

BZN

"Golden Sun Of Jimenez"

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It's a desert place, far away
Where once the Indians lived, many moons ago
Where the ancient ways, have never changed
Where the time stood still, the land of Jimenez

Always on my mind, Guadalajara
Where mighty condors fly, in the valley
Where the silence calls, Guadalajara
In the golden sun, of Jimenez

With a broken voice and weary eyes
He turned the pages of, the diary of his life
About the slaughter of the Indian tribes
And I will not forget the words, that he once cried

Always on my mind, Guadalajara
Where mighty condors fly, high in the valley
Where the silence calls, Guadalajara
In the golden sun, of Jimenez

Before my very eyes, the old man died
And now I softly weep, the words that he once cried

Always on my mind, Guadalajara
Where mighty condors fly, high in the valley
Where the silence calls, Guadalajara
In the golden sun, of Jimenez
In the golden sun, of Jimenez

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