

# 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 ?