

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

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