

Boots of Spanish Leather in F#m

INTRO: |A |D |A |E |A |D |A |A

Verse 1:

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Oh I'm sailin' a- way my own true love

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
I'm sailin' a- way in the morning

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Is there something I can send you from a- cross the sea

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
From the place that I'll be landing?

Verse 2:

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
No, there's nothin' you can send me, my own true love

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
There's nothin' I wish to be ownin'

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Just carry yourself back to me un- spoiled

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
From a- cross that lonesome ocean

Verse 3:

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Oh, but I just thought you might want something fine

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Made of silver or of golden

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Either from the mountains of Ma- drid

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Or from the coast of Barce- lona

Verse 4:

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Oh, but if I had the stars from the darkest night

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
And the diamonds from the deepest o- cean

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
I'd for- sake them all --for your sweet kiss

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
For that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'

Verse 5:

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
That I might be gone a long old time

Chords and lyrics are close to the Mandolin Orange version.

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|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
And it's only that I'm askin'

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Is there something I can send you to re- member me by

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
To make your time more easy passin'?

Verse 6:

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Oh, how can, how can you ask me a- gain

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
It only brings me sorrow

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
The same thing I would want to- day

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
I would want a- gain to- morrow

Verse 7:

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Oh I got a letter --on a lonesome day

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
It was from her ship a- sailin'

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Saying I don't know when I'll be comin' back a- gain

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
It de- pends on how I'm feelin'

Verse 8:

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
If you, my love, must think that-a- way

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
I'm sure your mind is roamin'

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
I'm sure your thoughts --are not with me

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
But with the country to where you're goin'

Verse 9:

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
So take heed, take heed of the western wind

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Take heed of the stormy weather

|F#m |F#m |E |A |D |A |A
And yes, there's something you can send back to me

|F#m |E |A |D |A |A
Spanish boots of Spanish leather