

# Nanci Griffith, Boots Of Spanish Leather

Oh 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?  
There's nothing you can send me, my own true love  
There's nothing I'm wishing to be owning  
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled  
From across that lonesome ocean  
Oh, but I just thought you might want something fine  
Maybe silver or of golden  
Either from the mountains of Madrid  
Or from the coast of Barcelona  
If I had the stars of the darkest night  
And the diamonds from the deepest ocean  
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss  
That's all I wish to be owning  
Oh, I might be gone a long ol' 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?  
How can, how can you ask me again?  
Well it only brings me sorrow  
Oh, the same thing I would want today  
I would want again tomorrow  
Oh, I got a letter on a lonesome day  
It was from his ship a-sailing  
Saying, I don't know when I'll be coming back again  
It depends on how I'm feeling  
If you, my love, must think that away  
I'm sure your mind is a-roaming  
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 wind  
Take heed of stormy weather  
And yes, there is something you can send back to me  
Spanish boots of Spanish leather