

Santa Fe

Jonathan Larson

ANGEL
New York City-
MARK
Uh Huh

ANGEL
Center Of The Universe

COLLINS
Sing It Girl-

ANGEL
Times Are Shitty
But I'm Pretty Sure They Can't Get Worse

MARK
I Hear That

ANGEL
It's A Comfort To Know
When You're Singing The Hit The Road Blues
That Anywhere Else You Could Possibly Go
After New York Would Be A Pleasure
Cruise

COLLINS
Now You're Talking

Well, I'm Thwarted By A Metaphysic
Puzzle
And I'm Sick Of Grading Papers-That I
Know
And I'm Shouting In My Sleep, I Need A Muzzle
All This Misery Pays No Salary, So
Let's Open Up A Restaurant In Santa Fe
Oh Sunny Santa Fe Would Be Nice
We'll Open Up A Restaurant In Santa Fe
And Leave This To The Roaches And Mice

Oh--Oh

ALL
Oh--

ANGEL
You Teach?

COLLINS
Ya - I Teach Computer Age Philosophy
while My Students Would Rather Watch TV

ANGEL
America

ALL
America!

COLLINS

You're A Sensitive Aesthete
Brush The Sauce Onto The Meat
You Could Make The Menu Sparkle
With Rhyme
You Could Drum A Gentle Drum
I Could Seat Guests As They Come
Chatting Not About Heidegger, But Wine!

Let's Open Up A Restaurant In Santa Fe
Our Labors Would Reap Financial Gain

ALL

Gain, Gain, Gain

COLLINS

We'll Open Up A Restaurant In Santa Fe
And Save From Devastation Our Brains

HOMELESS

Save Our Brains

ALL

We'll Pack Up All Our Junk And Fly
So Far Away
Devote Ourselves To Projects That Sell
We'll Open Up A Restaurant In Santa Fe
Forget This Cold Bohemian Hell
Oh--
Oh--

COLLINS

Do You Know The Way To Santa Fe?
You Know, Tumbleweeds...Prairie Dogs...

All:

Yeah