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The Most Anti-Castro City in the World

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As the wind interferes with the trees
As the cart brings the mule to its knees
As a stick of light bends in a pond
So my love for Cuba will live long

*Longer than a piece of string
Sweeter than exile’s sting
Brighter than the bones of Castro
Cuba sticks to me like Velcro*

As shadows grow harder than cement
As a wish outshines its fulfillment
As singers expire before their songs
So my love for Cuba will live long

*Longer than a piece of string
Sweeter than exile’s sting
Brighter than the bones of Castro
Cuba sticks to me like Velcro*

As the mild of mild winters in Miami
As the deep in the depths of Lake Okeechobee
As the cut-grass smell of Florida lawns
So my love for Cuba will live long

*Longer than a piece of string
Sweeter than exile’s sting
Brighter than the bones of Castro
Cuba sticks to me like Velcro*

As the fine in the fine sands of South Beach
As the groove in The Grove spreads its itch
As the poor in this porous paradise cling on
So my love for Cuba will live long

*Longer than a piece of string
Sweeter than exile’s sting
Brighter than the bones of Castro
Cuba sticks to me like Velcro*