

Young Neil

"Eldorado"

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In the crystal ball
The gypsy sees the villa
The riders on the hill
The fire in the fields
She sees the mission bell
Swinging in the silence
Now the shooting starts
The bullets pierce the hearts
The señoritas crying at the well

Up in the Gold Hotel
The money hits the table
The heavies all are there
That's why the deal's goin' down
Beautiful women all dressed in
Diamonds and sable
Down upon the street
Beside a garbage heap
A mariachi band begins to play

Somewhere a blues guitar
Plays echos in the alleyway
The Tijuana dawn claims another day
The golden sun rises on the runway
The pilot understands
The money changes hands
Inside the jet the briefcase snaps goodbye

In Eldorado town
There lives a great bullfighter
His eyes are screaming blue
His hair is red as blood
And when the gate goes up
The crowd gets so excited
And he comes dancin' out
Dressed in gold lame
He kills the bull
And lives another day

--Olaf [01-Nov-93, 14:17, CET]

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