

Drag On, April Sun In Cuba

I'm tired of the city life,
Summer's on the run,
People tell me I should stay
But I got to get my fun
So don't try to hold me back
There ain't nothing you can say
Snake eyes on a pair of dice
And we got to go today.

Chorus

Take me to the April Sun in Cuba, oh, oh, oh,
Take me where the April sun gonna treat me
So right, so right, so right.

I can almost smell the perfumed nights
And see the starry sky
I wish you comin' with me baby
'Cause right before my eye
See
Castro in the alley way

Talkin' 'bout missile love
Talkin' 'bout J.F.K.
And the way he shook him up.

Chorus

I'm tired of the city life
Summer's on the run
Birds in the winter sky
Are headin' for the sun
Oh, we can stick it out
In this cold and grey
Snake eyes on a pair of dice
And we got to go today, yeah.

Chorus

Take me to the April sun,
C'mon take me, take me to the April sun,
C'mon, c'mon take me, take me to the April sun.