

Boots Of Spanish Leather

The Lumineers

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

No, there's nothing you can send me, my own true love
There's nothing I'm wishing to be owning
Just to carry your sail back to me unspoiled
From across that lonesome ocean

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

And if I had the stars of the darkest night
Or the diamonds from the deepest ocean
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss
Oh, that's all I'm wishing to be owning

And I might be gone a long, long time
And it's only this I'm asking
Is there something I can send you to remember me by
To make your time more easy passing?

Oh how can, how can you ask me this?
What only brings me sorrow
The same thing would I want today
I would want again tomorrow

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

Well if you, my love, must think that way
And I'm sure your mind is roaming
And I'm sure your heart is not with me
With the country to where you're going

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