

## **Dierks Bentley**

### **"Senor"**

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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's hidin'  
How long are we gonna be ridin'  
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  
And there's an iron cross still hanging 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  
I can't stand the suspense here 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  
And a gypsy with a broken flag and flashing ring  
Said "Son, this ain't a dream no more, it's the real  
thing"

Senor, senor, you know their hearts are hard as leather  
Give me a minute, let me get it together  
I gotta pick myself up off the floor  
I'm ready when you are, senor

Senor, senor, let's overturn these tables  
And disconnect these cables  
This place don't make sense to me no more  
Can you tell me what we're waiting for, senor

