

WORDS FILL MY HEAD

lost On The River

Down On The Bottom.....	1
Married To My Hack.....	2
Kansas City.....	3
Spanish Mary	4
Liberty Street	5
Nothing To It	6
Golden Tom – Silver Judas	7
When I Get My Hands On You	8
Duncan And Jimmy	9
Florida Key	10
Hidee Hidee Ho	11
Lost On The River	12
#12 - Written By Bob Dylan And Elvis Costello	13
#20 - Written By Bob Dylan, Rhiannon Giddens And Marcus Mumford	13
Stranger	14
Card Shark	15
Quick Like A Flash	16
Diamond Ring.....	17
The Whistle Is Blowing.....	18
Six Months In Kansas City (Liberty Street).....	19

Source:

[The New Basement Tapes.](#)

Down On The Bottom

Written by Bob Dylan and Jim James

Down on the bottom
Down to the last drop in the cup
Down on the bottom
No place to go but up

Always been in trouble
Nearly all my life
Always been in trouble
Struggle, scorn and strife

Go find me my bluebird
Flying so high up above
Go find me my bluebird
Go find me somebody to love

Married To My Hack

Written by Bob Dylan and Elvis Costello

Five in the morning, she would fix my lunch
Put it in a paper sack
Where I'm headed, I always appreciate it
But I'd rather stay married to my hack

I move like the breeze, and the birds and the bees
That I've never been known to look back
I got fifteen women and all of them swimming
But I'd rather stay married to my hack

I move fifteen miles every minute, I'm all smiles
I shoot by my sister's shack
She's got some friend who waves at men, a fine little hen
But I'd rather stay married to my hack

I got twelve-wheel drive and an oversized hive
And air-cooled brakes in the back
Candy McGraft's always good for a laugh
But I'd rather stay married to my hack

I got a pedal to hit and an engine that won't quit
And a carburetor that won't crack
Maureen and Milly, they're a little silly
But there's nothing that they do lack

I got loose-eyed ladies who never seen a man
Just waiting around the back
Gimme a bottle or someone to throttle
Cause I'd rather stay married to my hack

Kansas City

Written by Bob Dylan, Marcus Mumford and Taylor Goldsmith

I listen to you time and time again
While you tell me just what's right
And you tell me a thousand things a day
Then sleep somewhere's else at night
I'm going back to Kansas City

And I love you dear, but just how long
Can I keep singing the same old song
And I love you dear, but just how long
Can I keep singing the same old song
I'm going back to Kansas City

And you call me to come, then I do
And you say you made some mistake
You invite me into your house
Then you say you gotta pay for what you break
I'm going back to Kansas City

Gypsy woman, you know every place I go
Even a thousand miles away from home
You don't care if I'm asleep or I'm awake
This fickle heart just turn to stone
I'm going back to Kansas City

Spanish Mary

Written by Bob Dylan and Rhiannon Giddens

There were three sailors, bold and true
With cargo they did carry
They sailed away on the ocean blue
For the love of Spanish Mary

So deeply now were they disturbed
No longer could they tarry
Swoon and swerve
For the love of Spanish Mary

In Kingston town of high degree
The buffoon, the fool, the fairy
All paid the dues and inquired to me
For the love of Spanish Mary

Beggar man, beggar man tell me no lie
Is it a mystery to live or is it a mystery to die

I seek ye not to ask of you
It was in Kingston town indeed
It is said they stopped but not for greed
But for the love of Spanish Mary

I remember well, they came one day
The buffoon, the fool, the fairy
They asked of me what could I say
For the love of Spanish Mary

'Tis not of me to talk absurd
No rumor do I carry
No, I'll not give you one word
But for the love of Spanish Mary

Liberty Street

Written by Bob Dylan and Taylor Goldsmith

He came from the old religion
But possessed no magic skill
Descending from machinery
He left nothing in his will
The crops are failing
The women wailing
It's in the paper at your feet
Six months in Kansas City
Down on Liberty Street

It was sad to see it
That little lady going in
Arrested for arson
Once they'd asked her where she'd been
Down on her knees
Not even a breeze
Another victim of the heat
Six months in Kansas City
Down on Liberty Street

Things sure don't look too pretty
Cause a man to rob and steal
I got a full six more months out here
Can't be begging for my meals
Now look here Baby Snooks
Doesn't matter what books
You keep underneath your seat
Six months in Kansas City
Down on Liberty Street

Nothing To It

Written by Bob Dylan and Jim James

Well I knew I was young enough
And I knew there was nothing to it
'cause I'd already seen it done enough
And I knew there was nothing to it

There was no organization I wanted to join
So I stayed by myself and took out a coin
There I sat with my eyes in my hand
Just contemplating killing a man

(For greed was one thing I just couldn't stand)
If I was you I'd put back what I took
A guilty man's got a guilty look
Heads I will and tails I won't
As long as the call be won't be my own

Well you don't have to turn your pockets inside out
But I'm sure you can give me something
Well you don't have to go into your bank account
But I'm sure you can give me something

Well I knew I was young enough
And I knew there was nothing to it
'cause I'd already seen it done enough
And I knew there was nothing to it

Golden Tom – Silver Judas

Written by Bob Dylan and Elvis Costello

They say that today makes up for what yesterday lacked
And it must be some old day and that is a fact
Can't talk to nobody, don't know just how they'll react
Weigh the silver and gold
Be precise and exact

How can today make up for yesterday
For it we break up, I guess you would stay

Buffalo Bill wouldn't have known what to do
If he got a just one look, just one good look at you
And I don't know what to do either
Just want to tell you it's neither
Tom said "Don't take her", Judas said "Leave her"

How can today make up for yesterday
For if we break up, I guess you would stay

So Golden Tom said to poor Silver Judas
"It's so hard to say who's the worst of the two of us
So don't brood
There's no fraud in this feud
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know what to do"

How can today make up for yesterday
For it we break up, I wish you would stay

When I Get My Hands On You

Written by Bob Dylan, Marcus Mumford and Taylor Goldsmith

When I set my eyes on you
Gonna keep you outta town at night
When I set my eyes on you
Not gonna be outta my sight

And now you know
Everywhere on Earth you go
You're gonna have me as your man

When I get my hands on you
Gonna make you carry me
When I get my hands on you
Gonna make you marry me

And now you know
Everywhere on Earth you go
You're gonna have me as your man

When I come home to you
Gonna take you down to the riverside
When I come home to you
Hold you in my arms all night

And now you know
Everywhere on Earth you go
You're gonna have me as your man

Duncan and Jimmy

Written by Bob Dylan and Rhiannon Giddens

Fill up the glasses and take your stand
Tip your hat to the world
Button up the bowtie and dance around
Once again with the fat Hawaiian girl

Duncan and Jimmy walk side by side
Nobody walks between them
Duncan and Jimmy walk side by side
Has anybody seen them?

Freighter man, freighter man
Which way's that freighter gonna run tonight
Will it take me down to Jacksonville
Or just leave me be wherever it seems right

Duncan and Jimmy walk side by side
Nobody walks between them
Duncan and Jimmy walk side by side
Has anybody seen them?

So fill up the glasses and take your stand
Tip your hat to the world
Button up the bowtie and dance all around
Once again with the fat Hawaiian girl

Duncan and Jimmy walk side by side
Nobody walks between them
Duncan and Jimmy walk side by side
Has anybody seen them?

Florida Key

Written by Bob Dylan and Taylor Goldsmith

Miami woman so fine and fair
I try and try but I can't get anywhere
I sail out under the sun
Looking for my darling, my only one
I sail all day, and when the day is done
She's still the one I want to see
I must find that Florida Key

Collins Avenue, Fifth Street and Main
I walk up and down but it's all in vain
My only darling is gone
Took everything and put it out on the lawn
And Jim came and got it and he gave it to John
It's getting harder and harder to be me
I must find that Florida Key

Just standing on the curb watching for boats
While them boys and girls pass by on their big silver goats
I'm getting out while the getting is good
In my ship of steel or in my ship of wood
One more time I'm gonna do just like I should
See, this could only happen to me
I must find that Florida Key

Need a little sunshine in my beer
Thinking 'bout eloping
Nothing's locked, never will be
Everything is open

There's only one thing that lurks in my mind
It's nothing here, nothing I've left behind
There's something up front, something I hope to find
I'm gonna set sail again tonight
Round the horn and in the clear moonlight
Or at least I'm sure it's going to be
Soon as I find my Florida Key

Hidee Hidee Ho

#11 - written by Bob Dylan and Jim James

#16 - written by Bob Dylan, Rhiannon Giddens and Elvis Costello

How could she reject me
Send me on my way
How could she suspect me
Of leading her astray

I met her accidentally
And I asked to see her home
She told me she wouldn't mind
And we commenced to roam

Hidee Hidee Ho (making love wherever we go)
Hidee Hidee Hee (making love just you and me)
Hidee Hidee Hoo (making love just me and you)

I took out my pen knife
And showed it at this rake
He looked at me as if to say
You're making a mistake

I do not frighten easily
Yet no weapon I possess
No matter what you thinkin', son
You better second guess

Hidee Hidee Ho (making love wherever we go)
Hidee Hidee Hee (making love just you and me)
Hidee Hidee Hoo (making love just me and you)

Hidee Hidee Ho (making love on the highway bump)
Hidee Hidee Hee (making love in a pile of rope)
Hidee Hidee Hoo (making love on the driveway ramp)

Lost On The River

#12 - written by Bob Dylan and Elvis Costello

The tears of a lonely man are hidden within
As he moves from one woman to the next, his spirit grows thin
When he falls in love with one, it's hard but it's true
But it's oh so much harder when that woman is you

The leaves on the trees shake when the storm clouds appear
Just as I shake up inside when I follow you here
At your invitation to come to you, dear

I got lost on the river, but I got found
I got lost on the river, but I didn't drown
I got lost on the river, but I didn't go down
I got lost on the river, but I got found

I looked at the graze of blue where the light begins
Through the glass where the rays shot through caressing your skin
Like your invitation to follow you in

I got lost on the river, but I got found
I got lost on the river, but I didn't drown
I got lost on the river, but I didn't go down
I got lost on the river, but I got found

#20 - written by Bob Dylan, Rhiannon Giddens and Marcus Mumford

The tears of a woman are hidden within
As she moves from one to the next, her spirit grows thin
And when she falls in love with one, it's hard but it's true
But it's oh so much harder when that man is you

I got lost on the river, but I got found
I got lost on the river, but I didn't drown

One stormy day I was out at sea
The waves they rolled and tumbled over me
I spied dry land and a tall pale tree
I knew that soon that's where I'd like to be

My sweetheart left me for another one
And now I wait for the next rising sun

I got lost on the river, but I got found
I got lost on the river, but I didn't drown
I got lost on the river, but I didn't go down
I got lost on the river, but I got found

Stranger

Written by Bob Dylan and Marcus Mumford

Never fall in love with a stranger
And that, son, they all said to me
And never fall in love with a stranger
But I can't help it if she falls in love with me

And never fall in love with a stranger
Now, they've gone against my command
And never fall in love with a stranger
The pain is written in my hands

But if I can't resist
Find my way outta this

She knows that our love more than any river flows
And I'm done now, all of my intentions are exposed
Not hidden in my clothes
Or in between my toes

I wanna tombstone pearl handle revolver
Don't wanna meet a pale man with a halo in his hair
Never fall in love with a stranger
But sometimes I simply do not care

And if I can't resist
Get my way outta this

She knows that our love more than any river flows
And I'm done now, all of my intentions are exposed
Not hidden in my clothes
Or in between my toes

I done things right, pretty much all of my life
I'm not looking for any sympathy
I can run all I like away from that stranger
But somehow she'll always follow me

Card Shark

Written by Bob Dylan and Taylor Goldsmith

There are many kinds of fish that swim in the sea
There's others that swim in the dark
And of those troupers and trouts and dolphins and whales
The one you must watch is the shark

Card shark (yes, m'am)
Get 'm in the nose
That ol' card shark

Now I sat me down to have some fun
I jumped in the tank for a spell
I boogalooed in the bunkhouse and saw some bandits on the run
I went down to get water from the well

Card shark (yes, m'am)
Get 'm in the nose
That ol' card shark

Now set 'm up, Samba
Sit on it awhile
Toss in the towel and have a kick
Stick it in the rear and roar for a bit
And waddle down the road like a brick

Card shark (yes, m'am)
Get 'm in the nose
That ol' card shark

Quick Like A Flash

Written by Bob Dylan and Jim James

Quick like a flash, we got to border that bus
Go down on the hump and screw it
We don't need your opinions take a look at us
When we find something good, we're true to it

Revenge is sweet when we take a trip or two
Put ol' Peter in the pocket
Then pull in or out and paint 'em blue
Put a bow tie on 'em, and sock it

Quick like a flash
Quick like a flash
Quick like a flash

Crossharp's coming just once that's all
Oh baby, wontcha please come use him
Gang up on the punk and a big checker haul
Poor little punk, don't bruise him

Quick like a flash, we got to border that bus
Go down on the hump and screw it
We don't need your opinions take a look at us
When we find something good, we're true to it

Quick like a flash
Quick like a flash
Quick like a flash

Diamond Ring

Written by Bob Dylan and Taylor Goldsmith

If I ever get back to St. Louis again,
There's gonna be some changes made
I'm gonna find old Alice and right away where I left off
It's gonna be just as if I stayed

That old organ grinder's gonna wind his box
And the knife sharpener's gonna sing
When I get back to St. Louis again
I'm gonna buy that diamond ring

Diamond Ring
Diamond Ring
Shine like gold
Behold that diamond ring

If I ever get back to St. Louis again
Everybody's gonna smile
One of the Mack girls dragged me up to Washington
I got stuck there for a while

She gave me more misery than a man can hold
And I took her bad advice
Now I don't aim to bother anyone
I have paid that awful price

Diamond Ring
Diamond Ring
Shine like gold
Behold that diamond ring

If ever I get back to St. Louis again
That diamond ring' is gonna shine
That old burlesque dancer is gonna bum around
And everything's gonna be fine

I'm gonna settle up my accounts with lead
And leave the rest up to the law
Then I'm gonna marry the one I love
And head out for Wichita

Diamond Ring
Diamond Ring
Shine like gold
Behold that diamond ring

The Whistle Is Blowing

Written by Bob Dylan and Marcus Mumford

The whistle is blowing, and the train is going
Just what's gonna happen next, well, I'm not one to say
I'm sitting here yearning while those wheels keep turning
"I'll be gone by tonight," she told me today

And next door to the cornstalk, by the side of this sheet rock
I will wait for the morning like a dog in the moon

Blow, blow on
Blow, blow on

Oh the minutes go slow now, and I hope it don't snow now
'cause it's quiet and still and that train's out of sight
All we need is a fat storm to blow by the platform
Oh dear me, that woman, that woman's always right

Blow, blow on
Blow, blow on

Blow, blow on
Blow, blow on

The whistle is blowing, and the train is going
Just what's gonna happen next, well, I'm not the one to say

Six Months In Kansas City (Liberty Street)

Written by Bob Dylan and Elvis Costello

I see by the papers that
He came from the old religion but possessed no magic skill
Descending from machinery, he left nothing from his will

Thank you for not helping me out
For not treating me like a fool
If you didn't lay me on a cold mattress at night
I might be kicking more than your mule

Crops are failing, women are wailing

Six months in Kansas City
(Can't find no room and board)
Six months in Kansas City
(What can lead to that kind of reward?)
Six months in Kansas City
(All my good friends in jail lost out)
Six months in Kansas City
(Some who ain't got no bail bust out)
Six months in Kansas City
But they find the track and make you come back
Six months in Kansas City
(Down on your knees, not even a breeze, ain't it a pity?)
Six months in Kansas City

Well here now Baby Snooks
It don't matter how many books you got underneath your thumb
Descended from machinery
You've got nothing left to come

Thank you for not helping me out
For not treating me like a fool
If you didn't lay me on a cold mattress at night
I might be kicking more than your mule

Crops are failing, women are wailing

Six months in Kansas City
(Woe! Can't be begging for no last meal)
Six months in Kansas City
(Cause a man to rob and steal)
Six months in Kansas City
(All my good friends confounded, indeed)
Six months in Kansas City
(Some lost and some drown and some turn to greed)
Six months in Kansas City

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – lost On The River

(Some wake one day and they've made them king)

Six months in Kansas City

(Make a man ready to do anything)

Six months in Kansas City

(Things sure don't look too pretty)

Six months in Kansas City

(Are you ready?)

Six months in Kansas City

(Are you ready?)

Six months in Kansas City

(Are ready to admit defeat)

Six months in Kansas City

(Take your place down on Liberty Street)

Six months in Kansas City