

Rent, Santa Fe

ANGEL:
New York City

MARK:
Uh huh

ANGEL:
Center of the universe

COLLINS:
Sing it, girl

ANGEL:
times are s--tty, but I'm pretty sure they can't get worse

MARK:
I hear you

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!

Well I'm thwarted by a metaphysic puzzle
And I'm sick of grading papers, that I know
And I'm shouting in my sleep, I need a muzzle
All this misery pays no salary, so
Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
Oh, sunny Santa Fe would be nice
Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
And leave this to the roaches and mice

OH-OH

ALL:
OH--

ANGEL:
You teach?

COLLINS:
I teach- computer age philosophy
But my students would rather watch TV

ANGEL:
America

ALL:
America!

COLLINS:
You're a sensitive aesthete
Brush the sauce onto the meat
You could make the menu sparkle with rhyme
You could drum a gentle drum
I could seat guests as they come
Chatting not about heidegger, but wine

Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe

Our labors would reap financial gains

ALL:

Gains, gains, gains

COLLINS:

We'll open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
And save from devastation our brains

HOMELESS:

Save 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
Forget this cold Bohemian hell
OH- OH-

COLLINS:

Do you know the way to Santa Fe?
You know, tumbleweeds... prairie dogs...
Yeah