

# Brian Setzer, Aztec

We traveled through this land a thousand years ago  
We were the first to see the purple skies  
I wondered round the desert in a mask of gold  
I left a thousand things for you to find

I left my home where your houses stand  
I left my gold where your highways ran  
I lived my life on what you call your land  
I left my soul in the aztec sand

The days grow long the nights are getting warmer  
The rains are few beneath the blazing sun  
Traveling fathers finding little water  
The time has come when we must play this world

I left my home where your houses stand  
I left my gold where your highways ran

I lived my life on what you call your land  
I left my soul in the aztec sand

Round and round  
Our lifetime goes  
Where does it end  
Someone must know

I've got a family now but you wouldn't know them  
They're beaten down so hard they can hardly stand  
We used to live so brave so free like an eagle  
Now they make us live like a crippled man

I left my home where your houses stand  
I left my gold where your highways ran  
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