

# Bette Midler, Only In Miami

Walking along the beach last night  
who do you think I spy?  
A girl with ebony fire eyes.  
Soft and low do she cry.  
Now what could be such a source of pain?  
I so boldly inquire.  
Pointing finger Havana way,  
these three words which transpire:

She told me that only in Miami  
is Cuba so far away.  
Only in Miami.  
My story, she goes this way.  
Fish may fly through the purple keys,  
golden birds take to air.  
I am bound to the earth, it seems.  
My life can be so unfair.  
Only in Miami  
is Cuba so far away.  
Only in Miami  
is Cuba so far away.

Standing on the shoreline waiting,  
everyone anticipating.  
I can hear the broken hearted say:  
Only in Miami  
is Cuba so far away.

And she cries for her child without a mother.  
And she cries for her son without a father.  
And she cries for herself without a lover.  
Can't face another day.  
Chase the blues away.  
I thought I heard her mumble as she  
turned away:

Only in Miami  
is Cuba so far away.  
Only in Miami  
is Cuba so far away.

Standing on the shoreline waiting,  
everyone anticipating.  
I can hear the broken hearted say:  
Only in Miami  
is Cuba so far away.  
Only in Miami  
is Cuba so far away.  
Only in Miami  
is Cuba so,  
Only in Miami  
is Cuba so,  
Only in Miami  
Ba Cuba so,  
Only in Miami  
is Cuba so far away.  
Only in Miami  
is Cuba so far away.  
Only in Miami  
is Cuba so far away.  
Only in Miami  
is Cuba so far away . . .