

WORDS FILL MY HEAD

The late Sixties

Long Distance Operator

Most Probably Van Gogh

I Can't Leave Her Behind

On A Rainy Afternoon

What Kind Of Friend Is This

Goin' To Acapulco

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.

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

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

[\[TOP\]](#)

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?"

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

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 million times over,
And it most definitely was not done by van Gogh.

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]

[\[TOP\]](#)

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

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

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"]

[\[TOP\]](#)

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"]

[\[TOP\]](#)

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

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

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
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"]

[\[TOP\]](#)

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

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

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
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]

[\[TOP\]](#)

All American Boy

First version

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
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
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

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

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]

[\[TOP\]](#)

Second version

(_) = backing vocals

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

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

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-)

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

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

You'll be a fine drummer, pick 'em as they comin'
Dog a-hummin'.

[Source: The Genuine Basement Tapes Volume 4]

[\[TOP\]](#)

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
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

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

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]

[\[TOP\]](#)

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 ...

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

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

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 leased 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]

[\[TOP\]](#)

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

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

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"

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

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

[\[TOP\]](#)

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]

[\[TOP\]](#)

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]

[\[TOP\]](#)

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

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The late Sixties

Well hanging on the levy
And looking at the ship
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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