

WORDS FILL MY HEAD

The Infidels Sessions

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Clean-Cut Kid

Well they're asking me why he couldn't adjust
Adjust to what, a dream that bust?
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him is what they did

They say what's up is down, they said what isn't is
They put ideas in his head he thought were his
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him is what they did

He was on a baseball team, he was on a marching band
When he was ten years old he had a watermelon stand
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him is what they did

He went to church on Sunday, he was a Boy Scout
For his friends he would turn his pockets inside out
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him is what they did

They said "Listen boy, you're just a pup"

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Sent him to a napalm health spa to shape up
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him is what they did

They gave him dope to smoke, they gave him pills for a thrill
They gave him a jeep to drive, they gave him blood to spill
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him is what they did

"Hey, Congratulations, you got what it takes"
They sent him back to the rat-race without any brakes
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him is what they did

He bought the American dream, but it was all wet
The only game he could play was Russian Roulette
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him is what they did

He went to Hollywood to see Peter O'Toole
He stole a Rolls Royce, drove it in a swimming pool
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him is what they did

He could've sold insurance, owned a bakery or bar
Could've been an accountant or a tennis star
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him is what they did

He's wearing boxing gloves, he took a dive one day
Off the Golden Gate Bridge into China Bay
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him is what they did

His mama weeps and cries, his daddy feels betrayed
They gotta sleep together in a bed they never made
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him is what they did

[Source: The Telegraph # 18]

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Jokerman

Standing on the waters casting your bread
While the eyes of the idol with the iron head
Are glowing.
Distant ships sailing into the mist,

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You were born with a snake in both of your fists
While a hurricane was blowing.
Freedom just around the corner for you
But with truth so far off, what good will it do?

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

So swiftly the sun sets in the sky.
You rise up and say goodbye
To no one.
No store bought shirt for you on your back
One of the women must sit in the shack
And sew one.
Shedding off one more layer of skin,
Keeping one step ahead of the persecutor within.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

You're a man of the mountains, you can walk on the clouds,
Manipulator of crowds,
You're a dream twister.
You're going to Sodom and Gomorrah
But what do you care? Ain't nobody there would want to marry
Your sister.
Scratching the world with a fine tooth comb
You're a king among nations, your a stranger at home.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

Well, the Book of Leviticus and Deuteronomy,
The law of the jungle and the sea
Are your only teachers.
No crystal ball do you need on your shelf,
Michelangelo himself
Could've carved out your features.
So drunk standing in the middle of the street
Directing traffic with a small dog at your feet

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

Well, the preacherman's talking 'bout the deaf and the dumb
And the world to come

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It's already been pre-determined
Nightsticks and water cannons, tear gas, padlocks,
Molotov cocktails and rocks
Can't drown out his sermon
You let the wicked walk right into a trap
You give away the good things that fall in your lap

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

It's a shadowy world, skies are slippery gray,
A woman just gave birth to a prince today
And dressed him in scarlet.
He'll turn priest into pimps and make old men bark
Take a woman that could have been Joan of Arc
And turned her into a harlot.
Oh, Jokerman, you know what he wants
Oh, Jokerman, you don't show any response.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

[Isis # 20]

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Julius And Ethel

Now that they are gone you know the truth it can be told
They were sacrificed lambs in the market place sold
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel

Now that they are gone you know the truth it can come out
They were never proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel

The people thought they were guilty at the time
Some even said there hadn't been any crime
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel

People look upon this couple with contempt and doubt
But they loved each other right up to the time they checked out
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel

Eisenhower was president, Senator Joe was King
Long as you didn't say nothing you could say anything
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel

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Now some they blamed the system, some they blamed the man
Now that it is over, no one knows how it began
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel

Every Kingdom got to fall even the third reich
Man can do what he pleases but not for as long as he like
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel

Well they say they gave the secrets of the Atom Bomb away
Like no one else could think of it, it wouldn't be here today
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel

Someone says the fifties was the age of great romance
I say that's just a lie, it was when fear had you in a trance
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel

[Source: Some Other Kind Of Songs]

[\[TOP\]](#)

Sweetheart Like You

First version

Well, the pressure's down, the boss ain't here,
He gone up North, to that light-house beyond the bend.
They say vanity got the best of him
He didn't trust no one on the end.
By the way, that's a cute hat,
And that smile's so hard to resist
But what's a sweetheart like you doing in a dump like this?

You know I once knew a woman who looked like you,
She wanted a whole man, not just a half.
She used to call me sweet daddy when I was only I child,
You kind of remind me of her when you laugh.
In order to deal in this game, got to make the queen disappear,
It's done with the flick of the wrist.
What's a sweetheart like you doing in a dump like this?

You know a woman like you should be at home,
That's where you belong,
Taking care of somebody nice
Who don't know how to do you wrong.
Just how much abuse will you be able to take?
Well, you never tell by that first kiss.
What's a sweetheart like you doing in a dump like this?

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You know you can make a name for yourself,
You can hear them tires squeal,
You can be known as the most beautiful woman
Who ever crawled across cut glass to make a deal.

They say that oppression is a cruel tutor
And injustice is a nurse.
You can put your hand in the hand of the man with the nose that can't smell
But you put your confidence in him, and that's worse.
Snap out of it, baby, people are jealous of you,
They smile to your face, but behind your back they hiss.
What's a sweetheart like you doing in a dump like this?

Got to be an important person to be in here, honey
Got to have done some evil deed.
Got to have your own harem when you come in the door,
Got to play your harp until your lips bleed.

They say that patriotism is the last refuge,
To which a scoundrel clings.
Steal a little and they throw you in jail,
Steal a lot and they make you a king.
There's only one step down from here, baby.
It's called the land of permanent bliss.
What's a sweetheart like you doing in a dump like this?

[Source: early version from tape]

[\[TOP\]](#)

Second version

Well, the pressure's down, the boss ain't here,
He gone up North, for a while.
The very last thing he said was, "See you later"
Ah, he did go out in style.
By the way, that's a cute pat, er, boots
And that smile's so hard to resist
But what, what's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

You know con men don't meet strangers,
To them there are none
Within a quarter of an hour
They're on good terms with everyone
In order to deal, got to make the queen disappear,
It's done with the flick of the wrist.
What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

You know a woman like you should be at home,

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That's where you belong,
Taking care of somebody nice
Who don't know how to do you wrong.
You look to me like a royalty
And there's a thought I can't dismiss
What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

You could make a name for yourself,
You could hear them tires squeal,
You could be known as the most beautiful woman
Who ever crawled across cut glass to make a deal.

They say that oppression is a cruel tutor
And injustice is a nurse.
Far between each ??? out
If you only saved it first
It don't matter what the price is,
But of how much it just don't exist
What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

You got to be an important person to be in here, honey
Got to have done some evil deed.
Got to have your own harem when you come in the door,
Be able to play your harp until your lips bleed.

They say that patriotism is the last refuge,
To which a scoundrel clings.
Steal a little and they throw you in jail,
Steal a lot and they make you a king.

There's only one step down from here, baby.
It's called the land of permanent bliss.
What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

[Source: early version from tape]

[\[TOP\]](#)

Tell Me

Tell me I've got to know
Tell me, tell me before I go
Does that flame still burn, does that fire still glow
Or has it died out and melted like the snow
Tell me, tell me

Tell me what are you focused upon
Tell me will I know better when you're gone
Tell me quick with a glance or a sigh

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Shall I hold you close or shall I let you go by
Tell me, tell me

Are you looking at me and thinking of somebody else
Can you feel the heat and the beat of my pulse
Do you have any secrets that will only come out in time
Do you lay in your bed and stare at the stars
Is your man friend someone who's an old acquaintance of our's
Tell me, tell me

Tell me do those neon lights blind your eyes
Tell me behind what door your treasure lies
Ever gone broke in a big way
Ever done the opposite of what the experts say
Tell me, tell me

Is this some kind of game that you're playing with me
Am I imagining something that ever can't be
Do you have any morals, do you have any point of view
Do you long to ride in that old ship of Zion
What means more to you, a live dog or a dead lion
Tell me, tell me

Tell me is my name in your book
Tell me should I come back and take another look
Tell me the truth, tell me no lies
Are you someone anyone prays for or cries
Tell me, tell me

[Source: John Roberts]

[\[TOP\]](#)

Too Late

Acoustic Version

Whether it was murder, I don't know, I can't say; I was visiting a friend in jail.
There were only two women at the scene at the time, neither one of 'em saw a thing,
both of them were wearing a veil.
They said it was a natural situation, that he reached too high, an' tumbled back to the
ground.
You know what they say about bein' nice to people on the way up: sooner or later
you might meet 'em comin' down.

Well, it's too late to bring him back,
Too late, too late, too late, too late, too late to bring him back.

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He got a brother named Paul hanging out at the Cafe Royale where all the company is mixed.

He's pretty to look at, he wants someone to throw the book at, but you know he drinks, and drinks can be fixed.

Sing me one more song about your summer romance, or maybe that one about your one night stand with Errol Flynn.

In these times of compassion where conformity's in fashion, say one more stupid thing to me before the final nail's driven in.

You know it's too late to bring him back,
Too late, too late, too late to bring him back.

Dr. Silver Spoon from the Ecstasy Ballroom: he's a retired businessman who feeds off everyone he touched.

He gives money to the church and foundations for research; he's not someone you can play around with too much.

Miss Rosetta Blake from been both sides of the lake, she's rough to look at, but she's straight,

She'll feed you coconut bread an' spiced buns in bed, an' you won't have to worry about sleepin' with your head face down in the plate.

Well, it's too late to bring him back,
Too late, too late, too late, too too late to bring him back.

Gonna arrange to see a man tonight, he'll tell ya some secret things that ya think might open some doors.

How to enter in the gates of paradise? No, not really, more like goin' crazy from carryin' a burden never meant to be yours.

From the stage they'll be doin' the bumps and the grinds, a whore will pass the hat, collect a hundred grand, say, "Well boys, thanks."

They like to take all this money from sin, build big castles to study in, and sing "Amazing Grace" all the way to the Swiss Bank.

Well, it's too late to bring him back.

They got some serious people out there, man, they can ring your bell and show you how to hold your tongue.

They don't come to party, man, they kill babies in the crib and they say, "Only the good die young."

They don't believe in mercy, and judgment on them is something that you'll never see. They put your face on a postage stamp, turn your home into an armed camp; anywhere they want you, that's where you'll be.

Yes, I loved him too, I can still see him in my mind climbing up that hill.

Or was it a wall? I don't recall, maybe, well [garbled] never will.

Ain't nothin' left here partner, just the dust of fools that have left their mark in spade.

From now on this will be where you're from: let the dead bury the dead, your time will come; feel that hot iron glowin' as you raise the shade.

Well, it's too late to bring him back,

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Too late, too late, too late, too too late to bring him back.

[Source: Lyrics as sung by Bob Dylan on the released album **Springtime In New York: The Bootleg Series Vol. 16, 1980-1985** and transcribed by [Daniel Mackay](#).]

Band Version

Whether it was murder, I don't know, I wasn't there; I was busy visiting a friend in jail.

There were just two women on the scene at the time, neither one of 'em saw a thing, both of 'em were wearing veils.

They said it was a natural situation: he reached too high and tumbled back to the ground.

You know what they say about being nice to people on your way up: "You might meet 'em again on your way back down."

Well, it's too late to bring him back,

Too late, too late, too late, too late, too late to bring him back.

He had a brother named Paul, hang out at the Cafe Royale where Miss Dolly plays and the reviews have been mixed.

Well, he's pretty to look at, lookin' for someone to throw the book at, but you know that he drinks and drinks, can be fixed.

Sing me one more song about your summer romance, I know you don't know marvelous children, sing me the one about you and Errol Flynn.

In these times of compassion where conformity's a fashion, say one more stupid thing to me before the final nail is driven in.

You know it's too late to bring him back,

Too late, too late, too late, too too late to bring him back.

Dr. Silver Spoon from the Empress Ballroom: he's a retired businessman who feeds off of everyone he touch.

Gives money to the church and foundations for research; he's not someone you can play around with too much.

But then there's Rosetta Blake who's been to both sides of the lake; she's rough to look at but boy she's righteously straight.

She'll feed ya coconut bread and spiced buns in bed; you won't have to worry 'bout sleepin' face down with your head in the plate.

Yeah it's too late to bring him back,

Too late, too late, too late, too late to bring him back.

You'll arrange to see your man tonight who tell ya some secret things ya think might open some doors.

How to enter the gates of paradise? No, not really, more like how to go crazy from carrying a burden that never meant to be yours.

From the stage they'll be doin' the bumps and the grinds, a whore will pass the hat, collect a hundred grand and say, "Thanks."

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Infidel's Sessions

They like to take all this money from sin and build big universities to study in, and
sing “Amazing Grace” all the way to the Swiss Bank.

Well, it's too late to bring him back,
Too late, too late, too late, too late, too late to bring him back.

They got some serious people out there, man, they can ring your bell and show you
how to hold your tongue.
They don't come to party, man, they kill babies in the crib an' say, “Only the good die
young.”
They don't believe in mercy, and judgment on them is something you'll never see.
They can put your face on a postage stamp, turn your home into an armed camp;
anyway they want you, that's the way you'll be.

But it's too late to bring him back,
Too late, too late, too late, too late, too late to bring him back.

Yes, I loved him too, I still see him in my mind climbin' up that hill.
Or was it a wall? I don't recall; it don't matter at all, honey, and it never will.
Ain't nothing left here partner, just the dust of fools that have left their mark in spades.
From now on this will be where you're from: let the dead bury the dead, your time
will come; feel that hot iron glowin' now as you raise the shades.

But you're too late to bring him back,
Too late, too late, too late, too late, too late to bring him back.

[Source: Lyrics as sung by Bob Dylan on the released album **Springtime In New York: The Bootleg Series Vol. 16, 1980-1985** and transcribed by [Daniel Mackay](#).]

Shadow Kingdom: The Early Songs of Bob Dylan

Lyrics as sung by Bob Dylan in the concert film
and transcribed by [Daniel Mackay](#).

Union Sundown

Well, my shoes they come from Singapore,
My shirt is from Taiwan,
My pants are from Malaysia,
My necktie's from the Amazon.
Saxophone is from the Philippines
My car's a Chevrolet,
It was put together down in Argentina
By a guy makin' thirty cents a day.

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
Till greed got in the way.

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Infidel's Sessions

Well, the perfume is from China,
Ear-rings are from Japan.
Belt buckle's from the Himalaya,
The dog collar's from Pakistan
Chain says "Made in Brazil"
Where a woman slaved for sure,
Taking home sixty cents a day to a family of twelve,
A lot of money to her.

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
Till greed got in the way.

Well, some people complainin' that there is no work.
I say, "Brother, how can that be?
When nothin' you got is U.S.-made?"
It all comes from across the sea.
They call it religious capitalism
Under corporate command
It says, "Nobody gets hired to do anything
That can be done cheaper in some other land"

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
Till greed got in the way.

Well, the drug dealers are making big profit
Oh yeah, they say times were tough for a while.
When the Russians bomb Las Vegas,
They'll be on a desert isle.
And them big manufacturers aren't starving, though
Their profits are down beyond belief.
Got to have to send them a care package,
Or make it food relief.

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
Till greed got in the way.

All that steel and aluminum
Venezuela, El Salvador.
Well, the unions are big business,
But they're going out like a dinosaur.
Well, they used to grow food in Kansas,
Now they want to grow it on the moon.
They want to take your home garden away,

WORDS FILL MY HEAD – The Infidel's Sessions

That day is coming pretty soon.

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
Till greed got in the way.

There's a man in a mask in the White House,
Who's got no name or important ties.
Just as long as he understands the shape of things to come,
He can stay there till he dies.
Got to be an invisible man
Not a front man for some diseased cause.
Certainly not a union man, an independent man,
Not a man tied to social laws.

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
Till greed got in the way.

[Source: early version from tape, with help from Anthony Kapolka and John Howells]

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When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky

If you look out across the fields, see me returning.
Smoke is in your eyes, you draw a smile.
>From the fireplace where now my letters to you are burning,
You've had time to think about it for a while.

I've walked two hundred miles, now look me over.
It's the end of the chase and the moon is high.
It don't matter who loves who.
Either you'll love me or I'll love you
When the night comes falling from the sky.

I can see through your walls and I know you're hurting.
Sorrow covers you up like a cape.
Only yesterday I know that you've been flirting
With disaster that you somehow managed to escape.

Well, I can't provide for you no easy answers.
Who are you that I should have to lie?
You know everything, my love.
Down below and up above.
When the night comes falling from the sky.

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I can hear your trembling heart beat like a river.
And recently you thought you'd seen it all.
But you're disappointed now in those who did not deliver.
But it was you who set yourself up for a fall.

I've seen thousands who could have overcome the darkness,
For the love of a lousy buck, I've watched them die.
Stick around, baby, we're not through,
Don't look for me, I'll see you.
When the night comes falling from the sky.

In your teardrops, I can see my own reflection.
Luck was with me when I crossed the borderline.
I don't want to be a fool that's starving for affection.
I don't want to drown in someone else's wine.

For all eternity I think I will remember
That whirlpool of light that's in your eye.
You will seek me and you'll find
Me in the wasteland of your mind.
When the night comes falling from the sky.

Well, I gave to you my heart like buried treasure
But suffering seems to fit you like a glove
I'm so tired of those who use forbidden pleasure
Who think they've got a monopoly on love

Well, this time I'm asking for freedom,
Freedom from a world which you deny.
And you'll give it to me now,
I'll take it anyhow.
When the night comes falling from the sky.

[Source: early version from tape, with help from John Howells]

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This page last updated 26 December 2021.