

# Conquistador

Words & Music:

Gary Brooker & Keith Reid (Procol Harum)

Gm                                  C7                                  F                                  G  
Conquistador, your stallion stands in need of company.  
Gm                                  C7                                  F                                  F7/Eb  
And like some angel's haloed brow, you reek of purity.  
                                G                                  Cm                                  F                                  Gm  
I see your armor-plated breast has long since lost its sheen.  
G    Cm    F    Gm  
And in your death-mask face there are no signs which can be seen.

CHORUS:

                                Gm                                  Eb7  
And though I hoped for something to find.  
                                Gm                                  Eb7                                  Gm  
I could see no place to unwind.

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.

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS: [2x]