

## **Rent Soundtrack**

### **"Santa Fe"**

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New York city, center of the universe  
Sing it girl, times are shitty  
But I'm pretty sure they can't get worse  
I hear that

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, now you're  
talking

Well, I'm thwarted by a metaphysic puzzle  
And I'm sick of grading papers that I know  
I'm shouting in my sleep, I need a muzzle  
And all this misery pays no salary, so

Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe  
Sunny Santa Fe would be nice  
We'll open up a restaurant in Santa Fe  
And leave this to the roaches and mice

You teach?  
Yeah, I teach computer age philosophy  
But my students would rather watch TV  
America, America

You're a sensitive aesthete  
Brush the sauce onto the meat  
You can make the menu sparkle  
With a rhyme

You can drum a gentle drum  
I can 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 gains  
We'll open up a restaurant in Santa Fe  
And save from devastation our brains

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

Do you know the way to Santa Fe?  
You know, tumbleweeds, prairie dogs, yeah

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