Santa Rosa (2003 Remastered)

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

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 breadSeems 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 stayedThan 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 RosaHe 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 wayAnd 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 outBut 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 RosaWhoa-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

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