

Cuban Crisis

Phil Manzanera

MacCormack-Manzanera
She 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 read
How 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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