

## Richard Shindell "Senior"

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Señor, señor, do you know where we're headin'?  
Lincoln County Road or Armageddon?  
Seems like I been down this way before  
Is there any truth in that, señor?

Señor, señor, 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, señor?

There's a wicked wind still blowin' on that upper deck  
There's an iron cross still hanging down from around  
her neck  
There's a marchin' band still playin' on that vacant lot  
Where she held me in her arms one time and said,  
"Forget me not"

Señor, señor, I can see that painted wagon  
I can smell the tail of the dragon  
Can't stand the suspense anymore  
Can you tell me who to contact here, señor?

Well, the last thing I remember before I stripped and  
kneeled  
Was the trainload of fools bogged down in a magnetic  
field  
And a gypsy with a broken flag and a flashing ring  
Said, "Son, this ain't a dream no more, it's the real  
thing"

Señor, señor, you know their heart's as hard as  
leather  
Give me a minute, let me get it together  
Just gotta pick myself up off the floor  
I'm ready when you are, señor

Señor, señor, let's disconnect these cables  
Overturn these tables  
This place don't make sense to me no more  
Can you tell me what we're waiting for, señor?

