

Ray Charles, She Could Shake The Maracas

Ev'ry Latin has a temper,
Latin's have no brain
And they quarrel as they walk in
Latin's Lover Lane
So before you lose your temper
Listen little seorita,
And I'll tell to you the story
Of Pepito and Pepita

She could Shake the Maracas
He could play the guitar
But he lived in Havana
And she down to Rio del Mar.
And she shook the maracas
In a Portuguese bar
While he strummed in Havana
The distance between them was far.
By and by
He got a job with a band in Harlem
She got a job with a band in Harlem
Ay! Ay! Ay!
He said, "I'm the attraction"
She said, "I'm the star"
But they finally married
And now see how happy they are
So shake your maracas
Play your guitar!