

# 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