

# Living Through Another Cuba

[XTC](#)

Living through another Cuba  
it's 1961 again and we are piggy in the middle  
while war is polishing his drum and peace plays second fiddle  
Russia and America are at each other's throats  
but don't you cry  
just on your knees and pray, and while you're  
down there, kiss your arse goodbye  
We're the bulldog on the fence  
while others play their tennis overhead  
it's hardly love all and somebody might  
wind up red or dead  
pour some oil on the water quick  
it doesn't really matter where from  
he love me, he loves me not  
he's pulling fins from an atom bomb  
This phenomenon happens every 20 years or so  
if they're not careful your watch won't be the  
only thing with a radioactive glow  
I'll stick my fingers in my ears  
and hope they make it up before too late  
if we get through this lot alright  
they're due for replay, 1998

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