

## Golden Sun Of Jimenez

BZN

It's a desert place, far away  
Where once the Indians lived, many moons ago  
Where the ancient ways, have never changed  
Where the time stood still, the land of Jimenez

Always on my mind, Guadalajara  
Where mighty condors fly, in the valley  
Where the silence calls, Guadalajara  
In the golden sun, of Jimenez

With a broken voice and weary eyes  
He turned the pages of, the diary of his life  
About the slaughter of the Indian tribes  
And I will not forget the words, that he once cried

Always on my mind, Guadalajara  
Where mighty condors fly, high in the valley  
Where the silence calls, Guadalajara  
In the golden sun, of Jimenez

Before my very eyes, the old man died  
And now I softly weep, the words that he once cried

Always on my mind, Guadalajara  
Where mighty condors fly, high in the valley  
Where the silence calls, Guadalajara  
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