

Jimmy Buffett, Cuban Crime Of Passion

Billy Voltaire was a piano player up from Miami way
He used to play in the bars, he could sound like the stars
The ladies would pay and pay
Then one night he did wind up playin' in Havana town
And nobody knew, least Billy Voltaire that these were his final sounds.

'Cause he met up with Meritta, a dancer in from the Coast
Half woman, half child, she drove him half wild
He loved that lady the most
'Til one night he did find her in the arms of Shrimper Dan
So he pulled a knife, took poor Danny's life
And then he turned his own cold hand.

[Chorus:]
And it's just a Cuban crime of passion
Messy and old fashioned
Yeah, that's what the papers did say
It's just a Cuban crime of passion
Anejo and knives a slashin'
But that's what the people like to read about
Up in America, up in America.

Well, they never found Meritta, some people say she got ill
And Billy Voltaire had no one to claim him, he was buried on pauper's hill
And no one talks about 'em no more, it happened just a week ago
But people get by and people get high
In the tropics they come and they go.

[Chorus]