

Boots of Spanish Leather

Bob Dylan

Oh, I'm sailin' away my own true love  
I'm sailin' away in the morning  
Is there something I can send you from across the sea  
From the place that I'll be landing?

Em	Em	D7	G	C	G	
Em	D7	G	C	G		
Em	Em	D7	G	C	G	
Em	D7	C	G	D7	G	G

No, there's nothin' you can send me, my own true love  
There's nothin' I wish to be ownin'  
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled  
From across that lonesome ocean

Oh, but 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, but 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 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  
The same thing I want from you today  
I would want again tomorrow

I got a letter on a lonesome day  
It was from her ship a-sailin'  
Saying I don't know when I'll be comin' back again  
It depends on how I'm a-feelin'

Well, if you, my love, must think that-a-way  
I'm sure your mind is roamin'  
I'm sure your heart is not with me  
But with the country to where you're goin'

So take heed, take heed of the western wind  
Take heed of the stormy weather  
And yes, there's something you can send back to me  
Spanish boots of Spanish leather