

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

"Santa Rosa"

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Seems like 10 years ago
Though today my mind is slow
Me and Mickey Craig were running west from Idaho
Robbed a bank to get some bread
Seems like 15 men lay dead
In a path that led us straight to Santa Rosa

Now and then ol' Mick'd say
Boy at home you should of stayed
Than to follow me and learn the life of looking back
But he'd spit and slap his side
Just to see if he's alive
Then he'd sing his banjo song of Santa Rosa

He said whoa-oh, singing oh Santa Rosa
Whoa-oh, high and low-oh-oo
Then one day, sang ol' Craig,
I'll be free to go my way
And be standing by the bay at Santa Rosa

Now one time late at night
Mickey lit no fire light
Cause he feared the posse close behind might flush us
out
But he picked a bit 'fore sleep
To the tune of Cripple Creek
He was murdered by a man from Santa Rosa

And he sang whoa-oh, singing oh Santa Rosa
Whoa-oh, singing oh Santa Rosa
Whoa-oh, high and low-o-o
Til I come once again with my banjo pickin' friend
We'll be oh high and low in Santa Rosa

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