

Bernd Cl?ver

"Conquistador"

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Every fable you've ever sown
In every building you've ever owned
Any chance to cheat or beat the clock
With every oil slick sticking to the rocks

What you see is what you get
Manhattan skyline, a California sunset
Truth decay and the breadline poor
But honey's what the bees make Conquistador

Conquistador
Whatta ya fighting for
Whatta ya want from life
You've got such an appetite for more
They laid down the Incas
You lay down the law
So hungry for more like Conquistadors
Whatta ya fighting for

Only the lonely big leather chair
Holds it's position year after year
With every wave on every shore
You wash away your sins like Conquistadors

Conquistador
Whatta ya fighting for
Whatta ya want from life
You've got such an appetite for more
They laid down the Incas
You lay down the law
So hungry for more like Conquistadors
Oh they laid down the Incas
You lay down the law
So hungry for more like Conquistadors
Whatta ya fighting for

So where's the party
Your sense of humor
Rumors on Wall Street
They're diggin' up
Montezuma

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