

## Fiery Furnaces, The "Spaniolated"

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I was eighteen years old, just a research volunteer  
I walked home from the TCBY each night with no fear  
One particular starry eleven o'clock, I went down by the  
water  
An old man with a burlap bag said, How you doin' my  
daughter

He put me the hole of his old rusty crawler  
And fed me three pills a day to keep me from getting  
taller  
Learned me the rosary and made me pray to Santiago  
I wish I wish I was back in Chicago

Up the river to Seville I was rowing and strumming  
On my portable guitar my fair lady a humming  
The pain, the pain, in Spain falls mainly on me  
The pain, the pain, in Spain falls mainly on me

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