

Charlie Daniels, El Toreador

He was nobly born, had a Spanish bull's horn
And not one scar on his hansom face
He stood like a prince and he had ever since
He had grandly walked into the place
Though the girls of Madrid, tonight were forbid
For tomorrow he must fight once more
Before he left the bar, he would dance with them all
'Cause he was El Toreador
The day of the feast was just a lie in the east
When he left Maria's warm bed
Her dark eyes said more but he walked through the door
Shaking cobwebs of dreams from his head
And later that day, as he knelt to pray
He said God grant me this nothing more
If it is the way and I must die today
Let me die like a Toreador
The pageant he chose, shook from the roar
As the band played the Toreador's theme
Alarmed by the sound, the bull paws the ground
As the Toreador enters the ring
Up and down, round and round
On and on, all alone
The Plaza Del Toros, shook from the roar
As the band played the Toreador's theme
Alarmed by the sound, the bull paws the ground
As the Toreador enters the ring
Up and down, round and round
On and on, all alone
The shouts of ole in the heat of the day
Rushed the hot blood to his Spanish heart
And the crowd held their breath as he flirted with death
And the bull fighter's sword found it s mark
And trying to hide the wound in his side
He walked from the ring standing tall
And a crowd gathered round
As he fell to the ground
A priest held his hand
Where he lay in the sand
And he was heard to say
A brave bull died today but he died like a Toreador