

# 27 Spanishes

## Los Lobos

Twenty-seven spanishes  
Arriving from the sea  
Blades of steel flashing  
Cutting down the eagle's tree  
Came riding in on mountains  
On red and silver steeds  
Into the city of the serpent  
Through the gates of the Otomi  
A soldier dressed in iron asks  
"Where do you all come from?"  
"From the earth of four directions  
From the purple clouds above"  
Just then a rain came falling down  
As the wind began to blow  
The sky then turned to crimson  
With a sound so deep and low  
Said the brown prince to the spanishes  
As he raised a mighty hand  
"Don't come here bringing worries  
To the people of this land"  
Their swords then turned to deadly snakes  
Like the ones found in the grass  
"Get back into those silly ships  
Before we kick your ass"  
But the strangers made an offer  
So the brown prince said "why not"  
And ended up with empty plates  
And boot soup in a pot  
Later they became muy friendly  
And their blood was often mixed  
Now they all hang out together  
And play guitars for kicks

Songwriters

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