

# 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