

Chris Thile

"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

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