

Joan Baez, Boots Of Spanish Leather

Well I'm sailin away my own true love.
I'm sailin' away in the mornin'
Is there something I can send you from across the sea,
From the place where I'll be landin'?
No, there's nothing you can bring me my own true love.
There's nothing I wish to be ownin'.
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled
from across that lonesome ocean.
Well I just though you might want something fine
made of silver or of golden
either from the mountains of Madrid
or the coast of Barcelona.
If I had the stars from the darkest night
and the diamonds from the deepest ocean,
I'd foresake them all for your sweet kiss,
for that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'
That I might be gone a long old time,
and it's only that I'm askin'.
Is there something I can give you to remember me by,
To make your time more easy passin'?
Oh how can, how can you ask me again?
It only brings me sorrow.
For the same thing that I want from you today
I would want again tomorrow.
Well I got a letter on a lonesome day.
It was from her ship a'sailin'.
Sayin' "I don't know when I'll be comin' back again.
It depends on how I'm feelin'."
Well if you my love must think that a'way
I'm sure your mind is a'roamin'.
I'm sure your heart is not with me
but with the country where you're goin'.
So take heed, take heed of the Western wind.
Take heed of the stormy weather.
And yes, there's something you can send back to me;
SPANISH BOOTS OF SPANISH LEATHER.