

Senor (Tales Of Yankee Power)
 Words and music Bob Dylan
 Album: Street Legal (1978) and on Biograph (1985)

Am

Am Em F C
 Senor, senor, can you tell me where we're headin'?

C /b Am
 Lincoln County Road or Armageddon?

Am G F(maj7)
 Seems like I been down this way before.

Dm Am
 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?

Bridge:

C Em
 There's a wicked wind still blowin' on that upper deck,

F Am
 There's an iron cross still hanging down from around her neck.

C Em
 There's a marchin' band still playin' in that vacant lot

F Am
 Where she held me in her arms one time and said, "Forget me not."

Senor, senor, I can see that painted wagon,
 smell the tail of the dragon.
 Can't stand the suspense anymore.
 Can you tell me who to contact here, senor?

Bridge:

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
 He said: "Son, this ain't a dream no more, it's the real thing."

Senor, senor, you know their hearts are 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 overturn these tables,
 Disconnect these cables.
 This place don't make sense to me no more.
 Can you tell me what we're waiting for, senor?