

# ***WORDS FILL MY HEAD***

## **The Shot Of love Outtakes**

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## **Caribbean Wind**

### ***Live version***

She was from Haiti, bowed down at the table,  
And then I took over the Lord  
At the show in Miami, in the theater of divine company.  
Talkin' 'bout Jesus, talked about the rain,  
She told me about the vision, told me about the pain  
That has risen from the essence and the dividing of memory.

Is she a child or a woman? I really can't say,  
Something about her said "Trust me" anyway,  
As the years turned to minutes and the minutes turned back into hours.  
What about you, playin' as a pawn?  
It certainly was possible as the gay night wore on,  
But victory was mine, and I held it with the help of God's power.

And that Caribbean wind still blows from Trinidad to Mexico,  
The circle of light and the furnace of desire.  
And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so bold and free,  
Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire.

Shadows move closer as we touched on the floor,  
Prodigal Son sitting next to the door,  
Preaching resistance, waiting for the night to arrive.

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He was well connected, but her heart was a a snare  
Cause she had left him to die in there,  
But I knew he could get out while he still was alive.

Stars on my balcony, buzz in my head,  
Slayin' Bob Dylan in my bed,  
Street band playin' "Nearer My God To Thee"  
She never did see me where the mission bells ring,  
She said "I know what you're thinking, but there ain't a thing"  
You can do about it, so you might as well agree to agree"

And that Caribbean wind blows hard from the Valley Coast into my backyard,  
Drivin' all your love to the furnace of desire.  
And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so bold and free,  
Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire.

Atlantic City by the cruel sea,  
I hear a voice cryin' "Daddy" I always think it's for me,  
But it's only the silence in the buttermilk hall that call,  
Bearin' new messages, bringing evil reports  
Of rioting armies and time that is short,  
And earthquakes and train wrecks and death-threats written on walls.

Would I have married her? I don't know I suppose,  
She had bells in her braids and they hung to her toes.  
The curtain was rising and, like they say, the ship will sail at dawn.  
And I felt it come over me, some kind of glow,  
My voice said "Come on with me girl, I got plenty of room"  
But I know I'd be lyin', and besides she had already gone.

And that Caribbean wind still howls from Tokyo to the British Isles,  
We never walked in to that furnace of desire.  
And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so bold and free,  
Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire.

[Source: The Telegraph # 1, lyrics as performed 12 November 1980 at the Fox Warfield Theatre in San Francisco, California]

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### ***Alternate Special Rider version***

She was from Haiti, fair brown and intense.  
She was a friend of both busboys and presidents.  
I was playing a show in Miami, in the Theater of Divine Comedy.

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I told her about Jesus, I told her about the rain,  
She told me about division, she told me about the pain  
That had arisen from the ashes and abided in her memory.

Was she a child or a woman? I really can't say,  
There was something about her, she trusted me anyway,  
As the judge and the jury were meeting with the man of the hour.  
It looked like I was sleeping and they thought that I was,  
But I was paying attention, like a rattlesnake does,  
When he hears footsteps trampling on the flowers.

And that Caribbean wind still blows from Mexico to Ciracauo,  
>From Chinatown to the furnace of desire.  
And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so bold and free,  
Bringing everything that's dear to me nearer to the fire.

Shadows move closer as we touched on the floor,  
Prodigal Son sitting next to the door,  
Preaching resistance, and waiting for the night to arrive.  
He was well connected, but his heart was a a snare  
As she left him to die in there,  
But I knew he could get out while he was still alive.

Stars on my balcony buzzing my head,  
Door knob turning, heat in my bed.  
Street band playin' "Nearer My God To Thee"  
We met in secret where the mission bells ring,  
She said "I know what you're thinking, but there ain't a thing  
You can do about it, so you might as well agree to agree"

And that Caribbean wind still blows from Mexico to Ciracauo,  
From Chinatown to the furnace of desire.  
And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so bold and free,  
Bringing everything that's dear to me nearer to the fire.

Atlantic City by the cruel sea,  
I hear a voice calling "Daddy", I always think it's for me,  
But it's only the silence in the buttermilk hills that call,  
Every new messenger brings his evil report  
About rioting armies and time that is short,  
And train wrecks and earthquakes and hate words written on walls.

Would I have married her? I don't know I suppose,  
She had bells in her braids and fire in her clothes.  
The curtain was rising and, like they was saying, the ship would sail at dawn.  
Then I felt it come over me, some kind of gloom,

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I was going to say "Come home with me girl, I got plenty of room"  
But I knew I'd be lyin', and besides she'd already gone.

And them Caribbean winds still howl from Borneo to the British Isles,  
From Chinatown to the furnace of desire.  
And those distant ships of liberty on iron waves so bold and free,  
Bringing everything that's dear to me nearer to the fire.

[Source: John Roberts]

### ***31 March 1981 version***

She was well rehearsed, fair brown and blonde,  
She had friends who were bus boys and friends in the Pentagon,  
Playing a show in Miami, in the Theatre of Divine Comedy.  
Talking to shadows where the stop in the rain,  
I could tell she was still feeling the pain,  
Pain of rejection, pain of infidelity.

Was she a child or a woman, I can't say which,  
One to another she could easily switch,  
Couples were dancing and I lost track of the hours.  
He was well prepared, I knew he was,  
Paying attention like a rattlesnake does,  
When he's hearing footsteps trampling over his flowers.

And the Caribbean winds still blow, from Nassau to Mexico,  
From the circle of ice to the furnace of desire.  
And them distant ships of liberty, on them iron waves so bold and free,  
Bringing everything that's near to me, nearer to the fire.

She looked into my soul through the clothes that I wore,  
She said „we got a mutual friend standing at the door,  
And you know he's got our best interests in mind“.  
He was well connected, but her heart was a snare,  
And she had left him to die in there,  
He had two payments due, and he was a little behind.

Well I slept in a hotel, where flies buzz my head,  
Ceiling fan was broken, there was heat in my bed,  
Street band playing „Nearer My God to Thee“.  
We met in secret, where we drank from a spring,  
She said „I know what you're thinking, but there ain't a thing,  
We can do about it, so we might as well let it be“.

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And the Caribbean winds still blow, from Nassau to Mexico,  
From the circle of ice to the furnace of desire.  
And them distant ships of liberty, on them iron waves so bold and free,  
Bringing everything that's near to me, nearer to the fire.

Atlantic City, two years to the day,  
I hear her voice crying „daddy“, and I look that way,  
But it's only the silence in the buttermilk hills that call.  
Every new messenger bringing evil report,  
„bout rioting armies and time that is short,  
And earthquakes and train wrecks and heat words scribbled on wall.

Would I have married her? I don't know I suppose,  
She had bells in her braids, and they hung to her toes,  
But I heard my name and destiny say to be moving on.  
Then I felt it come over me, some kind of gloom,  
But I say, „Come home with me girl, I got plenty of room“,  
But I knew I'd be lying and besides she had already gone.

And them mirror being winds still blow, from Nassau to Mexico,  
Circle of ice to the furnace of desire.  
And them building ships of liberty, on them iron waves so bold and free,  
Bringing everything that's near to me, nearer to the fire.

[Source: Paul Robert Thomas: Caribbean Wind]

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## **City Of Gold**

There is a city of gold  
Far from the rat race  
Eat's at you're soul  
Far from the confusion  
And these bars that hold  
There is a city of gold

There is a country of light  
Raised up in glory  
Angels wear white  
Never know darkness  
Never know night  
There is a country of light

There is a city of love  
Far from this world

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And the stuff dreams are made of  
Beyond the sunset  
Stars high above  
There is a city of love

There is a city of hope  
Don't need no doctor  
Don't need no dope  
I'm ready and willing  
Throw down a rope  
There is a city of hope

There is a city of gold  
Far from this madness  
And the bars that hold  
Peace for your spirit  
Rest for your soul  
There is a city of gold

[Source: Some Other Kind Of Songs]

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## **The Groom's Still Waiting At The Altar**

Prayin' in the ghetto, face in the cement,  
Heard the last moan of a boxer, seen the massacre of the innocent,  
Felt around for the light switch, became so nauseated.  
Just me and an overworked dancer, between walls that are really deteriorated.

Oh, set my affections on things above,  
Let nothing stand in the way of that love,  
Not even the Rock of Gibraltar!  
Well, if you see her on Phantom Street,  
Tell her I still think she's neat,  
And that the groom's still waiting at the altar.

Highwaymen and hitmen, pushin', hellraisin', and robbery,  
Mistakin' your shyness for aloofness, your silence for snobbery.  
I never did get the message, I don't even know when one was sent to me,  
About the madness of becoming what one was never meant to be.

Oh, set my affections on things above,  
Let nothing stand in the way of that love,  
Not even the Rock of Gibraltar!  
Well, if you see her on Phantom Street,

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Tell her I still think she's neat,  
And that the groom's still waiting at the altar.

Well, what can I say about Claudette, that wouldn't come back home to haunt me.  
Finally had to give her up, about the time she began to want me.  
God has mercy on them who are slandered and humiliated.  
I'd have done anything for that woman, if she'd only made me feel obligated.

Oh, set my affections on things above,  
Let nothing stand in the way of that love,  
Not even the Rock of Gibraltar!  
Well, if you see her on Phantom Street,  
Tell her I still think she's neat,  
And that the groom's still waiting at the altar.

Locked into a time-zone, with a high-degree temperature,  
Fools counting their money, wise men standing around like furniture.  
There's a wall between you and what you want, you gotta leap it.  
Tonight you got the power to take it, tomorrow you won't have the power to keep it.

Oh, set my affections on things above,  
Let nothing stand in the way of that love,  
Not even the Rock of Gibraltar!  
Well, if you see her on Phantom Street,  
Tell her I still think she's neat,  
And that the groom's still waiting at the altar.

Looked for the answer, found a solution,  
Too rich for my blood and I needed a transfusion.  
Don't know what I say about Claudette, she could be in the mountains or the prairies,  
She could be respectably married, or running a whorehouse in Buenos Aires.

Oh, set my affections on things above,  
Let nothing stand in the way of that love,  
Not even the Rock of Gibraltar!  
Well, if you see her on Phantom Street,  
Tell her I still think she's neat,  
And that the groom's still waiting at the altar.

[Source: The Telegraph # 6, lyrics as performed 16 November 1980 at the Fox Warfield Theatre in San Francisco, California]

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## **Need A Woman**

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It's been raining in my mouth all day,  
Dripping down to me clothes,  
My patience is wearing thin, got a fire inside my nose.  
Searching for the truth the way God designed it,  
The truth is I might drown before I find it.

Well I need a woman, yes I do  
Need a woman, yes I do.  
Someone who can see me as I am,  
Give me the kind of love that don't have to be condemned  
And I want you to be that woman every night,  
Be that woman, treat me right

I've had my eyes on you baby for about five long years,  
You probably don't know me at all,  
But I have seen your laughter and I have seen your tears.  
Now you don't frighten me, I ain't no defendant  
And you look like it wouldn't hurt you none  
To have a man of understanding

Well I need a woman, oh don't I  
Need a woman, bring it home safe at last.

I've seen you standing on the corner,  
Seen you sitting down in the park  
Been watching you in the sunshine,  
Walking with you in the dark.

And I want you to be that woman, treat me right  
Be that woman every night.

Well, if you believe in something long enough  
You just naturally come to think it's true.  
There ain't no wall you can't cross over,  
Ain't no fire you can't walk through.

Well, believing is all right,  
Just don't let the wrong people know what it's all about.  
They might put the evil eye on you,  
Use their hidden powers to try to turn you out.

Well I need a woman, just to be my queen.  
Need a woman, black, white, yellow, brown or green

Riding out with me at midnight Like two Spanish desperados  
Gazing down upon the futile world in her Cadillac Eldorado

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We will penetrate the storm in search of truth that has not been tested  
But she better bring along her checkbook just in case we get arrested

And I want you to be that woman, treat me right  
Be that woman every night

[Source: The Telegraph # 19]

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### **Thief On The Cross**

There's a thief on the cross his chances are slim  
There's a thief on the cross I wanna talk to him

Well everybody's been diverted  
Everybody's looking the other way  
Everybody's attention is divided  
Well they may not afford to wait  
There's a thief on the cross his chances are slim  
There's a thief on the cross I wanna talk to him

Wanna ask him 'bout his mother  
Wanna ask him 'bout his ways  
Wanna ask him 'bout to talk to himself  
If it's time it didn't go too well  
There's a thief on the cross his chances are slim  
There's a thief on the cross I wanna talk to him

Well, everybody's not too excited  
Don't be too surprised  
Head for the town and you can see it well  
And it's rising in his eyes  
There's a thief on the cross his chances are slim  
There's a thief on the cross I wanna talk to him

Now there's winning, ruling and readin'  
Everybody goes sinning by the rules  
There's a secret to excite you  
Whether Iran or Mexico  
There's a thief on the cross his chances are slim  
There's a thief on the cross I wanna talk to him

[Source: Some Other Kind Of Songs]

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## **Watered-Down Love**

Love that's pure hopes all things,  
Believes all things, won't pull no strings,  
Won't sneak up into your room, tall, dark and handsome,  
Capture your soul and hold it for ransom.

You don't want a love that's pure  
You wanna drown love  
You want a watered-down love

Love that's pure, it don't make no false claims,  
Intercedes for you 'stead of casting you blame,  
Will not deceive you or lead you into transgression,  
Won't write it up and make you sign a false confession.

You don't want a love that's pure  
You wanna drown love  
You want a watered-down love

Love that's pure won't lead you astray,  
Won't hold you back, won't get in your way,  
Won't pervert you, corrupt you with foolish wishes,  
Won't make you envious, won't make you suspicious.

You don't want a love that's pure  
You wanna drown love  
You want a watered-down love

Love that's pure ain't no accident,  
It knows that it knows, is always content,  
An eternal flame, quietly burning,  
Never needs to be proud, loud or restlessly yearning.

You don't want a love that's pure  
You wanna drown love  
You want a watered-down love

Love that's pure is not what you teach me  
I got to go where it can reach me  
I got to flee towards patience and meekness  
You miscalculate me, mistake my kindness for weakness.

You don't want a love that's pure

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You wanna drown love  
You want a watered-down love

[Source: full version from rough mix with extra verse]

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