

Burial Invocation "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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