

Bob Dylan, Senor (Tales Of Yankee Power)

Senor, senor, can you tell me where we're headin' ?
Lincoln County Road or Armageddon ?
Seems like I been down this way before
Is there any truth in that, senor ?

Senor, senor, do you know where she is hidin' ?
How long are we gonna be riding ?
How long must I keep my eyes glued to the door ?
Will there be any comfort there senor ?

There's a wicked wind still blowing on that upper deck
There's an iron cross still hanging down from around her neck
There's a marching band still playing in that vacant lot
Where's she held me in her arms one time and said, Forget me not.

Senor, senor, I can see that painted wagon
Smell the tail of the dragon
Can't stand the suspense anymore
Can you tell me who to contact here, senor ?

Well, the last thing I remember before I stripped and kneeled
Was that trainload of fools bogged down in a magnetic field
A gypsy with a broken flag and a flashing ring
He said, Son, this ain't a dream no more it's the real thing.

Senor, senor, you know their hearts is as hard as leather
Well, give me a minute, let me get it together
I just gotta pick myself up off the floor
I'm ready when you are, senor.

Senor, senor, let's overturn these cables
Disconnect these tables
This place don't make sense to me no more
Can you tell me what we're waiting for, senor ?