

Byrds, The

"Spanish Harlem Incident"

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Gypsy gal, the hands of Harlem
Cannot hold you to its heat.
Your temperature's too hot for taming,
Your flaming feet are burning up the street.

I am homeless, come and take me
Into reach of your rattling drums.
I gotta know, babe, about my fortune
Down along my restless paths.

Gypsy gal, you got me swallowed.
I have fallen far beneath
Your pearly eyes, so fast an' slashing,
An' your flashing diamond teeth.

The night is pitch black, come an' make my
Pale face fit into place, ah, please!
I gotta know, babe, I'm nearly drowning
Take me to my lifelines trace.

I been wond'rin' all about me
Ever since I seen you there.
On the cliffs of your wildcat charms I'm riding,
I know I'm 'round you but I don't know where.

You have slayed me, you have made me,
I got to laugh at this off my heel.
I got to know, babe, will you surround me
So I can know if I'm really real.

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