

# 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

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  
 I~m ready when you are, Senor?  
 Dm Am

Another Instrumental like the First Instrumental

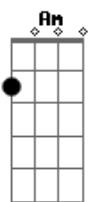
Am  
 Senor  
 Em  
 Senor

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

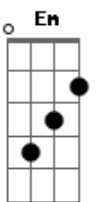
## Acordes



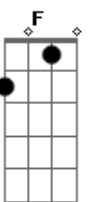
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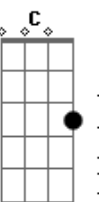
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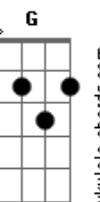
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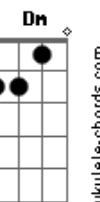
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