Cortez Sail

Terry Allen

See how the rain falls from the sky
Drifting down
From your high mountain's eye
But don't look surprised, you're going homeYeah you're leaving L.A.
On a cloudy day
Pushing the crowd away
You gonna get away todayAn you turn on your radio
An let the wind blow
With your Rock 'n' roll
Down the highway, all the wayAh but see how the lightning
Makes cracks in your air
Tearing the clouds then closing the tear
Yeah but you're not surprised anymore
You're going home to MexicoFour hundred years ago
Down in Mexico
The Spanish galleons drew near
And the Aztec warriors watchedFrom their mountain sides
Yeah the fear in their eyes
As clear as their end it was near
Yeah, Cortez, he comeWith his men and his guns
And a Spanish Christ alive on his lip
But as soon as he touched ground
Well his men wanted to turn aroundSo he burned down the turn around ships
Yeah he crossed all that water
With his cannon and fodder
If need be to slaughterFor Gods and for gold
An he wouldn't let no man
Talk him in to being anything other than
Conquistador bold, yeah, Pachuco to paradiseYeah a Colorado rain
Falls on your California glass
Washing away the hardline
From your California pastAh but you're not surprised anymore
You're going home
'Cause just out of Cortez
Well the radio man saysThat they's a lookin' for you
They gonna get you
But your guns on your map
And they're both in your lap
Besides your chic's with you

So you gonna get throughAh but see how the lightning
Makes cracks in your air
Tearing the clouds then closin' the tear
Yeah but you're not surprised anymore
You're going home to paradise

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/