

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

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

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

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