Santa Fe

Rent

New York City, uh huh
Center of the universe, sing it girl
Times are shitty
But I'm pretty sure they can't get worse, I hear thatIt's a comfort to know
When you're singing the hit the road blues
That anywhere else you could possibly go
After New York would be, a pleasure cruiseNow you're talkingWell, I'm thwarted by a metaphysic puzzle
And I'm sick of grading papers that I know
And I'm shouting in my sleep, I need a muzzle
And all this misery pays no salary, soLet's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
Oh, sunny Santa Fe would be nice
We'll open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
And leave this to the roaches and miceOh oh ohYou teach? Yeah, I teach, computer age philosophy
But my students would rather watch TV, America, America
You're a sensitive aesthete
Brush the sauce onto the meatYou can make the menu sparkle with rhyme
You can drum a gentle drum
I could seat guests as they come
Chatting not about Heidegger but wineLet's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
Our labors would reap financial gains
We'll open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
And save from devastation our brainsWe'll pack up all our junk and fly so far away
Devote ourselves to projects that sell
We'll open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
Forget this cold Bohemian HellOh oh ohDo you know the way to Santa Fe?
You know, Tumbleweeds, prairie dogs, yeah

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