

## Havana Bound

The Pretty Things

I was encased in an aircraft  
Feeling so sick I couldn't say  
When the cat next to me  
Said let's take it down to Cuba way  
Well his manner wasn't nice  
But his hand grenades looked very mean  
And the luger down his trousers  
Well that was twice as obscene

When we touched down in Cuba  
The temp was a 105°  
Though the cantenna was closed  
Even I was glad to be alive  
As for two weeks in Miami  
I sussed then that they were blown  
Dr. Fidel wasn't home  
So they showed us where the sugar was grown

Havana Bound hi-jacked by some joker  
Took me down to Cuba  
Where the grass was green

Well the passport man came up to me  
And he really looked sly  
Well he chalked on my valise  
And then the cat let me by  
Well I didn't mean to immigrate here  
I told him all so quiet  
But he gave me my visa  
But then he wanted me to buy it

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Took me down to Cuba  
Where the grass was green