

Jack

Santa Fe

#12

CUE: Segue as one from No. 11 "The Fight"

Driving
Vamp (vocal on cue)

JACK: Folks we

1 (last x) fin - 'lly got a head - line: "News-ies Crushed as Bulls At - tack!" Crutch-ie's

5 call - in' me... dumb crip's just too damn slow. Guys are

9 fight - in', bleed - in', fall - in' thanks to good ol' Cap - tain Jack. Cap-tain

13 Jack just wants to close his eyes and go... Let me

17 **Passionately, more freely**

18 go far a - way, some-where they won't nev - er find me, and to -

21 mor - row won't re - mind me of to - day. When the

25 cit - y's fin'l - ly sleep - in', and the moon looks old and gray, I get

29 on the train that's bound for San - ta Fe. And I'm

33 gone! And I'm done! No more run - nin', no more ly - in'. No more

37 fat old men de - ny - in' me my pay. Just a

41 moon so big and yel - low, it turns night right in - to day. Dreams come

45 *poco rit.* true, yeah, they do, in San - ta Fe. *molto accel.*

49 **With more drive** Where does it say you got - ta live and die here?_____

53 Where does it say a guy can't catch a break?

57 *poco accel.* Why should you on - ly take what you're giv - en? Why should you spend your whole life liv - in'

61 **Solidly, slightly faster** trapped where there ain't no fu - ture, e - ven at sev - en - teen,

65 break - in' your back for some - one el - se's sake? If the

69 life don't seem to suit ya, how 'bout a change of scene?

START

73 Far from the lous - y head - lines and the dead - lines in be - tween!_____

-3-

77 *molto rall.* 78 79 80
San - ta

81 **Broadly, in 4** **Moving forward**
Fel! My old friend, I can't spend my whole life dream-in', though I know that's all I

86 87 88 89 90
seem in-clined to do. I ain't get-tin' an - y young-er, and I

More broadly
91 92 93 94
wan - na start brand new. I need space, and fresh air... Let 'em

rit.
95 96 97 98
laugh in my face, I don't care... Save my place, I'll be there...

99 **A tempo (poco rubato)** 5 104
Just be

105 106 107 108
real is all I'm ask - in', not some paint - in' in my head, 'cause I'm

109 110 111 112 *rall.*
dead if I can't count on you to - day. I got

113 114
no - thin' if I ain't got San - ta

Briskly *molto rall.*
115 116 117 118
Fel! **END [END ACT ONE]**