

James Reyne, Trouble In Paradise

Freshly - showered jet jockey's
In the Chico Club bar
Drinking neat Wild Turkey
They smoke Havana Cigars
Screaming MIG fighter
In the Latin night
Big steel freighter
To dock they might

And the soldier had his problems
On and on it goes
Please excuse me
Well it's all buckles and bows

Say goodbye
We gotta fly
There's trouble in paradise
Say goodbye

They were moving on the noon tide
Along the bustling breeze
Gunning in a speed boat
Along the Florida Keys
All that dirty money
The Don Manuel
All that artillery
They're going straight to hell to hell

And we've all got our problems
Each and everyday
We could all move to Noosa
But that's not running away

Say goodbye

And we've all got our problems
Each and everyday
We could all move to Miami
But that's not running away