

## Spanish Harlem Incident

Bob Dylan

1. 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  
Into reach of your ratling drums.  
Let me know, babe, about my fortune  
Down along my restless palms.
2. Gypsy 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 got to know, babe,  
If it`s you my lifeline trace.
3. I 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 halfway off my heels.  
I got to know, babe, will I be touching you  
So I can tell if I`m really real.