Cuban Crime Of Passion

Jimmy Buffett

Well now Billy Voltaire was a piano player up from Miami way
He used to play in the bars, he could sound like the stars
Ladies would pay and pay, one night he did wind up playin' in Havana town
Nobody knew, least Billy Voltaire that these were his final sounds
'Cause he met up with Meritta
A dancer in from the coast
Half woman, half child, she's drove him half wild
He loved that lady the most
One night he did find her
In the arms of Shrimper Dan
So he pulled a knife, took poor Danny's life
And then he turned his own cold hand
It's just a Cuban crime of passion, messy and old fashioned

Yeah that's what the papers did say
It's just a Cuban crime of passion, anjejo and knives a slashin'
Yeah but that's what the people like to read about
Up in America, up in America
Well now they never found Meritta, some people say she got ill
Billy Voltaire had no one to claim him, he was buried on Pauper's Hill
And no one talks about 'em no more, it happened just a week ago
But people get by and people get high in the tropics they come and they go
It's just a Cuban crime of passion, messy and old fashioned
Yeah that's what the papers did say
It's just a Cuban crime of passion, anjejo and knives a slashin'
But that's what the people like to read about
Up in America, up in America

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