Oh, I'm sailin' away, my own true love

I'm sailin' away in the morning

Is there something I can send you from across the sea

From the place that I'll be landing?

Oh, but I just thought you might want something fine

Made of silver or of golden

Either from the mountains of Madrid

Or from the coast of Barcelona

But I might be gone a long old time

And it's only that I'm askin'

Is there something I can send you to remember me by?

To make your time more easy-passin'

They say evrything can be replaced,

Yet every distance is not near.

So I remember every face

Of every man who put me here

Rita was sixteen years

Hazel eyes and chestnut hair

She made the Woolworth counter shine

Eddie played the steel guitar

And his mama cried 'cause he played in the bars

And he kept young Rita out late at night

One of the boys in Eddie's band

Took a shine to Rita's hand

So , Eddie ran off with the bass man's wife

Eddie played in the barroom band

'Til arthritis took his hands

Now he sells insurance on the side