


SANTA FE (PROLOGUE)

(JACK): Give me a big life in a small town
way out west, where a fella can breathe!

JACK:

3



They say

5



folks is dy-in' to get here. Me, I'm dy-in' to get a -

8



way to a lit-tle town out west that's spank-in' new.

12



And while I ain't nev-er been there, I can see it clear as

16



day. If you want, I bet-'cha you could see it too.

20



Close your eyes... Come with me where it's

23



clean and green and pret-ty, and they went and made a



26

ci - ty out - ta clay. _____ Why, the

29

min - ute that you get there, folks-'ll walk right up and

*(JACK wraps an arm around CRUTCHIE,
who is taken under Jack's spell.)*

32

say, "Wel-come home, Son, wel-come home to San-ta Fe!" _____

36

— Plant-in' crops, split-tin' rails, swap-pin' tales a-round the

40

CRUTCHIE:

fi - re... 'Cept for Sun-day, when you lie a-round all day.

44

JACK:

Soon your friends are more like fam-'ly, and they's

47

**JACK,
CRUTCHIE:**

beg - ging you to stay! Ain't that neat? Liv-in's

50

sweet in San-ta Fe. _____