

Alice Donut, Dreaming In Cuban

Alice Donut
Pure Acid Park
Dreaming In Cuban
I hear the voices
Echo from the sea
Dreaming in cuban
On the subway

The giant buildings and the snow
Are killing me
A new york winter full of sundays

I don't need this

Que pasa hijo
You look so pale and sad
Que te hesist a tu pelo

En mi cuba
Quiero morir
Esto no es
Una vida

En mi cuba
Quiero morir
O por lo meno
Hialeah

I don't need this