

Bob Dylan - Romance En Durango

Tom: **D**

D Hot chili peppers in the blistering sun **A**
G D Dust on my face and my cape,
A Me and Magdalena on the run
G D I think this time we shall escape.

Sold my guitar to the baker's son
 For a few crumbs and a place to hide,
 But I can get another one
 And I'll play for Magdalena as we ride.

A No llores, mi querida
 Dios nos vigila
G D Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
A Agarrame, mi vida
 Soon the desert will be gone
G D Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

Past the Aztec ruins and the ghosts of our people
 Hoofbeats like castanets on stone.
 At night I dream of bells in the village steeple
 Then I see the bloody face of Ramon.

Was it me that shot him down in the cantina
 Was it my hand that held the gun?
 Come, let us fly, my Magdalena
 The dogs are barking and what's done is done.

No llores, mi querida
 Dios nos vigila
 Soon the horse will take us to Durango.

Agarrame, mi vida
 Soon the desert will be gone
 Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

At the corrida we'll sit in the shade
 And watch the young torero stand alone.
 We'll drink tequila where our grandfathers stayed
 When they rode with Villa into Torreón.

Then the padre will recite the prayers of old
 In the little church this side of town.
 I will wear new boots and an earring of gold
 You'll shine with diamonds in your wedding gown.

The way is long but the end is near
 Already the fiesta has begun.
 The face of God will appear
 With His serpent eyes of obsidian.

No ilores, mi querida
 Dios nos vigila
 Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
 Agarrame, mi vida
 Soon the desert will be gone
 Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

Was that the thunder that I heard?
 My head is vibrating, I feel a sharp pain.
 Come sit by me, don't say a word
 Oh, can it be that I am slain?

Quick, Magdalena, take my gun
 Look up in the hills, that flash of light.
 Aim well my little one
 We may not make it through the night.

No llores, mi querida
 Dios nos vigila
 Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
 Agarrame, mi vida
 Soon the desert will be gone
 Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

Acordes

