

# Bob Dylan - Senor (Tales Of Yankee Power)

Tom: A

m Am  
 Senor  
 Em  
 Senor

Can you tell me where we heading?

Lincoln County Road or Armageddon?

Seems like I been down this way before  
 Dm Am  
 Is there any truth in that, Senor?

Am  
 Senor  
 Em  
 Senor

Do you know where she's hiding?

How long are we gonna be riding?

How long must I keep my eyes glued to the door?  
 Dm Am  
 Will there be any comfort here, Senor?

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

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

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

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

Am  
 Senor  
 Em  
 Senor

I can see the painted wagon  
 Am

Smell the tail of a dragon

Can't stand the suspense anymore

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

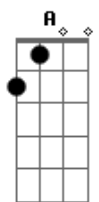
Let's overturn these tables

Disconnect these cables

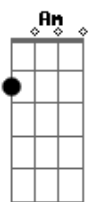
This place don't make sense to me no more

Can you tell me what we're waiting for, Senor?

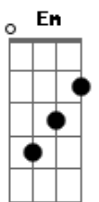
## Acordes



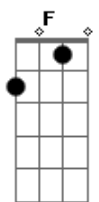
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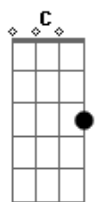
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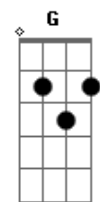
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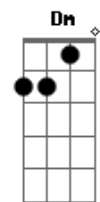
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