

Dylan Bob

"Spanish Harlem Incident"

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by Bob Dylan

Gypsy gal, the hands of Harlem
Cannot hold you to its heat.
Your temperature's too hot for taming,
Your flaming feet burn up the street.
I am homeless, come and take me
Into reach of your rattling drums.
Let me know, babe, about my fortune
Down along my restless palms.

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!
Let me know, babe, I got to know, babe,
If it's you 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 halfways off my heels.
I got to know, babe, will I be touching you
So I can tell if I'm really real.

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