santa fe

June Madrona

Train wheels runnin' down an open track
In my mem'ry time to take me back
Are you goin are you goin'
To santa fe
Do you need it
Can you feel it in the same old way
I can feel it from the mountain top
Runnin' down to the foamy brine
In a rest'rant 'cross a table top
Looking into a glass of wine
Whispering in the evening breeze
Green leaves

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