

# 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