

Cuban Crisis

Phil Manzanera

MacCormack-ManzaneraShe said, I've got to get away

Be smart stay cool, hey

Don't be that way

I got to get away

You know I love you

But I really cannot stay

I've booked a ticket on a plane

And when she said it

She was on the phone

Call long distance

Then she smiled and said

I'm coming home

She packed her bag

And blew a kiss, it missed

And gave the dog a pat

And then she said

She had to run...

If you knew where to look

She could bear contemplation

Her assets ain't suffered

Because of inflation

Sure, sex meant a lot

I gave her my best shot

But if I wasn't so hot

Well, there must have been some books that I could readHow could I hope to have kept her

Just a cheap lousy dime-a-day tune-smith

Now my words don't impress her

I keep on ending lines like this with spend-thrift

Disposable tunes

That's when 'moon' rhymes with 'June'

Seems to ruffle her conscience

And give her the bee

How else could I pay

For those long months away

With those so special people

Who live in ... (?)

She said, will you promise to be strong

I grabbed her hand and asked her

"Honey, there must be something wrong"

And she replied, "Well how can I live
In such a light-weight song?"
And then she said she had to run...
Now I think she's in Cuba
With a house on a bay
With a great view
But they'll have to remove her
Cuz she keeps on telling Fidel what to do
I can just hear him say
As she gets her own way
And the tourists flock in
And the mob cashes in
"I've tried not to be
So petit bourgeoisie
But I can't help but feel
That the revolution's
Gone right round the bend" I promise to be strong
There must be something wrong
Booked a ticket on a plane
I'll be on my way
Run...

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

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