Driving

G m7  C/G  Jack (last x)  G m7  C/G

Folks, we fi-n'lly got a head-line: "Newsies

G m7  C/G  E7/G  F/G  C/G  D/G

crushed as bulls at-tack!"  Crutch-ie's call-in' me, dumb crip's just too damn slow.

G m7  C/G  G m7  C/G

Guys are fight-in', bleed-in', fall-in'. Thanks to good ole' Cap-tain Jack. Cap-tain
Jack just wants to close his eyes and go...
Let me go far away, somewhere they won't never find me. And tomorrow won't remind me of today.

When the city's fin'ly sleep-in', and the moon looks old and gray, I get on the train that's bound for Santa Fe. And I'm
And I'm done! No more runnin', no more lyin'. No more fat old men day.

Just a moon so big and yellow, it turns

night right into day. Dreams come true, yeah, they do, in Santa Fe.

With more drive

Where does it say you gotta live and die here?
Where does it say a guy can't catch a break?

Why should you only poco accel.

take what you're given? Why should you spend your whole life livin' trapped where there ain't no future, even at seventeen, breakin' your back for someone else's sake?
If the life don't seem to suit ya, how 'bout a change of scene,
far from the lousy head-lines and the dead-lines in between!

Broadly, in 4

Santa Fe! My old friend! I can't spend my whole life
dreamin', though I know that's all I seem inclined to do.

I ain't
day. I got nothin', if I ain't got Santa Fe.