

Senor ||: Am / / / | Em / / / | F / C / |
 | C > Am / | Am / G / | F / / / |
 | F > Dm / | Dm / Am / | Am / :||

Verse 1 Senor, Senor, can you tell me where we're heading
 Lincoln County or Armageddon?
 Seems like I've been down this road before
 Is there any truth in that, Senor?

Verse 2 Senor, Senor, do you know where she's hiding?
 How long we gonna be riding?
 How long must I keep my eyes to the door?
 Will there be any comfort there, Senor?

Chorus 2 x || C / / / | E / / / | F / / / | Am / / / :||
 Is that wicked wind still blowin' on that upper deck?
 Is that iron cross still hangin' down from a round your neck?
 Is that marchin' band still playin' in that vacant lot,
 Where she held me in her arms one time and said for get me not?

Verse 3 Senor, Senor, I can see that painted wagon,
 Smell the tail of the dragon. I can't stand the suspense any more.
 Can you tell me who to contact here, Senor?

Jam = Verse

Chorus Well the last thing I remember, 'fore I stripped in heat
 Was that trainload of fools bogged down in a ???
 And a gypsy with a broken bag and a flashing ring
 Said son this ain't no dream, this time it's the real thing

Verse 4 Senor, Senor, you know their hearts are hard as leather,
 Gimme a minute, lemme get it together.
 I just gotta pick my self up off the floor.
 I'm ready when you are, Senor

Verse 5 Senor, Senor, let's disconnect these cables,
 Overturn these tables. This place don't make sense to me no more.
 Can you tell me what we're waiting for, Senor.