Havana

Bill Cunliffe

Tropic days turn into steamy nights
Stateside ways give in to appetites
Panatelas under white straw hats
Sit and soak, rum and cokeCuban rhythms push the night along
Past the limits of what's right or wrong
Hardly anyone is keepin' score
Let it ride, por favorLove is the one legal tender
Never in short supply
Just find yourself a big spender
Who will render the gender
You'd like to tryBig casinos under Latin skies
Valentinos with ambitious eyes
Slow degrees of lazy Fahrenheit
Cook the day, eat the nightSmell the money when the trade winds blow
Play the slot machines, enjoy the show
Spin the wheel or maybe roll the dice
Welcome to paradiseToo much is never enough here
There's always room for more
And one of a kind calls your bluff here
If your pair isn't brass better pass senorTwenty-three or so degrees
Just below the Florida Keys
All the tourists come to play
Making mucho machismo
Like HemingwayInhibitions simply melt away
Dispositions will improve they say
Maybe it's the voodoo latitude
Gives the place, attitudeWay down here we have no rules to keep
Way down here we always oversleep
Way down here we mambo all night long
Through the street, through the heat
To the beat of old Havana

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