

WORDS FILL MY HEAD

The Early Seventies

Billy #1

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Goodbye Holly

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WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

Billy #1

There's guns across the river aimin' at you
Lawman at your trail, he'd like to catch you
Bounty hunters, too, they'd like to get you
Billy, they don't like you to be so free.

Campin' out all night on the berenda
Dealin' cards 'til dawn in the hacienda
Up to Boot Hill they'd like to send you
Billy, don't you turn your back on me.

There's mirrors inside the minds of crazy faces
Bullet holes and rifles inside their cases
There's always one more notch and four more aces
Billy, and you're playin' all alone.

Playin' around with some sweet senorita
Into her dark hallway she will lead ya
In the shadows of the _____ she will greet you
Billy, you're been runnin' for so long.

They say that Par Garret's got your number
So sleep with one eye open when you wonder
If every little sound just might be thunder
Thunder from the barrel of his gun.

Gypsy gueens will play your grand finale
Way down in some Tularosa alley
Maybe in the Rio Pecos valley
In the days when you were better known.

The business men from Taos want you to go down
So they hired Mr. Garrett to force you to slow down
Billy, don't it make you to feel so low-down
To be hunted by the man who was your friend?

So hang on to your woman if you got one
Remember in El Paso, once, you shot one
Up in Santa F she was a hot one
Billy, you've been runnin' for so long.

Gypsy gueens will play your grand finale
Billy, you been so far from home
Billy, you're so far away from home.

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

[Source: the Mexico City tape]

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

Billy #2

There's guns across the river 'bout to pound you
There's a lawman on your trail, likes to surround you
Bounty hunters are dancin' all around you
Billy, they don't like you to be so free.

Campin' out all night on the berenda
Walk in the streets down by the hacienda
Up to Boot Hill they'd like to send you
Billy, don't you turn your back on me.

There's mirrors inside the minds of crazy faces
Bullet holes and rifles in their cases
There's always one more notch and four more aces
Billy, and you're playin' all alone.

Layin' around with some sweet senorita
Into her dark chamber she will greet ya
In the shadows of the _____ she will lead you
Billy, and you're goin' all alone.

They say that Par Garret's got your number
So sleep with one eye open when you wonder
If every little sound just might be thunder
Thunder from the barrel of his gun.

There's always another stranger sneakin' glances
Some trigger-happy fool willin' to take chances
Some old whore from San Pedro to make advances
advances on your spirit and your soul.

The business men from Taos want you to go down
So they hired Mr. Garrett to force you to slow down
Billy, don't it make you to feel so low-down
To be hunted by the man who was your friend?

So hang on to your woman if you got one
Remember in El Paso, once, you shot one
Up in Santa F` you bought one
Billy, you've been runnin' for so long.

Gypsy gueens will play your grand finale
Way down in some Tularosa alley
Maybe in the Rio Pecos valley

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

Billy, you're so far away from home
Billy, you're so far away from home
Billy, you're so far away from home.

[Source: the Mexico City tape]

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

Goodbye Holly

Goodbye Holly, Holly goodbye
Your wife's gonna miss you
Your baby's gonna cry
Goodbye Holly, Holly so long
All your good times have passed now and gone

Pat Garrett he shot you with a Colt .44
He dropped you 'cross the table
Now you're gone for ever more

Goodbye Holly, Holly goodbye
Your wife's gonna miss you
Your baby's gonna cry
Goodbye Holly, Holly so long
All your good times have passed now and gone

[Source: Some Other Kind Of Songs]

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

If Dogs Run Free

(Alternate version)

If dogs run free, why not we
Across the swooping plain?
My ears hear a symphony
Of two mules, trains and rain
The best is always yet to come
So they explain to me
Every way is the right way
If dogs run free

If dogs run free, why not we
If dogs run free

If dogs run free, then why not me
Across the swamp of time?
My mind weaves a tapestry
Of fine design and rhyme
Oh, winds which rush my tale to thee
So it may flow and be
To each his own, it's all unknown
If dogs run free

If dogs run free, why not we
If dogs run free

If dogs run free, then what must be
Must be, and that is all
True love can make a blade of grass
Stand up straight and tall
In harmony with the cosmic sea
True love needs no company
It can cure the soul, it can make it whole
If dogs run free

If dogs run free, then why not me
If dogs run free

If dogs run free, why not we
If dogs run free

[Source: alternate version from Another Self Portrait]

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

If Not For You

(Alternate version)

If not for you
Babe, I couldn't find the door
I 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
But day would surely have to break
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
And you know it's true

If not for you
Weather would have no rain
I couldn't even hear the robin sing
No, I wouldn't have a clue
If not for you

[Source: alternate version from Another Self Portrait]

Knockin' On Heaven's Door

Mama, take this badge off of me
I can't use it anymore
It's gettin' dark, too dark to see
I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Mama, put my guns in the ground
I can't shoot them anymore.
That long black cloud is comin' down
I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Mama, wipe the blood from my face
I'm sick and tired of the war
Got a lonely hard feeling and it's hard to trace
I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Mama, put my guns in the ground
I can't shoot them anymore.
That long black train is a-pullin' on down
I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Mama, wipe the blood off of my face
I can't see through it anymore
I need someone to talk to and I've no hiding place

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Mama, I can hear that thunder roar
Echoin' down from God's distant shore
I can hear 'em callin' out from my soul
I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Mama, put my guns in back the ground
I can't fire them anymore.
That long black cloud is fallin' down
I feel I'm lookin' at heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Mama, take this blood off of my face
I can't see through it anymore
It's a feeling I just can't trace
Feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Mama, tow my barge down to sea
Pull it down from shore to shore
Two brown eyes lookin' at me
Feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knockin' on heaven's door
Knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Like so many times before

Goin' down by that road
Feelin' down more and more
Take a chain _____
Feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Just like so many times before

Mama, take my _____ and my _____
I don't want it anymore
Two brown eyes starin' into my face
I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Just like so many times before

Mama, take my poor star far away
Let it fall down to the floor
But it's so far so _____ to stay
Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Just like so many times before

Mama, take this gun and put it far away
I won't fire it anymore
I'll be leavin' for far away
Feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Just like so many times before

Mama, wipe these tears off of my face
I can't see through them anymore
Gettin' out of here into some other place
I feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Just like so many times before

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

Mama, wipe the blood from my face
I can't see through it anymore
Sometimes I feel so out of place
And I feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Just like so many times before
Just like so many times before
Just like so many times before
And I feel like I'm a-knockin' on heaven's door.
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Just like so many times before

[Source: various live versions]

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

Time Passes Slowly

(Alternate version)

Time passes slowly up here in the mountains
We sit beside bridges and walk beside fountains
Catch the wild fishes that float through the stream
Time passes slow when you're lost in a dream

Once I had a sweetheart, she was fine and good-lookin'
We sat in her kitchen while her mama was cookin'
Stared out the window to the stars high above
Time passes slowly when you're searchin' for love

Ain't no reason to go in the morning to town
Ain't no reason to go to the fair
Ain't no reason to go up, ain't no reason to go down
Ain't no reason to go anywhere

Time passes slowly up here in the daylight
We stare straight ahead and try so hard to stay right
Like a cloud drifting over, that covers the day
Time passes slowly and fades away

[Source: alternate version from Another Self Portrait]

Went To See The Gypsy

(Demo)

I went to see the gypsy
Stayin' in a big hotel
He smiled when he saw me coming
And he wished me well
And his room was dark and crowded
Lights were low and dim
“How are you?” he asked of me
And I asked the same of him

I went down to the lobby
To make a small call out
A pretty dancing girl was there
And she began to shout
“Go on back to see the gypsy
He can rid you of your fear
He did it in Las Vegas
And he can do it here”

Oh, the lights were on the river
Shining from outside
I contemplated every move
Or at least I tried

I went back to see the gypsy
It was nearly early dawn
The gypsy's door was open
But the gypsy was gone
And that pretty dancing girl
Oh, she could not be found
So I watched the sun come rising
In a little Minnesota town

[Source: demo version from Another Self Portrait]

When I Paint My Masterpiece

(Demo version)

Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rubble,
Ancient footprints are everywhere.
You can almost think that you're seein' double
On a cold dark night by the Spanish Stairs.
Got to hurry on back to my hotel room
Where I've got me a date with a pretty little girl from Greece.
She promised that she'd be right there with me
When I paint my masterpiece.

Oh, the hours I've spent inside the Coliseum,
Dodging lions and wasting time.
Oh, those mighty kings of the jungle, I could hardly stand to see 'em.
It sure has been a long, hard climb.
Train wheels runnin' through the back of my memory,
When I ran on the hilltop following a pack of wild geese.
Someday, everything is gonna sound like a rhapsody
When I paint my masterpiece.

Sailin' round the world in a dirty gondola
Sure I wish I hadn't sold my old Victrola
Ain't lovin' like that good old rock'n'roll-a

I left Rome and pulled into Brussels
On a plane ride so bumpy that I almost cried
Clergymen in uniform and young girls pullin' muscles,
Everyone was there to beat me when I slipped inside.
Newspapermen eating candy
Had to be held down by big police.
Someday, everything is gonna be different
When I paint that masterpiece.

[Source: demo version from Another Self Portrait]

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

Working On A Guru

Rain on the ground, windshield wipers movin',
Water on the ground, sure don't feel like groovin'.
Working on a guru,
Working on a guru,
Working on a guru, before the sun goes down.

Rain all around, I need me an umbrella.
Water on the ground, I am that kind of fella.
Looking for a guru,
Working on a guru,
Working on a guru, before the sun goes down.

Walking on the street, I need me an umbrella.
Just to keep it sweet, I am that kind of fella.
Looking for a guru,
Working on a guru,
Working on a guru, before the sun goes down.

Play it again ...

Rain on the ground, windshield wipers movin',
Water all around, I sure don't feel like groovin'.
I'm working on a guru,
Yes, I'm working on a guru,
But I'm working on a guru, before the sun goes down.

Working on a guru,
Working on a guru,
Well, it's true, it could be you ...
I'm working on a guru.

[Source: Tape]

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

You Ain't Going Nowhere

(Recorded version)

Clouds so swift, rain fallin' in
Gonna see a movie called Gunga Din
Pack up you money, pull up your tent McGuinn
You ain't going nowhere

Who-ee! ride me high
Tomorrow's the day that my bride's a-gonna come
Who-ee! are we gonna fly down into the easy chair!

Djengis Khan and his brother Don
Couldn't keep on keepin' on
We'll climb that ridge after it's gone
After we're way past it.

Who-ee! ride me high
Tomorrow's the day that my bride's a-gonna come
Who-ee! are we gonna fly down into the easy chair!

Buy me some rings and a gun that sings
A flute that toots and a bee that stings
A sky that cries and a bird that flies
A fish that walks and a dog that talks.

Who-ee! ride me high
Tomorrow's the day that my bride's a-gonna come
Who-ee! are we gonna fly down into the easy chair!

Who-ee! ride me high
Tomorrow's the day that my bride's a-gonna come
Who-ee! are we gonna fly down into the easy chair!

[Source: recorded version from More Greatest Hits]

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Early Seventies

You Angel You

(Recorded version)

You angel you
You got me under your wing
The way you walk and the way you talk
I feel I could almost sing

You angel you
You're as fine as anything's fine
I just walk and watch you talk
With your memory on my mind.

You know I can't sleep at night for trying
Yes, I never did feel this way before
Never did get up and walk the floor
If this is love then give me more
And more and more and more and more.

You angel you
You're as fine as can be
The way you walk and the way you talk
Is the way it ought to be.

You know I can't sleep at night for trying
Never did feel this way before
Never did get up and walk the floor
If this is love then give me more
And more and more and more and more.

You angel you
You're as fine as can be
The way you walk and the way you talk
Is the way it ought to be.

You angel you
You got me under your wing
The way you walk and the way you talk
I swear it will make me sing.

[Source: recorded version from Planet Waves]