Spanish Harlem Incident

Bob Dylan

Gypsy gal, the hands of Harlem
Cannot hold you to its heat
Your temperature's too hot for taming
Your flaming feet burn up the street
I am homeless, come and take me
To reach of your rattling drums
Let me know, babe, about my fortune
Down along my restless palmsGypsy 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'm nearly drowning
If it's you my lifelines traceI 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 you surround me?
So I can tell if I'm really real

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