

# The Mayans

Patrick Nicholls

The Mayans,  
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They disappeared, they did!  
And nobody quite knew where they'd gone.

First they were there, searching the sky,  
Mapping the path of the stars.  
Then they were gone,  
No one knows why,  
The Mayans.

Their sense of beauty may seem strange,  
Foreheads were made to slope back.  
Being cross-eyed was highly admired,  
Does it seem strange to you?  
The Mayans.

Do you like silver?  
Do you like jade?  
How about feathers all dusted in gold?  
Showered with riches,  
Yes that sounds nice.  
But first some advice:  
They believed in human sacrifice!

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