

Chuck Berry, Downbound Train

HAVANA MOON

Chuck Berry

Havana moon, Havana moon
Me all alone with jug of rum
Me stand and wait for boat to come
It's long the night, it's quiet the dock
The boat she late since 12 o'clock
Me watch the tide easin' in
Is low the moon, but high the wind
Havana moon, Havana moon
Me all alone, me open the rum
It's long the wait for boat to come
American girl come back to me
We'll sail away across the sea
We'll dock in New York, the buildings high
We'll find a home up in the sky
Havana moon, Havana moon
Me still alone, me sip on the rum
Me wonder where the boat she come
To bring me love, ow! Sweet little thing
She rock and roll, she dance and sing
She hold me tight, she touch me lips
Me eyes they close, me heart she flip
Havana moon, Havana moon
But still alone, me drinkin' the rum
Begin to think the boat no come
American girl, she tell a lie
She say till then, she mean goodbye
Havana moon, Havana moon
Me lay down alone, was good the rum
Me fall asleep, the boat she come
The girl she look till come the dawn
She weep and cry, "Return for home"
The whistle blow, me open me eyes
Was bright the sun, was blue the sky
Me grab me shoes, me jump and run
Me see the boat head for horizon
Havana moon, is gone the rum
The boat she sail, me love she gone
Havana moon, Havana moon

From: Collins Crapo