

Senor (Tales Of Yankee Power)

Bob Dylan

Am

Senor

Em

Senor

F

C

Can you tell me where we heading?

Am

Lincoln County Road or Armageddon?

G

F

Seems like I been down this way before

Dm

Am

Is there any truth in that, Senor?

Am

Senor

Em

Senor

F

C

Do you know where she s hiding?

Am

How long are we gonna be riding?

G

F

How long must I keep my eyes glued to the door?

Dm

Am

Will there be any comfort here, Senor?

C

Em

There~s a wicked wind still blowing on that upper deck

F

Am

There~s an iron cross still hanging down from around her neck

C

Em

There~s a marching band still playing in their vacant lot

F

Am

Where she held me in her arms one time and said forget what we got

Am

Senor

Em

Senor

F

C

I can see the painted wagon

Am

Smell the tail of a dragon

G

F

Can~t stand the suspense anymore

Dm

Am

Can you tell me who to contact here, Senor?

(Am Em F C Am G F Dm Am)

Well the last thing I remember before they stripped and kneeled
Was a train load of fools born down in a Maganatic field
The gypsy, where he broke a pike and a flashing ring
He say, Son this ain t a dream no more, its the real thing

Am
Senor
Em
Senor

You know their hearts here are hard as leather
Well give me a minute, let me get it together
Just gotta pick myself up off the floor
I~m ready when you are, Senor?

Another Instrumental like the First Instrumental

Am
Senor
Em
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?