

Malinche

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Malinche was an Indian maid of old Mexico
She dreamed someday she'd be a wife
She hoped it would be so
But Malinche fell for a conqueror
That landed his ship at bay
His skin was fair like a new moon
He'd sailed from far away
Far away

Now Cortés saw this Indian girl
As his stallion carried him through
The battlefield that he had won
Where blood laid like the dew
He courted the girl of the new world
And taught him to live his way
But Malinche knew deep in her heart
That he would leave some day
Leave some day

His armies took the mainland
Outnumbered 300 to one
Driven by the lure of treasure and glory to be won
Then he sailed away to his homeland
Malinche knew she was right
Cause her heart was on that Spanish ship
Sailing out of sight
Out of sight
Out of sight