

## War "Fidel's Fantasy"

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Wake up, Fidel... wake up  
It's time for your fantasy, ha, ha, ha  
Come back, Fidel  
Come back to the time when your land was free and  
happy  
Come back to love

There was a girl  
Remember her name?  
Remember Anna!  
Remember her brown body and her hair black as the  
wing of a raven  
Remember the nights in the sugar cane, Fidel... huh?  
Where is Anna now, Fidel?  
Where could she be now?... your young lover  
She's not free, your not free, love is not free

Come back, Fidel... come back with me!

Remember when you brothers loved you and cheered  
As you walked down the streets of the great city!  
Where are your brothers now, Fidel?  
In a friendly land to the north?  
Why, that's the greatest fantasy of all, Fidel  
Are they really happy there, having left  
Their homes and families... ha, ha, ha... Fidel?  
They're not free, your land's not free, your not free

And what about the children, Fidel?  
Do you remember their laughing faces... their running  
feet?  
They liked for you to read to them... oh yes  
Not from the thoughts of Mao,  
Or the writings of stodgy old men  
Like Lennon and Trotsky  
But the fables of Aesop, Grimm, and Hans Christien  
Andersen  
Yes, Fidel, they too have a flair for fantasy  
But now that's all that you have, Fidel... ha, ha, ha,  
haaaaaa

Oh, Fidel, you mustn't wake up

Do you know what's waiting for you in the world of  
reality?  
Sleep is fleeting, Fidel  
Your fantasy is ending... ha, ha, ha  
I must go, Fidel  
Good bye for now... ha, ha, ha, haaaaaaaaaaa  
Good bye, Fidel, good bye... ha, ha, ha,  
haaaaaaaaaaaaa

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