

# The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Santa Rosa

Seems like 10 years ago  
Though today my mind is slow  
Me and Mickey Craig were running west from Idaho  
Robbed a bank to get some bread  
Seems like 15 men lay dead  
In a path that led us straight to Santa Rosa

Now and then ol' Mick'd say  
Boy at home you should of stayed  
Than to follow me and learn the life of looking back  
But he'd spit and slap his side  
Just to see if he's alive  
Then he'd sing his banjo song of Santa Rosa

He said whoa-oh, singing oh Santa Rosa  
Whoa-oh, high and low-oh-oo  
Then one day, sang ol' Craig,  
I'll be free to go my way  
And be standing by the bay at Santa Rosa

Now one time late at night  
Mickey lit no fire light  
Cause he feared the posse close behind might flush us out  
But he picked a bit 'fore sleep  
To the tune of Cripple Creek  
He was murdered by a man from Santa Rosa

And he sang whoa-oh, singing oh Santa Rosa  
whoa-oh, singing oh Santa Rosa  
whoa-oh, high and low-o-o  
Til I come once again with my banjo pickin' friend  
We'll be oh high and low in Santa Rosa