

## From Hell to Paradise

The Mavericks

For thirty years they sang the  
Song of promised victory  
But who they've fought and who has won  
Didn't matter much to me

Oh, I see them driving down the streets  
In their fancy shiny cars  
Crowds of people to their feet  
And their faces full of scars

No pleasantries, no luxuries  
And no little children's milk  
While minister's wives spent  
All their lives in China's finest silk

Well, my back's been broken many times  
But my spirit lingers on  
The day it comes my way on  
Freedom's ship I will be gone

From hell to paradise  
I'll always pay the price  
From hell to paradise  
I'll always pay the price

This ninety mile trip  
Has taken thirty years to make  
They tried to keep forever  
What was never theirs to take

Well, I cursed and scratched the Devil's hand  
As he stood in front of me  
Had one last drag from his big cigar  
And he finally set me free

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Con ojos tiernos algun dia te mirare  
Con brases abiertos algun dia abrasare  
Hay mi Havana cuando pueda regresare