
Offered that love is just a four-letter word.

Outside a rattling store-front window
Cats meowed to the break of day
Me, I kept my mouth shut, too
I had no words to say
My experience was limited none the same
You did all the talking while I hid
To the one who was the father of your kid
You probably didn't think I did
But I heard you say that love is just a four-letter word.

I said goodbye unnoticed
Pushed forth into my own games
Drifting in and out of lifetimes
Unmentionable by name
Searching for my double, looking for
Complete evaporation to the core
Though I tried and failed in finding any door
I must have thought that there was nothing more
Absurd than that love is just a four-letter word.

Though I never knew just what you meant
When you were speaking to your man
I can only think in terms of me
And now I understand
After waking enough times to think I see
The Holy Kiss that's supposed to last eternity
Blow up in smoke, its destiny
Falls on strangers, travels free
Yes, I know now, traps are only set by me
And I do not really need to be
Assured that love is just a four-letter word.

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Folk Years

Strange it is to be beside you
Many years, the tables turned
You'd probably not believe me
If I told you all I've learned
And it is very, very weird indeed
To hear words like "forever" plead
Though ships run through my mind, I cannot cheat
It's like looking in the teacher's face complete
I can say nothing to you but repeat
What I heard that love is just a four-letter word.

[Source: Joan Baez studio recording with help from Ron Mura]

With God On Our Side

Oh my name it is nothing
My age it means less
The country I come from
Is called the midwest
I was taught and brought up there
The laws to abide
And that the land that I live in
Has God on its side.

Oh the history books tell it
They tell it so well
The cavalries charged
The indians fell
The cavalries charged
The indians died
Oh the country was young
With God on its side.

Oh the Spanish American
War had its day
And the civil war too
Was soon laid away
And the names of the heroes
I was made to memorize
With guns in their hands and
And God on their side.

Oh the first world war boys
It closed out its fate
The reason for fighting
I never got straight
But I learned to accept it
Accept it with pride
For you don't count the dead
When God's on your side.

When the second world war
Came to an end
We forgave the Germans
And we were friends
Though they murdered six million
In the ovens they fried
The Germans now too
Have God on their side.

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Folk Years

In the nineteen sixties
Came the Vietnam War
Can somebody tell me
What we were fighting for
So many young men died
So many mothers cried
Now I ask the question
Was God on our side?

I've learned to hate Russians
All through my whole life
If another war starts
It's them we must fight
To hate them and fear them
To run and to hide
And accept it all bravely
With God on my side.

But now we've got weapons
Of chemical dust
If fire them we're forced to
Then fire them we must
One push of the button
And a shot the world wide
And you never ask questions
When God's on your side.

In many a dark hour
I've been thinking about this
That Jesus Christ was
Betrayed by a kiss
But I can't think for you
You'll have to decide
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side.

So now as I'm leaving
I'm weary as hell
The confusion I'm feeling
Ain't no tongue can tell
The words fill my head
And fall to the floor
If God's on our side
He'll stop the next war.

[Source: tape from Radio City Music Hall, NYC, October 16, 1988]

Hiding Too Long

Come you phoney super-patriotic people that say
That hating and fearing is my only way
That this here country has got to be
You're thinking of yourselves, you ain't thinking of me.

You're not thinking of any George Washington
You're not thinking of any Thomas Jefferson
But you say that you are and you lie and mislead
For your aims for yourself and your greed.

Don't speak to me of your patriotism
When you throw the Southern black boy in prison
And you say that the only good niggers are the ones that have died
Don't think I'd ever stand on your side.

Though you make it so hard for me to love
My face will never feel the slap of your glove
My hands will never buy the cards that you play
My feet will never walk down the road that you lay.

Get out in the open, stop standing afar
Let the whole world see what a hypocrite you are
I ain't joking and it ain't no gag
You bin hiding too long behind the American flag.

[Source: tape from Town Hall, New York City, 12 April 1963]