

Living Through Another Cuba

[XTC](#)

Living through another Cuba
it's 1961 again and we are piggy in the middle
while war is polishing his drum and peace plays second fiddle
Russia and America are at each other's throats
but don't you cry
just on your knees and pray, and while you're
down there, kiss your arse goodbye
We're the bulldog on the fence
while others play their tennis overhead
it's hardly love all and somebody might
wind up red or dead
pour some oil on the water quick
it doesn't really matter where from
he love me, he loves me not
he's pulling fins from an atom bomb
This phenomenon happens every 20 years or so
if they're not careful your watch won't be the
only thing with a radioactive glow
I'll stick my fingers in my ears
and hope they make it up before too late
if we get through this lot alright
they're due for replay, 1998

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