

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
 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
 C Em
 Was a train load of fools born down in a Maganatic field
 F Am
 The gypsy, where he broke a pike and a flashing ring
 C Em
 He say, Son this ain't a dream no more, its the real thing
 F Am

Am
 Senor
 Em
 Senor

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

Another Instrumental like the First Instrumental

Am
 Senor
 Em
 Senor

Let~s overturn these tables
 F C
 Disconnect these cables
 Am
 G F
 This place don~t make sense to me no more
 Dm Am
 Can you tell me what we're waiting for, Senor?

Acordes

