

## Charlie Daniels "El Toreador"

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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 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 its 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

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