

Dan McCafferty, Boots Of Spanish Leather

I'm sailing away my own true love
I'm sailing away in the morning
Is there something I can send you from across the sea
From the place where I'll be landing

No there's nothing you can send me my own true love
There's nothing that I'm wishing to be owning
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled
From across that lonesome ocean

Ah but I just thought you might like something fine
Made of silver or of golden
Either from the mountains of Madrid
Or the coast of Barcelona

And if I had the stars of the darkest night
Or a diamond from the deepest ocean
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss
For that's all I'm wishing to be owning

Well I might be gone such a long, long time
And it's only that I'm asking
Is there something I can send you to remember me by
To make your time more, easy passing

Oh how can, oh how can you ask of me again
It only brings me sorrow
The same thing that I would want from you today
I would once, again tomorrow

Oh but I got a letter on a long, lonesome day
And it was from her ship a sailing
Saying I don't know when I will be back again
It depends on how I'm feeling

Well you my love if you must ask of it that way
Well I'm sure your mind is roamin'
And I'm sure your thoughts are not with me
But with the country where you're going

So take heed, take heed of the western winds
Take heed of the stormy weather
And yes there's something you can send back to me
Spanish boots of spanish leather

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