

West Side Story, America

Puerto Rico you lovely island
Island of tropical breezes
Always the pineapples growing
Always the coffee blossoms blowing

Puerto Rico you ugly island
Island of tropic diseases
Always the hurricanes blowing
Always the population growing
And the money owing
And the babies crying
And the bullets flying

I like the island Manhattan
Smoke on your pipe and put that in

I like to be in America
OK by me in America
Everything free in America
For a small fee in America

I like the city of San Juan
I know a boat you can get on
Hundreds of flowers in full bloom
Hundreds of people in each room

Automobile in America
Chromium steel in America
Wire spoke wheel in America
Very big deal in America

I'll drive a buick to San Juan
If there's a road you can drive on
I'll give my cousins a free ride
How you get all of them inside

Immigrant goes to America
Many hellos in America
Nobody knows in America
Puerto Rico's in America

I'll bring a t.v. to San Juan
If there's a current to turn on
I'll give them new washing machine
What have they got there to keep clean
I like the shores of America
Comfort is your in America
Knobs on the doors in America
Wall to wall floors in America

When I will go back to San Juan
When you will shut up and get gone
Everyone there will give big cheer
Everyone there will have moved here
(clap clap clap clap)a-yi-yi-yi(x3)