

Running Down to Cuba

#56

We're bound to Cuba for a load of sugar
Way me boys for Cuba
We'll make 'er run, you lime-juice squeezer
Runnin' down to Cuba

Way me boys for Cuba
Runnin' down to Cuba

Running down with a press of sail
Slinging the water over the rail

Oh good lord, how the winds do blow
And our old man, he cracks on so

I got a sister nine foot tall
Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall

I got a gal and her name is Jane
You can guess where she give me pain

Give me a gal, can dance fandango
Round like a melon and sweet as a mango

Running down, me bucko boys
Let's all haul and make some noise

Loading sugar on the homeward go
Oh Mister Mate, he told me so

Way me boys for Cuba
Runnin' down to Cuba