Spanish Harlem Incident

3. Bob Dylan

Gypsy gal, the hands of Harlem
Cannot hold you to it's heat
Your temperature's too hot for taming
Your flaming feet are burning up the street
I am homeless come and take me
Into the reach of your rattling drums
I gotta know babe all about my fortune
Down along my restless palms
Gypsy gal, you've got me swallowed
I have fallen far beneath
Your pearly eyes so fast and slashing
And your flashing diamond teeth
The night is pitch black, come and make my
Pale face fit in the place, ah please
I gotta know babe, I'm nearly drowning
If it's you, my lifelines trace
I've been wonderin' 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 know if I'm really real

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