

## 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