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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