

Dreaming In Cuban

Alice Donut

I hear the voices
Echo from the sea
Dreaming in Cuban
On the subway

The giant buildings and the snow
Are killing me
A New York winter full of Sundays

I don't need this

Que pasa hijo
You look so pale and sad
Que te hesist a tu pelo

En mi Cuba
Quiero morir
Esto no es
Una vida

En mi Cuba
Quiero Morir
O por lo meno
Hialeah

I don't need this