

Bob Dylan

"Yea! Heavy And A Bottle Of Bread"

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Well, the comic book and me, just us, we caught the
bus
The poor little chauffeur, though, she was back in bed
On the very next day with a nose full of pus
Yea ! Heavy and a bottle of bread !
Yea ! Heavy and a bottle of bread !
Yea ! Heavy and a bottle of bread.

It's a one-track town, just brown and a breeze too
Pack up the meat, sweet, we're headin' out
For Wichita in a pile of fruit
Get the loot, don't be slow, we're gonna catch a trout
Get the loot, don't be slow, we're gonna catch a trout
Get the loot, don't be slow, we're gonna catch a trout.
Now, pull that drummer out from behind that bottle
Bring my pipe, we're gonna shake it
Slap that drummer with a pie that smells
Take me down to California, baby
Take me down to California, baby
Take me down to California, baby.

Yes, the comic book and me, just us, we caught the bus
The poor little chauffeur, though, she was back in bed
On the very next day with a nose full of pus.
Yea ! Heavy and a bottle of bread !
Yea ! Heavy and a bottle of bread !
Yea ! Heavy and a bottle of bread.

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