

Camaguey

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Well, it is ninety miles across this azul sea
And I am seven clicks below the southern keys
And though my back is wet my spirit's flying free
Feeding my desire
Clinging to this tire

A man's got his addictions, he better learn to pray
I remember my Lucia from that Cuban holiday
And though I could try to forget her
I could never turn my back upon that letter

I am on my way, tequila in my veins
Another shot'll give me courage
I'm heading back to you
Praying that these waves
Will carry me to Camaguey

There are no connecting flights to Havana from L.A.
The exiles in Miami finally got their way
And so I'm treading water
For to see my newborn daughter and

I am on my way, tequila in my veins
Another shot'll give me courage
I'm heading back to you
Praying that these waves
Will carry me to Camaguey

She could be a fisherman
She could spend her days
Trolling in the water 'tween San Pedro and the cape
She could use a boat of wood that I built with my own two hands
Or she could fly up to New York
And open up a restaurant
Serve the finest haute cuisine
Make her mark upon the scene
Buy a condo with a pool
Send our girl to private school
Storm cloud's moving in, and

I am on my way
Praying that you're safe
Hoping you will give me courage
I'm headed back to you
Praying that these waves
Will carry to me Camaguey