

William Topley

"La Habana"

Visit "[La Habana](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 I've got to be your lover man tonight
I said, I've got to be your sweet thing and that's right
Well, I've 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 they're making love beneath the
tropic stars
Take a look at the priest and what he's calling sin

When I'm in trouble, Lord, only me who feels the pain
Not one good word of advice from any of my so-called
friends

Down at Papa's Marina the old man drinks alone
Writing notes to his son a thousand miles away
All the girls in the Bodeguita, they flash their lime
green eyes
Until they read what it says, and then they turn away

Visit [William Topley](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.