

La Habana

William Topley

Saw you stand in the street, beneath a poster of Che
Watching young couples kiss in the Malacon
Late at night in the old town, you sang to guitars
And staggered back to your room with God knows who But Ive got to be your lover man tonight
I said, Ive got to be your sweet thing and thats right
Well, Ive got to be, I long to be your lover man
And only I can make you feel alright or help you take flight All the girls in the Tropicana, they roll their own
cigars
I stand there in the dressing room, just drinking it in
All the companeros theyre making love beneath the tropic stars
Take a look at the priest and what hes calling sin When Im in trouble, Lord, only me who feels the pain
Not one good word of advice from any of my so-called friends

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