

Barbados

Art Farmer Quintet

There's a wind that blows
On the southern sea
And it whirls around
Deep inside of me Always bringing me up
Never letting me down
I had a dream I was on my way
To Bridgetown I've seen ships that sail
Each and every day
And when they start up their engines
They steal my heart away Barbados, I'm another one born to run
Barbados, I need another sweet taste of rum
I been sailing on this raging sea
The higher the venture the better I'll be
Barbados

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