

# Boots Of Spanish Leather (Bob Dylan)

## The Lumineers

Oh, I'm sailing away my own true love  
I'm sailing away in the morning  
Is there something I can sing 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 I'm wishing to be owning  
Just to carry your sail back to me unspoiled  
From across that lonesome ocean 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 Barcelona And if I had the stars of the darkest night  
Or the diamonds from the deepest ocean  
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss  
Oh, that's all I'm wishing to be owning And I might be gone a long, long time  
And it's only this I'm asking  
Is there something I can send you to remember me by  
To make your time more easy passing? Oh how can, how can you ask me this?  
What only brings me sorrow  
The same thing would I want today  
I would want again tomorrow I got a letter on a lonesome day  
It was from her ship a-sailing  
Saying I don't know when I'll be coming back again  
It depends on how I'm feeling Well if you, my love, must think that way  
And I'm sure your mind is roaming  
And I'm sure your heart is not with me  
With the country to where you're going So take heed, take heed of the western wind  
Take heed of the stormy weather  
And yes, there's something you can send back to me  
Spanish boots of Spanish leather

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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