

# ***WORDS FILL MY HEAD***

## **The late Sixties**

**Long Distance Operator**

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**What Kind Of Friend Is This**

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**All American Boy**

FIRST VERSION

SECOND VERSION

**Bourbon Street**

**I'm Not There (1956)**

FIRST VERSION

ALTERNATE TRANSCRIPTION

**Wild Wolf**

**Champaign, Illinois**

**Running**

## **Long Distance Operator**

Long-distance operator,  
Place this call, it's not for fun.  
Long-distance operator,  
Please, place this call, it's not for fun.  
I gotta give a message to my baby  
You know, she's not just anyone.

There are thousands in the phone booth,  
Thousands at the gate.  
Well, there are thousands in the phone booth,  
Thousands at the gate.  
Everybody wants to make a long-distance call  
But you know everybody just gonna have to wait.

She don't need no shotgun  
Blades are not her style.  
She don't need no shotgun  
Blades are not her style.

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She can poison you with her eyes  
She can kill you with her smile.

If the call comes from Louisiana,  
Please, let it rise.  
If the call comes from Louisiana,  
Please, let it rise.  
This phone booth's on fire,  
It's getting hot inside.

Ev'rybody wants to be my friend,  
Nobody wants to get higher.  
Ev'rybody wants to be my friend,  
Nobody wants to get higher.  
Long-distance operator,  
I believe I'm stranglin' on this telephone wire.

[Source: tape from The Berkeley Community Theatre, Berkeley,  
California, 4 December 1965, with help from Ron Mura]

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### **Most Probably van Gogh**

When I'd ask why the painting was deadly  
Nobody could pick up my sign  
'Cept for the cook she was always ready  
But she'd only ask what's on your mind  
She'd say that especially when it was raining  
I'd say "Oh, I don't know"  
But then she'd press and I'd say "See that painting,  
Do you think it's been done by van Gogh?"

The cook she said call her Maria  
She'd always point for the slim boy to come forth  
Saying he treat ?????? it's his own idea  
And he also makes trips to the North  
Have you ever seen his naked 'Cathleen'  
I'd say "Oh no, why does it show?"  
And she'd whisper in my ear that he's a half breed  
And I'd say "It's fine but can he paint like van Gogh?"

I can't remember his name, he never gave it  
When I always figured he could go home  
Till when he gave me his card and said "Save it"  
I could see by his eyes he was alone  
And it was sad how his four leaf clover,  
Drawn on his calling card showed  
That it was given back to him a millon times over,  
And it most definiteley was not done by van Gogh.

## ***WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties***

You know she often came just to please me  
Though I sensed she could not understand  
And she made a thing out of it by saying "Go easy,  
He's a straight, but he's a very crooked straight man"  
And I'd say, "Does the girl in the calendar doubt it?  
And by the way is it Marilyn Monroe?"  
But she just spit softly and said "Why do you wanna know about it?"  
And I'd say "I was just wondering if she ever sat for van Gogh"

It was either her or the straight man who introduced me  
To Jeanette, Camilla's friend  
Who later on falsely accused me  
Of stealing her locket and her pen  
And I said "I don't have the locket"  
She said "You'd steal pictures of everybody's mother, I know"  
And I said "There's no locket, no picture of any mother I would pocket,  
Unless it's been done by van Gogh"

Camilla's house, it's stood on the outskirts  
How strange to see the chandeliers destroy  
While patiently he fills her coffee  
Of foxhunts and ????

[Source: Denver Hotel Room tape, 12-13 March 1966]

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## **I Can't Leave Her Behind**

Why I can't leave her I don't know  
Well she leads me where she goes  
I can't find her nowhere  
Well she needs me here  
Honey I just can't hear her walking  
I just can't hear her talk  
Though sometimes you know I will

And when it comes my way  
I'll just be left standing night and day  
I will call her and say  
That I don't try, try, I try but she cried  
And I can't leave her behind

[Some Other Kind Of Songs -- from "Eat the Document"]

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## **On A Rainy Afternoon**

Ah, she's walking in the morning  
Honey you come home  
I'm on my way since long ago  
You just can't know  
If you have to come home I'll try  
If I have to but I'll be crying  
What If I'm troubled  
Well, I can be unkind  
I'll try to \_\_\_\_\_  
Can't come in  
And I'll walk away to find  
Her in the morning  
I'll try to maybe  
Try to help if I can  
And I'll be there but I just can't find you

[Some Other Kind Of Songs -- from "Eat the Document"]

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## **What Kind Of Friend Is This**

What kind of friend is this  
Who goes behind my back  
What kind of friend is this  
Shows up every place I am  
She can make it long, but she don't  
She's laying low but you know  
She'd rather lay in the morning  
Making it on my bed  
Oh, what kind of friend is this

What kind of friend is this  
Making everyone around  
What kind of friend is this  
Listening to everything I found  
She's tough on board  
When she goes down  
Late at night  
Walk around  
Well, she ain't good looking  
But she keeps on turtledoving in  
The backyard bed  
Tell me what kind of friend is this

She don't love and she don't hug  
You know she's going to be a dog

## ***WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties***

She don't and she don't  
Her heart's beating and she knows she's wrong  
What kind of friend is this

What kind of friend is this  
Makes you hightail to and fro  
What kind of friend is this  
Wants to go wherever I go  
Gad darned shame  
Don't care for me  
My old lady if she could only see  
Tell me what kind of friend is this

[Some Other Kind Of Songs -- from "Eat the Document"]

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### **Goin' To Acapulco**

I'm going down to Rose Marie's  
She never does me wrong  
She puts it to me plain as day  
And gives it to me for a song.

It's a wicked life but what the hell  
Baby, everybody's got to eat,  
And I'm just the same as anyone else  
When it comes to scratching for my meat.

Goin' to Acapulco  
Goin' on the run  
Goin' down to see soccer  
Goin' to have some fun.  
Yeah  
Goin' to have some fun.

Now, whenever I get up  
And can't find what I need  
I just make it down to Rose Marie's  
And get something quick to eat.

It's lots of ways to make a livin'  
And I ain't complainin' none  
For I can blow my plum and drink my rum  
And go on home and have my fun

Goin' to Acapulco  
Goin' on the run  
Goin' down to see soccer

## ***WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties***

Goin' to have some fun.  
Yeah  
Goin' to have some fun.

Now, if someone offers me a joke,  
I just say no thanks  
I try to tell it like it is  
And keep away from pranks.

Well, sometime you know when the well breaks down  
I just go on pump it some.  
Rose Marie, she likes to go to big places  
And just sit there waitin' for me to come.

Goin' to Acapulco  
Goin' on the run  
Goin' down to see soccer  
Goin' to have some fun.  
Yeah  
Goin' to have some fun.

[Source: Tape, Paul Williams: Bob Dylan -- Performing Artist]

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## **All American Boy**

### ***First version***

Well I bought me a guitar  
Put it in tune  
Went out there in the month of June  
Bought a hot dog and smelled it  
And I smelled the crowd  
Everybody was a-down on this side of a cloud  
There was a holy cow and a medicine man  
And a sacred cow and an iron jaw that wouldn't break

Well I tell you the story of how to become  
An All American Boy  
Instead of a bum  
Pound on the drum from five to six  
You'll be rocking and rollin and beating on bricks  
It's a good job to have if you're not working  
Clean your stuff and come up tight  
Gotta wish for it and that's right  
Go for a train on a whiskey jar  
Guzzle it up, here you are  
Pick it up, now hit it

## ***WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties***

And the girls wiggle  
Yes, I've been making them all jump up and down  
And mingle in the socks  
And their britches  
Oh, you'll find that soon  
You'll be in the itches  
Itches all over  
Itch in your pants  
Itch while you dance  
Itching on down to the south of France  
Well, I know a boy of yesterday  
He became a guitar and he floated away  
In the summer and in the fall  
Everyone said he was having a ball  
Kicking up hot shit over the ocean  
He took himself a notion  
To put some of that lotion in his beat up guitar  
Put it on him then  
He's not very far  
Next time you call him a star  
Down the road boy  
They call him slim  
They don't care if they're carrying him  
Just a minute now, you'll see what I mean  
Here he come now

Well sooner or later a boss gonna come  
He gonna take a look at ya, look at your drum  
Drink this sonny, it comes in a cup  
Yeah, he'll take you out to his farm  
Where he's fixing it up  
Girls don't giggle out there on the mountain  
Well, sooner or later you're bound to meet his wife  
You'll come and have the time of your life  
She's there and in her way  
She sure does like the things you play  
Well, you want to know about the manager soon  
We'll take you outside 'cause he knows you can croon  
He'll buy you new clothes, a new pair of shoes  
You'll be walking with the big drum blues  
You're a fine drummer now, you always knew you could be

[Source: Some Other Kind Of Songs]

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### ***Second version***

(\_) = backing vocals

***WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties***

Well I bought me a guitar  
Put it in tune  
Went out there in the month of June  
Was a hot dog night and a [stick in a roar]  
Everybody was a-down on this side  
There was a holy cow (holy Cow)  
Mean Cow (mean cow)  
Double jaw (double Jaw)  
Cow (Cow)

Well I'll tell you a story about how to become  
An All American Boy

You can beat on a drum  
Beat on a drum from five to six  
You'll be rock and rollin' soon gettin' your kicks  
It's a good job (good job)  
Joinin' the band (joinin' the band)  
Wave your hand (wave your hand)  
Clean your hand and come up tight  
Roll a smoke and down at night  
[Hold on] a train on a whiskey jar  
Settle it down, there you are  
Hold it steady, pick it up now  
Now hit it (making the girls giggle)

Yes, you'll be makin' them little girlies giggle  
You'll be makin' them all just jump up and down and wiggle  
In their socks, in their britches  
All you'll find that soon you'll be itches  
Itches all over  
Itch in your pants, itch while you dance  
Itchin' on down [to the corn' of/till they goin' to?] France

Well, I know a boy that yesterday  
He become a guitar and he floated away  
He played his [bows] and he played them all  
He's just on there havin' a ball  
Kicking a hot storm up over the ocean  
He took himself a notion  
He got some lotion and he put it on his guitar  
Put it on him  
Next time you do it you can call him Jim  
Down the road boy  
They call him slim

They don't care if they're carry him  
Just a minute now, you'll see what I mean  
(Uncle Sam...in this land...rippin' up draft cards, an' all that-)



## ***WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties***

Well sooner or later a man's gonna come  
He gonna take a look at ya, look at your drum  
He be a man and he'll take you home  
Yeah, he'll take you out to his farm  
He'll give you a good un  
He'll give it to ya  
Well, he -  
(Girls don't giggle no more)  
Well, sooner or later you're bound to meet his wife  
And you'll come in have the time of your life  
Just pickin' up gum, pickin' up a star  
Pickin' up and goin' and goin' to the bar  
You and yur manager  
(Pickin' my nose)  
Well, you'll want to know about the manager soon  
He'll take you outside and put you on the moon  
He'll buy you new clothes, a new pair of shoes  
You'll be walking 'way with the big drum blues  
You'll be a fine drummer, pick 'em as they comin'  
Dog a-hummin'.

[Source: The Genuine Basement Tapes Volume 4]

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## **Bourbon Street**

I want another Bourbon Street  
Da da da da  
Oh so sweet  
Hold it down  
You better keep it neat  
Turn it over  
It was so complete  
I took it down and said  
Oh, oh have a seat  
But I don't live down  
On Bourbon Street  
No more, no more, no more, no more  
No, I don't live down  
On Bourbon Street no more

Bourbon Street  
Lordy-Town  
You better keep it sweet  
Put all your loving apples  
On your feet  
I don't even mind  
If you want to scratch your feet

## ***WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties***

You can bag it  
Down in bitter sweet  
I don't beat the meat  
I like like my feet  
Ain't no sleet  
On my Bourbon Street

No. Bourbon Street  
A happiness'll get you Bourbon Street  
The girls they won't forget you  
Down on Bourbon Street  
Here they come now  
Here they come now  
Here they come now  
Here they come now  
All them little girls

I went down looking for Bourbon Street  
I looked so high  
It nearly took me off-a my feet  
Bourbon Street  
Oh, babe let me tell you,  
Bourbon Street  
Mr Bartender  
I'll have another  
Bourbon Street  
Oh, let me tell you  
Bourbon Street  
Let me have another Bourbon Street  
Talk to your brother, mother  
I want a Bourbon Street  
Mr Bartender  
I'll have another  
Bourbon Street

[Source: Some Other Kind Of Songs]

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## **I'm Not There (1956)**

### ***First version***

Things all crashing there, she's all too tight  
In my neighbourhood, she cried both day and night  
I know it - 'cause he was there  
It's a milestone, but she's down on her luck  
And she's daily saloonin' but to make hard-earned buck  
Now and then ...

## ***WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties***

I believe she'd stop him if she wants time to care  
I believe that she may look upon the side who used to care  
And I go by the Lord anywhere, she's on my way  
But I don't belong there

No, I don't belong to her, I don't belong to every choir  
She's my Christ-forsaken angel, but she don't hear me cry  
She's the long-hearted mystic and she can't carry on  
When I'm there she's alright, but then he's not when I'm gone

Heaven knows that the answers she knows con no-one  
She's the way, for sale and beautiful, she's mine for the one  
And I lost her, hesitating, by temptation as it runs  
But she don't holler me, I'm not there, I'm gone

Now I'll cry tonight like I cried the night before  
And I'm leas'd on the highs but I'll dream about the door  
It's alone, she's forsaken by her fate, worse to tell  
"It don't have approximation", she smiled "fare thee well"

Now, my all-decent lady, I was born to love her  
But she knows that the kingdom waits so high above her  
And I run, but I race, but it's not too fast to stay on  
But I got the fever, I'm not there, I'm gone

Well it's all about diffusion as I cry for her veil  
I don't need anybody now beside me to tell  
And it's all affirmation I receive, but it's not  
She's alone, pardon, beauty, but she don't like the spot  
And she calls ...

Yes, she's gone like the rainbow that was shining yesterday  
But now she's home beside me, and I'd like her here to stay  
She's a lone forsaken beauty, and it's 'Don't trust anyone'  
And I wish I was beside her, but I'm not there, I'm gone

Well it's too hard to stay here and I don't want to leave  
It's so bad, or confusing, but she's hard too hard to leave  
It's a load, it's a crime, the way she moulds me around  
But she told, phoned to hate me, but it's down to make a clown

Yes, I believe that it's rightful, Oh I believe it in my mind  
I've been told, like I said, when I \_\_\_\_\_ before, carry on the grind  
Yes, his old gypsy told her, like I said "Carry on"  
I wish I was there to help her, but I'm not there, I'm gone

[Source: The Telegraph #4, suggestions by John Howells]

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***Alternate transcription***

She's all right and she's all too tight  
In my neighborhood she cried both day and night  
I know it - because he was there  
It's a milestone, but she's down on her luck  
And she's daily saloonin' but to making hard to buck  
Now and then ...

I believe that she's stopping if she wants time to care  
I believe that she'd look upon him deciding to care  
And I go by the law, anyway she's on my way  
But I don't belong there

No I don't belong to her, I don't belong to everybody  
She's my Christ-forsaken angel, but she don't hear me cry  
She's a long-hearted mystic and she can't carry on  
When I'm there she's alright, but then she's not when I'm gone

Heaven knows that the answers she's don't calling no one  
She's the way for sailing beautiful, she's mine for the one  
And I lost a heavy \_\_\_\_\_ by temptation as it runs  
But she don't honor me, I'm not there I'm gone

Now I'll cry tonight like I cried the night before  
And I'm leased on the house but I dream about the door  
She's alone, she's forsaken by a fate worse to tell  
It don't have \_\_\_\_\_ she's my old fare-thee-well

Now when I \_\_\_\_\_ I was born to love her  
But she knows that the kingdom waits so high above her  
And I run, but I race, but it's not too fast or slow  
But I don't perceive her, I'm not there I'm gone

Well it's all about ..... and I cry for her bell  
I don't need anybody now beside me to tell  
And it's all admiration I receive, but it's not  
She's a lone parting beauty, but she don't like the spot  
If she won't

Yes she's gone like the rainbow that was shining yesterday  
But now she's home beside me and I'd like her here to stay  
She's a form-forsaking beauty and it don't trust anyone  
I wish I was beside her, but I'm not there I'm gone

Well it's too heart-forsaking and I don't want to believe  
It's \_\_\_\_\_ but she's hard, too hard to leave  
It's alone, it's a crime, the way she won't be around

Yes, I believe that it's rightful, oh I believe it in my mind  
I've been told, like I said <when I> before "carry on the grind"  
And this old gypsy told her, like I said "carry on"  
I wish I was there to help her, but I'm not there I'm gone

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## **Wild Wolf**

Now the ruins are barely rolling  
And the animals can't agree  
On all the bushes in the nations  
But nobody feels sorry for me  
If I lost everything of all the cities  
Yeah, but I can't help this smog  
The day I feel it  
She sure is standing  
But the holy book is written  
Oh, what page  
They are all there  
And as for a natural warning  
But nobody done yet understand  
Just like Pharaoh and his armies  
They were made of solid bread, yeah  
That old bad wolf's gonna howl his way to morning's  
Hold to some big cavern  
I would sit and wait, calling my children out there  
But I just don't mean to hesitate  
And if I was a missionary leader  
I would attempt to laugh and rage  
Yet the wild wolf he's still bubbling under  
And not a babe

[Source: Some Other Kind Of Songs]

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## **Champaign, Illinois**

Bob Dylan & Carl Perkins

I got a woman in Morocco,  
I got a woman in Spain,  
Woman that's done stole my heart,  
She lives up in Champaign.

## ***WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties***

I say Champaign, Champaign, Illinois,  
I certainly do enjoy Champaign, Illinois.

The first time that I went there,  
They treated me so fine.  
Man alive, I'm telling you,  
I thought the whole darn town was mine.

Up in Champaign,  
I say Champaign, Champaign, Illinois,  
I certainly do enjoy Champaign, Illinois.

Well, I didn't have a home on Friday,  
And on a Saturday too.  
Man alive, I'm telling you,  
They'll know just what to do up in Champaign, Illinois.

Up in Champaign,  
I say Champaign, Champaign, Illinois,  
I certainly do enjoy Champaign, Illinois.

Well, I've been a whole lotta places,  
There's nothin' I ain't done,  
But when it comes to women, boy,  
I got only one.

She's up in Champaign,  
I say Champaign, Champaign, Illinois,  
Yes, I certainly do enjoy Champaign, Illinois.

[Source: Some Other Kind Of Songs]

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## **Running**

Love fine living and  
Down high and low  
She's dreaming  
But you might grow

You got me running  
I just can't stay  
Sorry little girl  
But this poor boy's goin' away

Well hanging on the levy  
And looking at the ship

***WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties***

I can't stay  
I believe I'll make a trip

I'm running  
I just can't stay  
Well I'm sorry little girl  
But this poor boy's goin' away

Well, let's go away now!  
Well on the corner  
Looking down on my watch  
Poor feet, and I just can't touch

I'm running  
I just can't stay  
Well I'm sorry little girl  
But this poor boy's running away

Oh lets go out!

Recorded in [Columbia Studio A, Nashville](#), Tennessee during the 2nd Self Portrait session, produced by Bob Johnston 26 April 1969. Source: 50th ANNIVERSARY COLLECTION released in Europe December 2019. Transcribed by Daniel Mackay.

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