

# Sand in My Shoes

**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 hadnt 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 cant seem to lose  
Thats why my lifes 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 cant seem to lose  
Thats why my lifes 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

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