

Procol Harum - Conquistador

Tom: C

Conquistador, your stallion stands in need of company
 And like some angel's haloed brow you reek of purity
 I see your armor-plated breast
 Has long since lost its sheen
 And in your death mask face
 There are no signs which can be seen

/ Am D7 G G7 // / A Dm / G Am / A Dm / G Am /

{Refrain}
 Though I hoped for something to find
 I could see no maze to unwind

/ Am F7 // /

Conquistador, a vulture sits upon your silver sheath
 And in your rusty scabbard now the sand has taken seed
 And though your jewel-encrusted blade
 Has not been plundered still
 The sea has washed across your face
 And taken of its fill

{Refrain twice}

Conquistador, there is no time, I must pay my respects
 And though I came to jeer at you, I leave now with regrets
 And as the gloom begins to fall
 I see there is no, only all
 And though you came with sword held high
 You did not conquer, only die

{Refrain}

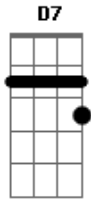
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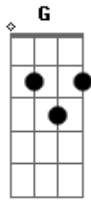
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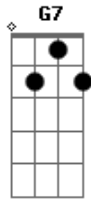
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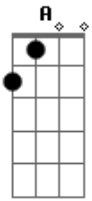
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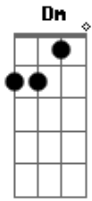
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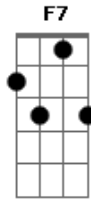
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