

Bob Dylan, Santa Fe

Santa-Fe,
Dear, dear, dear, dear, dear Santa-Fe,
My woman needs it ev'ryday,
She promised this a-lad she'd stay,
She's rollin' up a lotta bread
To toss away.
She's in Santa-Fe,
Dear, dear, dear, dear, dear Santa-Fe
Now she's opened up an old maid's home,
She's proud, but she needs to roam,
She's gonna write herself a roadside poem,
About Santa-Fe.
Santa-Fe,
Dear, dear, dear, dear, dear Santa-Fe.
Since I'm never gonna cease to roam,
I'm never, ever far from home,
But I'll build a geodesic dome
And sail away.
Don't feel bad.
No, no, no, no, don't feel bad
It's the best food I've ever had.
Makes me feel so glad
That she's cooking in a home-made pad
She never caught a cold so bad
When I'm away.
Santa-Fe,
Dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear Santa-Fe.
My shrimp boat's in the bay
I won't have my nature this way,
And I'm leanin' on the wheel each day
To drift away
From Santa-Fe,
Dear, dear, dear, dear, dear Santa-Fe.
My sister looks good at home,
She's lickin' on an ice cream cone,
She's packin' her big white comb,
What does it weigh?