

Running Down To Cuba

To Cuba's coast we're bound, me boys,
'Way, me boys, for Cuba!
To Cuba's coast, now don't make a noise,
Running down to Cuba.

'Way, me boys, for Cuba!
Running down to Cuba.

To Cuba's coast we're bound away,
'Way, me boys, for Cuba!
To Cuba's coast at the break of day,
Running down to Cuba.

The captain he will trim the sails,
'Way, me boys, for Cuba!
Winging the water all over the rails,
Running down to Cuba.

Oh my Lord! How the wind do blow,
'Way, me boys, for Cuba!
Running south from the ice and snow,
Running down to Cuba.

Give me a gal who can dance fandango,
'Way, me boys, for Cuba!
Round as a melon but sweet as a mango,
Running down to Cuba.

Oh, I've got a gal who's nine feet tall,
'Way, me boys, for Cuba!
She sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall,
Running down to Cuba.

I've got a girl in Valapo
Way, me boys, for Cuba!
So it's round Cape Horn I have to go
Running down to Cuba.

Load the sugar and homeward go,
'Way, me boys, for Cuba!
Mister Mate, he told me so,
Running down to Cuba.