Montezuma

Ruetschle

So now I am older
Than my mother and father
When they had their daughter
Now what does that say about me?
Oh, how could I dream of
Such a selfless and true love
Could I wash my hands of
Just looking out for me
Oh man, what I used to be
Oh man, oh my, oh me
Oh man that I used to be
Oh man, oh my, oh me
In dearth or in excess
Both the slave and the empress
Will return to the dirt I guess
Naked as when they came
I wonder if I'll see
Any faces above me
Or just cracks in the ceiling
Nobody else to blame
Oh man, what I used to be
Oh man, oh my, oh me
Oh man that I used to be
Oh man, oh my, oh me
Gold teeth and gold jewelry
Every piece of your dowry
Throw them into the tomb with me
Bury them with my name
Unless I have someday
Ran my wandering mind away
Oh man, what I used to be
Montezuma to Tripoli
Oh man, oh my, oh me

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