

# **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]

## **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.

Little Billy Brown will shake with fright.

## **WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The folk Years**

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<sup>e</sup>  
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.

Strange it is to be beside you

## **WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The folk Years**

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

## WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The folk Years

Have God on their side.

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.

## **WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The folk Years**

[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]