

# Montezuma

Bob James

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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