

# 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 whoBut 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 flightAll 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 sinWhen Im in trouble, Lord, only me who feels the pain  
Not one good word of advice from any of my so-called friends

Lyrics provided by  
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