

Santa Fe

Original Broadway Cast

New York City
Uh huh
Center of the universe

Sing it girl
Times are shitty
But I'm pretty sure they can't get worse
I hear you

It's a comfort to know
When you're singing the hit, the road blues
That anywhere else you could possibly go
After New York would be a pleasure cruise

Now you're talking
Well, I'm thwarted by a metaphysic puzzle
And I'm sick of grading papers that I know
And I'm shouting in my sleep, I need a muzzle
All this misery pays no salary, so

Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
Oh, sunny Santa Fe would be nice
Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
And leave this to the roaches and mice
Oh, oh

Oh
You teach?

I teach, computer age philosophy
But my students would rather watch TV

America
America!

You're a sensitive aesthete
Brush the sauce onto the meat
You could make the menu sparkle with a rhyme
You could drum a gentle drum

I could seat guests as they come
Chatting not about Heidegger but wine!
Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
Our labors would reap financial gains

Gains, gains, gains

We'll open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
And save from devastation of our brains
Save our brains

We'll pack up all our junk and fly so far away
Devote ourselves to projects that sell
We'll open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
Forget this cold Bohemian hell

Oh

Oh

Do you know the way to Santa Fe?

You know, tumbleweeds, prairie dogs, yeah