

# 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 though 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

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