

## Mitchell Torok "Caribbean"

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Oh have you ever been down to Haiti  
When the summer sun is sinkin low.  
There's nothin but romance just evrywhere you glance  
And the native hearts are all aglow.  
But when the Cuban Queen comes upon the scene,  
They all stare like a statuette before their eyes,  
The other girls are left all alone.

Down in the Caribbean, it's not a dream you're seen,  
When you get a glimpse of the lady with the charms,  
But from miles away you can see her sway  
To the beat of the Cuban congo line that forms.

Up in a tree so high away up in the sky  
Sits a wide-eyed monkey on a limb.  
He wonders why the people go to so much trouble  
Just to try and be like him.  
He doesn't understand that it's a ladys hand,  
That makes a heart feel so sublime.  
But before too long he starts to sing their song,  
And then he gets in the conga line.

Columbus searched for spices, but he missed the  
Nicest part of the Caribbean.  
He didn't see the charms and the open arms,  
It was the gold that he was a-seein,  
Oh, but I'm glad he missed the sweetest thing I've  
kissed,  
Cause were on our honeymoon.  
And I'm sorry, Chris to talk about you like this,  
But you were five hundred years too soon.

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