

## **Clover** **"Santa Fe"**

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Call up the Santa Fe  
Go and get them on the phone  
And tell 'em to run one more train  
Come and take an old man home

Gone and married off my daughter  
And the war has claimed my son  
Lord, you know, I had to bury (yeah)  
The one I called my darling one

Lord, I'm so tired (tired) and so my friend, I've got to  
get back home again  
I'm so tired (tired) and though it's been good, good  
bye  
I hope I see you again

You know, parting is such sad sorrow

When you go and leave a friend  
When you know there's no tomorrow  
and you'll not see him again

Call up the Santa Fe  
Go and get them on the phone  
And tell them to run one more train  
Come and take an old man home

I'm so tired (tired) and so my friend, I've got to get  
back home again  
Lord, I'm tired (tired) and though it's been good, good  
bye  
I hope I see you again

Oh!

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