

Richard Shindell "Senor (Tales of Yankee Power)"

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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?

