Spanish Harlem Incident

Bob Dylan

Gypsy gal, the hands of Harlem
Cannot hold you to it's heat
Your temperature's too hot for tamin'
Your flamin' feet up, burnin' up the street
I am homeless, come and take me
Into reach of your rattlin' drums
Let me know babe, all about my fortune
Down along my restless palms
Gypsy gal, you got me swallowed
I have fallen far beneath
Your pearly eyes, so fast an slashing
And your flashing diamond teeth
The night is pitch black, come and make my
Pale face fit into place, ah, please
Let me know, babe, I'm nearly drowning
If it's you my lifeline's trace
I've been wondering 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 splayed me, you have made me
I got to laugh halfways off my heels
I got to know, babe, yeah, will you surround me?
So I can now if I'm really real

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