

Cuba

By Christien Paul

Finally we're here
Varadero my dear
The water is so clear
For cuba we will cheer

*Together holding hands
We walk along the sand
Hand in hand
In love with you I am
I hope you understand
That i am your man*

I whisper in your ear
I'm happy we are here
I swear it's not the beer
Cause I feel it when you're near

I miss you I do
Please tell me, tell me what to do
To make you, feel like, I do□, to love me, love me, love me, love me too