Spanish Harlem Incident

Bob Dylan

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   G              C     G
1. Gypsy gal,the hands of Harlem
                    C         G
   Cannot hold you to its heat
                            C   G
   Your temperature`s too hot for taming,
                     C                 G
   Your flaming feet burn up the street.
   C    G
   I am homeless,come and take me
                      C       G
   Into reach of your ratling drums.
   C                  G
   Let me know,babe, about my fortune
         C    G  C           G
   Down along my restless palms.

2. Gypsy gal,you got me swallowed,
   I have fallen far beneath
   Your pearly eyes,so fast an` slashing,
   An` your flashing diamond teeth.
   The night is pitch black,come an` make my
   Pale face fit into place,ah,please!
   Let me know,babe,I got to know,babe,
   If it`s you my lifeline trace.

3. I been wond`rin` all about me
   Ever since I seen you there.
   On the cliffs of your wildcat charms I`m riding.
   I know I`m `round you but I don`t know where.
   You have slayed me,you have made me,
   I got to laugh halfways off my heels.
   I got to know,babe,will I be touching you
   So I can tell if I`m really real.
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