

45

moon so big and yel - low, it turns night right in - to

48 *poco rit.*

day. Dreams come true, yeah, they do, in San-ta

A tempo (poco rubato)

51 **4** **Start Here**

Fe. 52-55 Just be

57

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

60

head, 'cause I'm dead if I can't count on you to -

63 *rall.* -----

day. I got no - thin' if I

Broadly, molto rall.

66 (optional note)

ain't got San - ta Fe! -----

(JACK runs off. #17 – SANTA FE – PLAYOFF.)