

Oh, I'm sailin' away my own true love I'm sailin' away in the morning Is there somethin' I can send you I'm across the sea From the place that I'll be landing No, there's nothin' you can send me, my own true love There's nothin' that I'm wishing to be ownin Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled From across that lonesome ocean Ah, but I just thought you might want somethin' fine Made of silver or of golden Either from the mountains of Madrid Or from the coast of Barcelona Well, if I had the stars from the darkest night And the diamonds from the deepest ocean I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss For that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin Well I might be gone a long old time And it's only that I'm asking Is there somethin' I can send you to remember me by To make your time more easy passing How can, how can you ask me again When it only brings me sorrow Cause the same thing I would want today I would want again tomorrow I got a letter on a lonesome day It was from her ship sailin Sayin' I don't know when I'll be comin' back again It depends on how I'm feelin If you, my love, must think that way I'm sure your mind is roamin I'm sure your thoughts are not with me But with the country to where you're goin So take heed, take heed of the western winds Take heed of the stormy weather And yes, there's somethin' you can send back to me Spanish boots of Spanish leather

## Boots of Spanish Leather

"Boots of Spanish Leather" is a ballad written and performed by Bob Dylan, recorded in New York City on August 7, 1963. It is a classic Dylan tale of two lovers, a crossroads, and the open sea. In just four minutes, Dylan creates two richly layered and dynamic characters, each reckoning with the messy emotions of young love coming to an end. And it is one of Dylan's most open and vulnerable songs.

Listening to "Boots of Spanish Leather", I imagine a young couple out for a day in Madrid. They are looking for something fine as they stroll through the markets, the cafes, and down the great boulevards. They they stop for a drink and a meal at one of the terraces. Finally the day comes to a sad end, and they realize that it's time to part. So, for this series, I present a number of photos taken during a single day in Madrid.





































