Here Comes the Santa Fe

Riders In the Sky

Ooooh, watch her fly, here comes the Santa Fe.
She's thundering loud, she's roaring haughty and proud
at the break of day.
Ooooh, watch her fly, here comes the Santa Fe.
I'll ride her on the blinds if I can catch her on time;
Here comes the Santa Fe
Yodel

A drifting cowboy alone at the breaking of dawn,
Slowly wakes from his dreamless sleep.
While the rippling falls where his wanderlust calls
In a gorge, from a canyon steep.
Where the silvery veils follow mountainous trails,
from the prairie and on to the sea.
Where the girl he loves best, in a soft gingham dress,
Is waiting for a whistle sweet.

(back to chorus)

Lyrics submitted by Betty Gubler.

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