

Gene Pitney, Conquistador

Eyes that mock the Raven
Lips that shame the rose
Arms that were my haven
When she whispered hello

Conquistador, my conqueror
Conquistador

Kisses made of fire
Wild and proud the flame
And the flame burns higher
When she called my name

Conquistador, my conqueror
Conquistador

I was richer than a thousand kings
Just to have her by my side
But when I promised her a golden ring
In my heart I knew I lied

Conqueror so clever
Never said goodbye
But in my dreams forever
I will her cry

Conquistador, my conqueror
Conquistador