

Hey Papa

Terence Boylan

Back across the ocean
This time they're coming home to stay
They'll be loading up the water and the big palm dates
And sailin' away...

Spring was coming early
Had enough of this Paris rain
Dos and Katy said they'd come on down
And dance in the sugar cane

Hey Papa I'm running your guns off of
Dry Tortugas and you'd better come
Forget what they've done to your daughters and sons
and bring a barrel of rum

Keys were hot as fire
Iguanas climin' the villa walls
Down in Palo drinkin' daiquiris
'till we could hardly crawl

Had the boredom of anarchy
Watch the island slip away
Three days out of Havana
and the storm blew away

Hey Papa I'm running your guns off of
Dry Tortugas and you'd better come
Forget what they've done to your daughters and sons
and bring a barrel of rum

Sailin' away...

Hey Papa I'm running your guns off of
Dry Tortugas and you'd better come
Forget what they've done to your daughters and sons
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Lyrics Submitted by Tony Uniopolis

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