

Oh, have you ever been down to Haiti
When the summer sun was sinkin' low
There's nothin' but romance just everywhere you glance
And the native hearts are all aglow
But when the Cuban Queen comes upon the scene
They all stare like a statue out of stone
And when they realize what's before their eyes
The other girls are left all alone

Down in the Caribbean it's not a dream you're seein'
When you get a glimpse of the lady with the charm
But from miles away you can see her sway
To the beat of the Cuban Conga line that forms

Up in a tree so high, way up in the sky
Sits a wide eyed monkey on a limb
He wonders why the people go to so much trouble
Just to try and be like him
He doesn't understand that it's a lady's hand
That makes a heart feel so sublime
But before too long he starts to sing the song
And then he gets in the Conga line

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Columbus searched for spices
But he missed the nicest part of the Caribbean
He didn't see the charms and the open arms
It was the gold that he was seein'
But I'm glad he missed the sweetest thing I've kissed
'Cause we're on our honeymoon
I'm so sorry Chris to talk about you like this
But you were five hundred years too soon

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