

El Toreador

Charlie Daniels

He was nobly born, had a Spanish bull's horn
And not one scar on his hansom face
He stood like a prince and he had ever since
He had grandly walked into the placeThough the girls of Madrid, tonight were forbid
For tomorrow he must fight once more
Before he left the bar, he would dance with them all
'Cause he was El ToreadorThe day of the feast was just a lie in the east
When he left Maria's warm bed
Her dark eyes said more but he walked through the door
Shaking cobwebs of dreams from his headAnd later that day, as he knelt to pray
He said God grant me this nothing more
If it is the way and I must die today
Let me die like a ToreadorThe pageant he chose, shook from the roar
As the band played the Toreador's theme
Alarmed by the sound, the bull paws the ground
As the Toreador enters the ringUp and down, round and round
On and on, all aloneThe Plaza Del Toros, shook from the roar
As the band played the Toreador's theme
Alarmed by the sound, the bull paws the ground
As the Toreador enters the ringUp and down, round and round
On and on, all aloneThe shouts of ole in the heat of the day
Rushed the hot blood to his Spanish heart
And the crowd held their breath as he flirted with death
And the bull fighter's sword found it s markAnd trying to hide the wound in his side
He walked from the ring standing tall
And a crowd gathered round
As he fell to the groundA priest held his hand
Where he lay in the sand
And he was heard to say
A brave bull died today but he died like a Toreador

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