From Hell To Paradise

The Mavericks

For thirty years they sang the song of promised victory
But who they've fought and who has won
Didn't matter much to me
I see them driving down the streets
In their fancy shiny cars
Crowds of people to their feet
Their faces full of scarsNo pleasantries, no luxuries
No little children's mild
While minister's wives spent all their lives
In China's finest silk
My back's been broken many times
But my spirit lingers on
The day it comes my way on freedom's ship
I will be goneFrom hell to paradise
I'll always pay the price
From hell to paradise
I'll always pay the priceThis ninety mile trip has taken thirty years to make
They tried to keep forever what was never theirs to take
I cursed and scratched the Devil's hand
As he stood in front of me
One last drag for his big cigar
And he finally set me freeFrom hell to paradise
I'll always pay the price
From hell to paradise
I'll always pay the priceFrom hell to paradise
I'll always pay the price
From hell to paradise
I'll always pay the priceCon ojos tiernos algun dia te mirare
Con brasos abiertos algun dia abrasare
Hay me havana cuando pueda regresare

Songwriters
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