

Steve Goodman

"Banana Republics"

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Banana Republics

Steve Goodman

C

Down to the banana republics,

F

Down to the tropical sun,

G

Come the expatriated Americans

C

Hoping to have some fun.

Some of them come for the sailing,

Called by the lure of the sea,

Trying to cure what is ailing

From living in the land of the free.

Some of them them running from lovers,

Leaving no forward address.

Some of them are running marijuana,

Some are running from the IRS.

Gm

Late at night you can find them

Dm

In the cheap hotels and bars

F C F C G C

Hustling the señoritas while they dance beneath the stars.

Gm

Spending their renegade pesos

B G (G7-G6-G)

On a bottle of rum and a lime,

F C F

Singing "Give me some words we can dance to,

C G C

Or a melody that rhymes."

First you learn the native customs

Then a word of Spanish or two.

You know that you cannot trust them

Because they know they can't trust you.

Expatriated Americans

Feeling so all alone,

Telling themselves the same lies

That they told themselves at home.

Late at night you can find them

In the cheap hotels and bars

Hustling the señoritas while they dance beneath the stars.

Spending their renegade pesos

On a bottle of rum and a lime,

Singing "Give me some words we can dance to,

Or a melody that rhymes."

Down in the banana republics

Things aren't as bright as they seem.

None of the natives are buying

Any second-hand American dreams

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