

Rita Connolly, Venezuela

I met her in Venezuela
With a basket on her head
If she loved others, well, she didn't say
But I knew she'd do
To pass away the time in Venezuela
To pass away the time in Venezuela

I bought her a silken sash of blue
A beautiful sash of blue
Because I knew that she Would do
With all the tricks, I knew she knew
To pass away the time in Venezuela
To pass away the time in Venezuela

Her lingo was strange but the thought of her beautiful smile
The thought of her beautiful smile
Will haunt me and taunt me for many a mile
She's my gal and she did the while
To pass away the time in Venezuela
To pass away the time in Venezuela

The wind was out to sea, out to sea
The wind was out to sea
And she was taking leave of me
I said cheer up, there'll always be
There'll always be sailors ashore in Venezuela
There'll always be sailors ashore in Venezuela