

Various Artists

"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.

[Roger]
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. *chuckles*
Now 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.
Woah, woah.

[Angel]

You teach?

[Collins]

Yeah I teach;
computer aids philosophy.
But my students would rather watch TV.

[Angel]

America.

[Collins, Mark, Roger]

America.

[Collins]

You're a sensitive asthete.
Brush the sauce onto the meat.
You can make a menu sparkle with rhyme.
You can drum a gentle drum.
I can see guests as they come.
Chanting not about Heidigger, but wine!
Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe!

[ALL (In background)]

(Aaaaaaah) Santa Fe!

[Collins]

Our labors would reap financial gains

(Gains gains gains)

[Collins]

Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe!
And save from devastation,
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

[Collins]

We'll open up in..Santa Fe
Forget this cold Bohemian Hell.

[All]

Woah, woah.

[Collins]

Yeah, yeah.
Mmhmm.
Do you know the way to Santa Fe?

You know, tumbleweeds..prairie dogs..

[All]

Yeah.

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