

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 - 'ly 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

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

37 38 39 40
 fat old men de - ny - in' me my pay. Just a

41 42 43 44
 moon so big and yel - low, it turns night right in - to day. Dreams come

poco rit. 45 46 47 *molto accel.* 48
 true, yeah, they do, in San - ta Fe.

49 With more drive

50 51 52
 Where does it say you got - ta live and die here?

53 54 55 56
 Where does it say a guy can't catch a break?

poco accel. 57 58 59 60
 Why should you on - ly take what you're giv - en? Why should you spend your whole life liv - in'

61 Solidly, slightly faster

62 63 64
 trapped where there ain't no fu - ture, e - ven at sev - en - teen,

65 66 67 68
 break - in' your back for some - one el - se's sake? If the

69 70 71 72
 life don't seem to suit ya, how 'bout a change of scene?

73 74 75 76
 Far from the lous - y head - lines and the dead - lines in be - tween!

-3-

molto rall.

San - ta

81 **Broadly, in 4** **Moving forward**

Fe! My old friend, I can't spend my whole life dream-in', though I know that's all I

seem in-clined to do. I ain't get-tin' an - y young-er, and I

91 **More broadly**

wan - na start brand new. I need space, and fresh air... Let 'em

rit.

laugh in my face, I don't care... Save my place, I'll be there...

99 **A tempo (poco rubato)**

Just be

105

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

109 *rall.*

dead if I can't count on you to - day. I got

113

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

Briskly *molto rall.*

Fe!

[END ACT ONE]