

Señor

Gillian Welch

Señor, Señor, do you know where we're heading?
Lincoln County Road or Armageddon?
Seems like I been down this way before
Is there any truth in that, Señor?

Señor, Señor, do you know where she is hiding?
How long are we gonna be riding?
How long must I keep my eyes glued to the door?
Will there be any comfort there, Señor?

There's a wicked wind still blowin' on that upper deck
There's an iron cross still hanging down from around her neck
There's a marching band still playing in that vacant lot
Where she held me in her arms one time and said, "Forget me not"
"

Señor, Señor, I can hear that painted wagon
I can smell the tail of the dragon
Can't stand the suspense anymore
Can you tell me who to contact here, Señor?

Well, the last thing that I remember before I stripped and kneeled
Was the trainload of fools bogged down in a magnetic field
A gypsy with a broken flag and a flashing ring
She said, "Son, this ain't a dream no more, it's the real thing"
"

Señor, Señor, you know their hearts is as 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, Señor

Señor, Señor, let's overturn these tables
And disconnect these cables
This place don't make sense to me no more
Can you tell me what we're waiting for, Señor?