

Dylan Bob

"Senor"

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by Bob Dylan

Senor, senor, 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, senor?

Senor, senor, do you know where she is 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 blowin' on that upper deck,
There's an iron cross still hanging down from around
her neck.
There's a marchin' band still playin' in that vacant lot
Where she held me in her arms one time and said,
"Forget me not."

Senor, senor, 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, senor?

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

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

Senor, senor, 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, senor?

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