

Boots Of Spanish Leather

Joan Baez

I'm sailin' away my own true love
I'm sailin' away in the mornin'
Is there something I can send you from across the sea
From the place that I'll be landin'? No, there's nothing you can send me my own true love
There's nothing I'm wishin' to be ownin'
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled
From across that lonesome ocean Oh, that 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 Oh God, if I had the stars from the darkest night
And the diamonds from the deepest ocean
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss
For that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin' That I might be gone a long old time
And it's only that I'm askin'
Is there something I can send you to remember me by
To make your time more easy passin'? Oh how can, how can you ask me again?
It only brings me sorrow
For the same thing I would want from you today
I would want again tomorrow Well I got a letter on a lonesome day
It was from her ship a sailin'
Sayin', "I don't know when I'll be comin' back again
Depends on how I'm feelin'" So take heed, take heed of the Western wind
Take heed of stormy weather
And yes, there's something you can send back to me
Spanish boots of Spanish leather

Songwriters

Bob Dylan Published by

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