

Boots of Spanish Leather

By: Bob Dylan

Album: The Times They Are A-changin' (1964)

G C/g G Gsus4 G D7/f#
 Oh, I'm sailing away my own true love
 Em9
 G C/g G I'm a - sailing a-
 D7/f# G C/g G
 way in the morning Is there
 some-
 Em Em7 C/g G C/g
 thing I can send you from a - cross the sea
 G Em9 D7/f#
 From the place that I'll be
 C/g G D7/f# G
 landing No, there's...

G C/g G

Em9 D7/f# G C/g G
 Oh, I'm sailin' away my own true love
 Em9 D7/f# G
 I'm sailin' away in the mornin'
 Em C/g G
 Is there something I can send you from across the sea
 Em9 D7/f# G C/g G
 From the place that I'll be landing?

No, there's nothing you can send me my own true love.
 There's nothing I'm a-wishin' to be ownin'.
 Just a-carry yourself back to me unspoiled
 from across that lonesome ocean.

Ah, but I just though you might want something fine
 made of silver or of golden
 either from the mountains of Madrid
 or the coast of Barcelona.

But if I had the stars from the darkest night
 and the diamonds from the deepest ocean,
 I'd foresake them all for your sweet kiss,
 for that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'

But I might be gone a long old 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 would want today
 I would want again tomorrow.

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

If you my love must think that a'way

I'm sure your mind is a'roamin'.
I'm sure your thoughts are not with me
but with the country to where you're goin'.

So take heed, take heed of the Western winds.
Take heed of the stormy weather.
And yes, there's something you can send back to me:
Spanish Boots of Spanish Leather.