

# 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