

Band "Havana Moon"

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All alone with a jug of rum
Sittin' waiting for the boat to come
Along the line they quietly dock
The boat she's late since twelve o'clock
And watch the tides come breezing in
Below the moon but high they went

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Still all alone, I open a rum
I wonder when the boat should come
American girl comes back to me
We sail away across the sea
The dock in New York, the building is high
We'll find a home up in the sky
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Still all alone, sipping on a rum
Still wonder when the boat should come
And bring my love, oh sweet little thing
She rocks 'n' rolls, she can dance and sing
She holds me tight, and she touches my lips
I had the clothes, and my heart she flips

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