

## **Dan Mccafferty**

# **"Boots of Spanish Leather"**

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I'm sailing away my own true love  
I'm sailing away in the morning  
Is their something I can send you from across the sea  
From the place where I'll be landing

No there's nothing you can send me my own true love  
There's nothing that I'm wishing to be owning  
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled  
From across that lonesome ocean

Ah but I just thought you might like something fine  
Made of silver or of golden  
Either from the mountains of Madrid  
Or the coast of Barcelona

And if I had the stars of the darkest night  
Or a diamond from the deepest ocean  
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss  
For that's all I'm wishing to be owning

Well I might be gone such a long, long time  
And it's only that I'm asking  
Is their something I can send you to remember me by

To make your time more, easy passing

Oh how can, oh how can you ask of me again  
It only brings me sorrow  
The same thing that I would want from you today  
I would once, again tomorrow

Oh but I got a letter on a long, lonesome day  
And it was from her ship a sailing  
Saying I don't know when I will be back again  
It depends on how I'm feeling

Well you my love if you must ask of it that way  
Well I'm sure your mind is roamin'  
And 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 winds

Take heed of the stormy weather  
And yes there's something you can send back to me  
Spanish boots of spanish leather  
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