

# Spaniolated

## The Fiery Furnaces

I was 18 years old just a research volunteer;  
I walked home from the TCBY each night with no fear.  
One particular starry 11 o'clock  
I went down by the water;  
an old man with a burlap bag  
said How you doin' my daughter.  
He put me in the hole of his old rusty crawler  
and fed me three pills a day to keep me from getting taller.  
Learned me the rosary and made me pray to Santiago:  
I wish I wish I was back in Chicago.  
Up the river to Seville I was rowing and strumming  
on my portable guitar my fair lady a humming  
The pain, the pain, in Spain falls mainly on me.  
The pain, the pain, in Spain falls mainly on me.

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