

# Hank Snow, Caribbean

Have you ever been down to Haiti  
When the summer sun was sinkin' low  
There's nothing but romance just everywhere you glance  
And the native hearts are all aglow

But when the Cuban Queen comes upon the scene  
They all stare like a statue out of stone  
When they realize what's before their eyes  
The other girls are left all alone

Down in the Caribbean it's not a dream you're seein'  
When you get a glimpse of the lady with the charm  
And from miles away you can see her sway  
To the beat of the Cuban Conga line that forms

Up in a tree so high way up in the sky  
Sits a wide eyed monkey on a limb  
He wonders why the people go to so much trouble  
Just to try to be like him

He doesn't understand that it's a lady's hand  
That makes a heart feel so sublime  
But before too long he starts singing the song  
And then he gets in the Conga line

Break (guitar)

Columbus searched for spices but he missed the nicest  
The part of the Caribbean  
He didn't see the charms and the open arms  
It was the gold that he was seein'

Oh but I'm glad he missed the sweetest thing I've kissed  
'Cause we're on our honeymoon  
And I'm so sorry Chris to talk about you like this  
But you were five hundred years too soon

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