

## Girl Talk

### "Venezuela"

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I met her in Venezuela  
With a basket on her head  
And if she loved others she didn't say  
But I knew she do, to pass away the time in Venezuela  
Pass away the time in Venezuela

I gave her a sash of blue  
A beautiful sash of blue  
Because I knew that she could do with all the tricks, I  
Knew she knew  
To pass away the time in Venezuela

And when the wind was out to sea, the wind was out to  
sea  
And she was taking leave of me  
I said sheer up there'll always be  
Sailors on shore on leave in Venezuela

Her linger was changed but the thought of her  
beautiful  
Smile  
The thought of her beautiful smile  
Will haunt me and taunt me for many a mile  
She was my gal and she did the wale  
To pass a time in Venezuela

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