

# Three Weeks In Havana

## Blake Mills

I married Susanna  
In a place called Havana  
The autumn breeze carried me away  
The heat and fog around me leaving  
Sweet and vacant were the days  
Truth and honesty  
Can be two very different things  
But truth can be carelessly confessed  
And honestly the truth i do not ask  
For fear it's what I'll get  
Out there in Havana  
Paint peels like a banana  
The idol is loved and misplaced  
Glimmering fronds of a royal palm  
Shelter now the unattended face  
Headless bird on a jungle spear  
No, we're not playing games here  
Perhaps it'd be best if we moved along  
The dream ends suddenly  
The spirit leaves a hint, a gift, a song  
So I buried Susanna  
In a place called Havana

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>