

Jude, Come On Down To Cuba

Babe I'm leaving the country
You know I just gotta go
This record company bull-shit
They break my heart, they rape my soul
And they're only after the dollar
And they're dollars, they're dollars
They're house in the hills
I'm gonna break free of this saccharine sunshine
Go my way to where the blood can spill

So come on down to cuba
Come play in the sand
We can drink and go scuba
We'll make love out on the beach
And then we'll run out
Away from the world
And I will be your jungle hero
And you, you, you can be my girl.

I'm gonna go down to cuba
I'm gonna make me some brand new friends
I'm gonna wait for the country to open
And when the music-mother-f**kers try to move right in
I'm gonna be there already waiting
With my long-range rifle and a perfect plan
And when they're all walking on the guitar mat
I'm gonna say i want my wham, bam, thank you, and

So come on down to cuba
Come play in the sand
We can drink and go scuba
We'll make love out on the beach
And then we'll run out
Away from the world
And I will be your drunken hero
And you, you, you can be my girl.

Don't tell me that I'm crazy
You know that I'm right
Sometimes we have to run
To fight.

So come on down to cuba
Come play in the sand
We can drink and go scuba
We'll make love out on the beach
And then we'll run out
Away from the world
And I will be your jungle hero
And you, you, you can be my girl.

Come on down to cuba,
Come play in the sand.
Ahhhhh-ahhhhhhh.