

Nanci Griffith "Boots Of Spanish Leather"

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(Bob Dylan)

Oh, I'm sailin' away my own true love
I'm sailin' away in the morning
Is there somethin' I can send you
From across the sea
From the place where I'll be landin'?

There's nothin' you can send me my own true love
There is nothin' I'm wishin' to be ownin'
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled
From across that lonesome ocean

Ah, but I just thought you might want somethin' fine
Made of 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 ownin'

I might be gone a long ole time
And it's only that I'm askin'
Is there somethin' I can send you
To remember me by?
To make your time more easy passin'?

How can, how can you ask me again
It only brings me sorrow
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-sailin'
Sayin' I don;t know when I'll be comin' back again
It depends on how I'm feelin'

If you my love must think that-a-way
I'm sure your mind is a-roamin'
I'm sure your thoughts are not with me

But with the country where you're goin'

So take heed, take heed of the western wind

Take heed of stormy weather

And yes there is somethin' you can send back to me

Spanish boots of Spanish leather

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