

Ghost of Santa Fe

[Alberta Cross](#)

Guess the seeds are blowing, so if I got away
I could see you falling after all
I kept my heart burning and I cast the flame
But I guess it's no ghost of Santa Fe But you know what I've seen is the path behind me
You've got your own landslide, I've got my way This heart catastrophe is sad in a way
But we'll get past it after all
I've sent my last rose into New Mexico
I've kept my head hung there after all But you know what I've seen is the path behind me
You've got your own landslide, I've got my way
But you know what I've seen is the path behind me
You've got your path burning now, and I cast the flame

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