

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,
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