

Spanish Harlem Incident
Bob Dylan

Intro: **G C G**

Gypsy (Cgal, the hands of (GHarlem
Cannot (Chold you to it s (Gheat
Your (Ctemperature s too hot for (Gtaming,
Your flaming (Cfeet burn up the (Gstreet.
Into reach of (Eyour rattling (Ddrums.
(**C**Let me (Gknow, babe, **C** (Dabout my (Gfortune
Down along my restless palms.

Gypsy (Cgal, you got me (Gswallowed.
I have (Cfallen far (Gbeneath
Your pearly (Ceyes, so fast an (Gslashing,
An your (Cflashing diamond (Gteeth.
The (Cnight is pitch (**G**black, (Dcome an (**G** make my
Pale face (Efit into (Cplace, ah, (Gplease!
(**C**Let me (Gknow, babe, **C** (DI m nearly (Gdrowning,
If it s you my lifelines trace.

I been (Cwond rin all about (**G** me
Ever (Csince I seen you (Gthere.
On the (Ecliffs of your wildcat (Ccharms I m (Griding,
I know I m round (Eyou but I (**C** don t know (Gwhere.
You have (Eslayed me, you have (**G** made me,
I got to laugh halfways of my heels.
(**C**I got to (**G**know, babe, **C** (**D** will you surround (**G** me
So I can know if I m really real.

ENJOY!