

Griffith Nanci

"Boots Of Spanish Leather"

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Oh I'm sailing away, my own true love
I'm sailing away in the morning
Is there something I can send you from across the sea?
From the place where I'll be landing?
There's nothing you can send me, my own true love
There's nothing I'm wishing to be owning
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled
From across that lonesome ocean
Oh, but I just thought you might want something fine
Maybe silver or of golden
Either from the mountains of Madrid
Or from the coast of Barcelona
If I had the stars of the darkest night
And the diamonds from the deepest ocean
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss
That's all I wish to be owning
Oh, I might be gone a long ol' time
And it's only that I'm asking
Is there something I can send you to remember me by?
To make your time more easy passing?
How can, how can you ask me again?

Well it only brings me sorrow
Oh, the same thing I would want today
I would want again tomorrow
Oh, I got a letter on a lonesome day
It was from his ship a-sailing
Saying, I don't know when I'll be coming back again
It depends on how I'm feeling
If you, my love, must think that away
I'm sure your mind is a-roaming
I'm sure your thoughts are not with me
But with the country where you're going
So take heed, take heed of the western wind
Take heed of stormy weather
And yes, there is something you can send back to me
Spanish boots of Spanish leather

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