

Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Calling Cuba

hey, look at me
here I sit at my window
and I wait for your call
it's getting late my love
the moment you took that airplane
and you left the city
I got insane
that wasn't pretty

your voice on the phone
tells me you're all alone
but I can't crawl through the wire
and I'd like to be with you
but I haven't got a clue
cause I can't crawl through the wire

come back to me

we try to keep the little promise
that we had right from the start
who cares now we're apart
remember that I said I love you
long before you said you too
stupid cow
now it's done
you're gone

your voice on the phone
tells me you're all alone
but I can't crawl through the wire
and I'd like to be with you
but I haven't got a clue
cause I can't crawl through the wire

come back to me

this is cuba calling
this is cuba calling

you and your bed
are lonely hearted
4000 nautic miles from here
I close my eyes
dream you're near
now that my love has crossed the ocean
sit and hope it will return
and the fire will still burn

come back to me

this is cuba calling

come back to me

this is cuba calling

come back to me

I can't stand it no more
come back to me...

this is cuba calling