

# Havana

Linda Eder

Tropic days turn into steamy nights  
Stateside ways give in to appetites  
Panatelas under white straw hats  
Sit and soak, Rum and Coke

Cuban rhythms push the night along  
Past the limits of what's right or wrong  
Hardly anyone is keepin' score  
Let it ride, por favor

Love is the one legal tender  
Never in short supply  
Just find yourself a big spender  
Who will render the gender you'd like to try

Big casinos under Latin skies  
Valentinos with ambitious eyes  
Slow degrees of lady Fahrenheit  
Cook the day, eat the night

Smell the money when the trade winds blow  
Play the slot machines, enjoy the show  
Spin the wheel or maybe roll the dice  
Welcome to Paradise

Too much is never enough here  
There's always room for more  
One of a kind calls your bluff here  
If your pair isn't brass better pass Senor

Twenty-three or so degrees  
Just below the Florida keys  
All the tourists come to play  
Making mucho machismo like Hemingway

Inhibitions simply melt away  
Dispositions will improve, they say  
Maybe it's the voodoo latitude  
Gives the place attitude

Way down here we have no rules to keep  
Way down here we always oversleep  
Way down here we mambo all night long  
Through the street, through the heat  
To the beat of old Havana