

# Sand In My Shoes

## Bobby Short

Sand in my shoes, sand from Havana  
Calling me to that ever so heavenly shore  
Calling me back to you once moreDreams in the night, dreams of Havana  
Dreams of a love I hadn't the strength to refuse  
Darling, the sand is in my shoesDeep in my veins the sensuous strains  
Of the soft guitar, deep in my soul  
The thunderous roll of a tropic sea  
Under the stars that was HavanaYou are the moonlit memory I can't seem to lose  
That's why my life's an endless cruise  
All that is real is the feel of the sand in my shoesDeep in my veins the sensuous  
Strains of the soft guitar, deep in my soul  
The thunderous roll of a tropic sea  
Under the stars that was HavanaYou are the moonlit memory I can't seem to lose  
That's why my life's an endless cruise  
All that is real is the feel of the sand in my shoes  
All that is real is the feel of the sand in my, in my shoes

Songwriters

LOESSER, FRANK / SCHERTZINGER, VICTORPublished by  
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