Boots Of Spanish Leather

Bob Dylan

Oh, I'm sailin' away my own true love
I'm sailin' away in the morning
Is there something I can send you from across the sea
From the place that I'll be landing?No, there's nothin' you can send me, my own true love
There's nothin' I'm wishin' to be ownin'
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled
From across that lonesome oceanOh, but I just thought you might want something fine
Made of silver or of golden
Either from the mountains of Madrid
Or from the coast of BarcelonaOh, if I had the stars from the darkest night
And the diamonds from the deepest ocean
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss
For that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'That I might be gone a long [Incomprehensible] time
And it's only that I'm askin'
Is there something that I can send you to remember me by
To make your time more easy passin'Oh, how can, how can you ask me again?
It only brings me sorrow
The same thing I would want today
I would want again tomorrowOh, I got a letter on a lonesome day
It was from her ship a-sailin'
Saying, I don't know when I'll be comin' back again
It depends on how I'm a-feelin'If you, my love, must think that-a-way
I'm sure your mind is roamin'
I'm sure you thoughts are not with me
But with the country to where you're goin'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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