

Sand In My Shoes (Live At Town Hall)

Bobby Short

Sand in my shoes, sand from Havana
Calling me to that ever so heavenly shore
Calling me back to you once more Dreams in the night, dreams of Havana
Dreams of a love I hadn't the strength to refuse
Darling, the sand is in my shoes Deep in my veins the sensuous strains
Of the soft guitar, deep in my soul
The thunderous roll of a tropic sea
Under the stars that was Havana You are the moonlit memory I can't seem to lose
That's why my life's an endless cruise
All that is real is the feel of the sand in my shoes Deep in my veins the sensuous
Strains of the soft guitar, deep in my soul
The thunderous roll of a tropic sea
Under the stars that was Havana You are the moonlit memory I can't seem to lose
That's why my life's an endless cruise
All that is real is the feel of the sand in my shoes
All that is real is the feel of the sand in my, in my shoes

Songwriters

LOESSER, FRANK / SCHERTZINGER, VICTOR Published by

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