

Bob Dylan

"Santa Fe Original"

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Santa Fe (Original) by Bob Dylan
Sante Fe,
dear dear dear dear dear Sante Fe
My woman needs it every day
She promises to let me stay
Sure hoping I'm allowed to pray
two doors away

She's in Sante Fe
dear dear dear dear dear Sante Fe.
Now she's opened up and let me home,
1 She's crying 'bout ya need to roam
She'd be open up a happy home
She'd need the number of every room in Santa Fe

Sante Fe,
dear dear dear dear dear Sante Fe.
Since I will never need to roam
and never, never far from home
I'll never ever ever roam

Tuscon(a) way

She's all built bad
No no, no, no don't' don't, don't feel bad
She is the worst thing I've ever had
there's no bad memory he's so glad
she's over it but they had the bad
should never make her feel so bad I went away 2

Sante Fe,
dear dear dear dear dear dear Sante Fe
My own hearts in LA
If I only eminate your way
And I'm aleavin' every
day to run away

From Sante Fe,
dear dear dear dear dear Sante Fe
my woman left me sitting at home
packin' a place I've known

A crime like an evil stone
She believed I'd her under a groan*
for it's unique on the final loan
And I didn't sit her on her own
every day

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