

Santa Fe

Zach Bryan

Call up your mother, tell her that you're all alone
With some sky out by Santa Fe, New Mexico

Think I'm going to Santa Fe, the type of place you'll know my name

My grandma called just yesterday to say she loves the manor I was raised

Grown so weary of all of this and every day is a precipice
It pissed me off and pissed on all the friends I ever made

Call up your mother, tell her that you're all alone
With some sky out by Santa Fe, New Mexico

Hoping, broken, you can find yourself back home
Home is broken, drunk and dirty on a desert road

Well, I've been to Santa Fe before, drank a million beers at the Matador

Sleep in your jeans in the back of your camper 'cause that's all you got to your name

Think I'm going to Santa Fe, the type of place you'll know my name

Never talk to no one again and never sing another song

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