Boots Of Spanish Leather

```
  [G]:   .   [C/g].   .     :   .   [G].   .     :   [Gsus4].   .   [G].     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0--(1)----1-|-----1---------0-|-----0h1-------0-|-----0-----------|-----------------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------------|
|-----0-------2---|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-----------------|

  :   .   .   .     [Em9]:   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     [D7/f#]:   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0-----------|-----3-----------|-----3-----------|-----1-----------|-----------------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----4-------4---|-----4-------4---|-----0-------0---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-2-------2-------|-----------------|
      Oh, I'm       sailing     away           my        own     true love

  [G]:   .   [C/g].   .     :   .   [G].   .     :   .   .   .     [Em9]:   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0---------1-|-----1---------0-|-----0-----------|-----3-----------|-----------------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------------|
|-----0-------2---|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----4-------4---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-0-------0-------|-----------------|
                                                I'm a -   sailing     a-

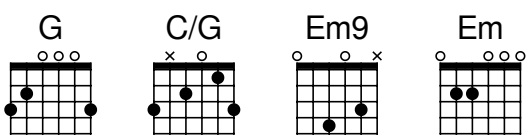
  :   .   [D7/f#].   .     [G]:   .   .   .     [C/g]:   .   [G].   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0---1-------|-----3---------1-|-----1---------0-|-----0-----------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------2-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-----------------|
 way      in  the   morning                                   Is there some-

  [Em]:   .   .   .     :   .   .   [Em7].     [C/g]:   .   [G].   .     :   .   [C/g].   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0---------0-|-----0-----------|-----1---------0-|-----0---------1-|-----------------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------------|
|-----2-------2---|-----2-------0---|-----2-------0---|-----0-------2---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-----------------|
thing I     can send you    from a -  cross   the   sea

  :   .   [G].   .     :   .   .   .     [Em9]:   .   .   .     [D7/f#]:   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----1---------0-|-----0-----------|-----3-----------|-----1---------0-|-----------------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------------|
|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----4-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-0-------0-------|-2-------2-------|-----------------|
                            From the place that         I'll      be

  [C/g]:   .   [G].   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   [D7/f#].   .     [G]:   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----1---------0-|-----0---------0-|-------1-------0-|-----0-----------|-----------------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|---0-------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------------|
|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------2-------|-3-------3-------|-----------------|
  landing

  :   .   .   .
|-----------------|
|-----0-----------|
|-----------0-----|
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|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|
          No, there's...
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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.