

Santa Fe

JACK KELLY

Folks, we finally got our headline.
"Newsies Crushed as Bulls Attack"
Crutchie's calling me,
Dumb crip's just too darn slow.

Guys are fightin', bleedin' fallin'
thanks to good ole' Captain Jack.
Captain Jack just wants
to close his eyes and go.

Let me go.
Far away.

Somewhere they won't ever find me, and
tomorrow won't remind me of today.
And the city's finally sleepin'.
And the moon looks old and grey.
I get on a train that's
bound for Santa Fe.

And I'm gone.
And I'm done.
No more running.
No more lying.

No more fat old man denying me my pay.
Just a moon so big and yellow,
it turns night right into day.

Dreams come true.
Yeah they do.

In Santa Fe.
Where does it say you
gotta live and die here?

Where does it say a guy
can't catch a break?
Why should you only
take what you're given?

Why should you spend your
whole life living trapped
where there ain't no future.
Even at 17.

Breaking your back for
someone else's sake.
If the life don't seem to suit
ya, how about a change of scene?

Far from the lousy headlines
and the deadlines in between.

Santa Fe, my old friend.
I can't spend my whole life dreaming.
Though I know that's all
I seem inclined to do.

I ain't getting any younger.
And I wanna start brand new.

I need space.
And fresh air.

Let 'em laugh in my face.
I don't care.

Save my place.
I'll be there.

Just be real is all I'm asking.
Not some painting in my head.

Cause I'm dead if I can't
count on you today.

I got nothing if I ain't got Santa Fe.