

Yello, La Habanera

This is havana
The night before the revolution
Carlos romero pambo plays the symphony
For latin piano
Popping corks and blasting bullets
La habanera dances in the streets
And like every night
Pedro comacho sells peanuts
Outside the tropicana club

Don't ask me why
Life is one day
La habanera
La habanera
She dances on the street at night
La habanera
La habanera
She is ready for a fight

Don't ask my why

Pedro comacho
The former informer of the secret police
Is still standing outside the club
Pretending to be blind
He watches the last plane to miami
Disappearing in a flaming purple sky
Now he knows
He has been left behind

Don't ask me why
Life is one day
La habanera
La habanera
She dances under street lights
La habanera
La habanera
She is ready for a fight