

Conquistador

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*To my knowledge this is the only song about Coronado.
I wrote it because I think it's an important part of history,
and points out how U.S. history could have been different
if Coronado had not been so focused on gold.*

You rode three thousand miles across this land
Searching for the gold, you told yourself was there
You talked to the natives and they sent you on
You just kept going but you didn't know where

You searched over mountains and through fertile plains
For seven cities that shimmered in shifting sand
You saw tall timber, rich valleys and plenty of game
But without seeing gold you couldn't see – the promised land

Conquistador, what are you looking for
The gold you can't see, blinds you to the gold in your hand
Don't you know the gold of the sun is gathered from the promised land
Conquistador – there ain't no city of gold, but there's so much more

As you traveled you mapped the trail of where you had been
You rode far into a strange land because you thought you must
You sought the gold of fools old legends tell
And while riding through treasure you rode – into dust.

Repeat Chorus