

## Yea! Heavy and a Bottle of Bread

Bob Dylan

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 !  
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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.