

# 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 that  
It'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 cruise  
Now you're talking  
Well, 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, so  
Let'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 mice  
Oh oh oh  
You 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 meat  
You 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 wine  
Let'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 brains  
We'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 Hell  
Oh oh oh  
Do you know the way to Santa Fe?  
You know, Tumbleweeds, prairie dogs, yeah

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