

Terry Allen, Cortez Sail

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