

Montezuma

Fleet Foxes

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 what 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