

## Allan Taylor

### "Los Companeros"

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You see them in old Havana,  
Playing cards, smoking cigars ...  
And their polishing chrome fenders  
On their big old yankee cars.

Manuel sits in la casa de rosa,  
Drinking rum, watching the girls ...  
He whistles at the beautiful Maria  
And she smiles and tosses her girls.

Now the bartender strums his guitar  
And the rhythm plays out in the street.  
Maria moves with the passion  
As her body sways in the heat.

And the old guys, smiling with pleasure,  
For a moment they're young and they're strong.  
And the young girls are giving them flowers  
As they sing their victory song.

REFRAIN:

Once we were bold companeros,  
Running guns from the Florida keys,  
On the beach from Santiago to Cuba,  
We were fighting with Fidel and Che.

He talks of the great revolution  
In words of sadness and pride.  
And the medals he wears  
Are the scars that he bears -  
And he drinks for the friends who died.

We were farmers, we were poets and we were hungry.  
All we wanted was our own peace of land.  
We were fighting for our wives and children  
And freedom for every man!

REFRAIN

Now the yankees come for the fishing  
And their pockets are loaded with greens.

Ten dollars will buy you a woman  
or a tank of gasoline.  
And the young kids are leaving the island  
And the old guys have nothing to say.  
Manuel is living on dreams of the past  
And tonight he'll drink it away

REFRAIN

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