

13
fight - in', bleed - in', fall - in' thanks to good ol' Cap - tain Jack. Cap-tain

17
Jack just wants to close his eyes and go... Let me

21 *Passionately, freely*
go far a - way, some-where they won't nev - er find me, and to -

25
mor - row won't re - mind me of to - day. When the

29

cit - y's fi - n'ly sleep - in', and the moon looks old and gray, I get

33 *dolce*

on the train that's bound for San - ta Fe. And I'm

mp

37 *Più mosso*

gone! And I'm done! No more run - nin', no more ly - in'. No more

mf

41

fat old men de - ny - in' me my pay. Just a

mf

45

moon so big and yel - low, it turns night right in - to day. Dreams come

49

poco rit. *A tempo (poco rubato)*

true, yeah, they do, in San - ta Fe.

mp

53

Just be

57

real is all I'm ask - in', not some paint - in' in my head, 'cause I'm