

Pretty Things, Havana Bound

I was encased in an aircraft
Feeling so sick I couldn't say
When the cat next to me
Said let's take it down to cuba way
Well his manner wasn't nice
But his hand grenades looked very mean
And the luger down his trousers
Well that was twice as obscene

When we touched down in cuba
The temp was a 105
Though the cantenna was closed
Even I was glad to be alive
As for two weeks in miami
I sussed then that they were blown
Dr. fidel wasn't home
So they showed us where the sugar was grown

Chorus

Havana bound hi-jacked by some joker
Took me down to cuba
Where the grass was green

Solo

Well the passport man came up to me
And he really looked sly
Well he chalked on my valise
And then the cat let me by
Well I didn't mean to immigrate here
I told him all so quiet
But he gave me my visa
But then he wanted me to buy it

Chorus