

## Santa Rosa

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

Seems like ten years ago, though today my mind is slow  
Me and Mickey Craig were running west from Idaho  
Robbed a bank to get some bread, seems like fifteen men lay dead  
In a path that led us straight to Santa Rosa

Now and then ol' Mickey'd say, "Boy, at home you should've stayed  
Than to follow me and learn the life of looking back"  
But he'd spit and slap his side just to see if he's alive  
Then he'd sing his banjo song of Santa Rosa

He said, whoa-oh, singin', "Oh, Santa Rosa", whoa-oh,  
oh, high and low, ooh  
Then one day, sang ol' Craig, "I'll be free to go my way  
And be standin' by the bay at Santa Rosa", yeah

Now one time, late at night, Mickey lit no fire light  
'Cause he feared the posse close behind might flush us out  
But he picked a bit 'fore sleep to the tune of Cripple Creek  
He was murdered by a man from Santa Rosa

He sang, whoa-oh, singin', "Oh, Santa Rosa"  
Whoa-oh, singin', "Oh, Santa Rosa", whoa-oh, high and low, ooh  
Till I come once again with my banjo pickin' friend  
We'll be, oh, high and low in Santa Rosa  
Get up