

# Carlos Santana, Havana Moon

Me all alone  
Jug of rum  
Me stand and wait for the boat to come  
Is lonely night is quiet the dark  
The boat she late it's 12 o' clock  
Me watches the tide easin' in  
Is low the moon and high the wind  
Havana Moon  
Havana Moon  
Me all alone  
Me open the rum  
Is long the wait for the boat to come  
American girl come back to me  
Sail way across the sea  
We dock in New York the buildings high  
We find a home up in the sky  
Havana Moon  
Havana Moon  
Me still alone me drinkin' the rum  
Begin to think that the boat no come  
American girl she tell a lie  
She say till then, but she mean goodbye  
Havana Moon  
Havana Moon  
Me lay down alone, no good the rum  
Me fall asleep and the boat she come  
The girl she look till come the dawn  
She weep and she cry  
Return for home  
The whistle blow me open my eyes  
Bright the sun blue the sky  
Me grab me shoes, me jump and me run  
Me see the boat head for horizon  
Havana Moon is gone da rum  
The boat she sail me love she gone  
Havana Moon.