

## 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 home

Yeah you're leaving L.A.  
On a cloudy day  
Pushing the crowd away  
You gonna get away today  
An you turn on your radio  
An let the wind blow  
With your rock n roll  
Down the highway  
All the way  
Ah 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 Mexico

Four hundred years ago  
Down in Mexico  
The Spanish galleons drew near  
And the Aztec warriors watched  
From their mountain sides  
Yeah the fear in their eyes  
As clear as their end it was near  
Yeah Cortez he come  
With 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 around  
So he burned down the turn around ships  
Yeah he crossed all that water  
With his cannon and fodder  
If need be to slaughter  
For Gods and for gold  
An he wouldn't let no man  
Talk him in to being anything other than  
Conquistador bold  
Yeah Pachuco to Paradise

Yeah a Colorado rain  
Falls on your California glass  
Washing away the hardline  
From your California past  
Ah but you're not surprised anymore  
You're going home  
Cause just out of Cortez  
Well the radio man says  
That 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 through  
Ah 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