

Conversos

Well the kingdom of Castile keeps getting meaner every time I ride to town
It won't be very long before the good word lives to fight another round
And even mother calls me mad to carry on as all converses hoped to be
And only Don Miguel de Cervantes will let Don Quixote travel on for me

He sings 'duelos y quebrantos,' a song of misery and tears
Through barren streets of old Sevilla, a melody to burn the ears
As Ferdinand go marching onward and every dictum turns to law
Here at the side of Sancho Panza, I taste the freedom papa saw

Barataria has never seen the justice of the old Judean king
Sancho Panza begs of Soloman and the people dance as chimes of freedom ring
And the king just rubs his head as all his thoughts lay spread out on the floor
As the festival of tents begin, they listen to that brave Judean roar.

Beneath the arches of Madrid, along the valleys of Alcana
Behind the turn of every doorway, lay all my father left behind.

Well I've seen the winds of change and they're far slower than I'd hoped for them to be
Every passage lay forbidden, but the one I simply cannot bare to see
So Don Quixote spread your wings and lay another dragon on it's tail
For the dreadful evil of this land, they mustn't leave but one brave man to fail