

The Bullfighter Was A Lady

Elvis Presley

Ole
Pedro the bull was a killer
King of the bullfighter ringer
He'd wipe up the floor with each brave matador
And have matador stew for his dinner
He heard the crowd shouting, ole, ole
But he met his master that day
The bullfighter was a lady
And it was true love at first sight
Her red cape was waving but Pedro was shaving
He wanted to date her that night

Ole
Pedro the bull he was smitten

First time the love bug had bitten
He once was a mad bull, a wild and a bad bull
But now he was mild as a kitten
The people were starting to hiss
But Pedro just wanted to kiss
The bullfighter was a lady
And Pedro he liked what he saw
He floated on air with a rose in his hair
As he waltzed with that sweet matador
His fate was a bad one, his tale is a sad one
It's hanging right over her door
Ole

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