

The Charlie Daniels Band, El Toreador

He was nobly born
And a Spanish bull's horn
Had left one scar on his handsome 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 ball
He would dance with them all
'Cause he was El Toreador

The day of the feast
Was just a light in the east
When he left Maria's warm bed

Her dark eyes said "more"
But he walked thru 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 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 ol
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