

## **Jonathan Larson** **"Santa Fe"**

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ANGEL

New York City-

MARK

Uh Huh

ANGEL

Center Of The Universe

COLLINS

Sing It Girl-

ANGEL

Times Are Shitty

But I'm Pretty Sure They Can't Get Worse

MARK

I Hear That

ANGEL

It's A Comfort To Know

When You're Singing The Hit The Road Blues

That Anywhere Else You Could Possibly Go

After New York Would Be A Pleasure

Cruise

COLLINS

Now You're Talking

Well, I'm Thwarted By A Metaphysic

Puzzle

And I'm Sick Of Grading Papers-That I

Know

And I'm Shouting In My Sleep, I Need A Muzzle

All This Misery Pays No Salary, So

Let's Open Up A Restaurant In Santa Fe

Oh Sunny Santa Fe Would Be Nice

We'll Open Up A Restaurant In Santa Fe

And Leave This To The Roaches And Mice

Oh--Oh

ALL

Oh--

ANGEL  
You Teach?

COLLINS  
Ya - I Teach Computer Age Philosophy

while My Students Would Rather Watch TV

ANGEL  
America

ALL  
America!

COLLINS  
You're A Sensitive Aesthete  
Brush The Sauce Onto The Meat  
You Could Make The Menu Sparkle  
With Rhyme  
You Could Drum A Gentle Drum  
I Could Seat Guests As They Come  
Chatting Not About Heidegger, But Wine!

Let's Open Up A Restaurant In Santa Fe  
Our Labors Would Reap Financial Gain

ALL  
Gain, Gain, Gain

COLLINS  
We'll Open Up A Restaurant In Santa Fe  
And Save From Devastation Our Brains

HOMELESS  
Save Our Brains

ALL  
We'll Pack Up All Our Junk And Fly  
So Far Away  
Devote Ourselves To Projects That Sell  
We'll Open Up A Restaurant In Santa Fe  
Forget This Cold Bohemian Hell  
Oh--  
Oh--

COLLINS  
Do You Know The Way To Santa Fe?  
You Know, Tumbleweeds...Prairie Dogs...

All:  
Yeah

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