

15 Cuban Minutes

Jimmy Buffett

Sana, sana colito de rana
Si, no sana hoy
Bueno sana mañana
Mañana, mañana
Lo que dice Havana
Si, no paso hoy
Paso mañana

Fifteen Cuban minutes
Fairly safe to say
Can feel more like an hour
Or the entire day
In the land where time means nothing
Not hard to slip away
El Diablo baila sábado
Y los curas on Sunday
Fifteen Cuban minutes
The end is out of sight
So I'll meet you by the cannon
On the Malecón tonight

It started in Havana
In nineteen-twenty-one
On the schooner Chiquimula
Where a party had begun
Primer cumpleaños
For a tiny lad at sea
And in my heart is still that faded photo of JD
Signal flags were flying
Atop the entire fleet
While the rhumba band from Santiago
Played the birthday boy to sleep
That's the tale was told to me
A sea dog nursery rhyme
And the music that was handed down
From a long forgotten time

Fifteen Cuban minutes
Get lost in the fog
Life's a test, just do your best
Like a three-legged dog
In the land where time means nothing
You can often lose your mind
Now place your bets, or better yet
Just join a conga line
Fifteen Cuban minutes
Can turn night into day
They're dancing on the tables
Down at El Frente

Another entry in the log
My mind put to a test
When we sailed with the Hemingways
On a schooner from Key West
They'd come to make a movie
About long forgotten times
See old friends, drink some rum

And visit family shrines
So how the hell did we wind up
Just tagging right along?
They were looking for a soundtrack
And heard one of my songs
So I sang "Havana Daydreamin'"
Just me and my guitar
To some very stern KGB guys
Trying to blend in at the bar

So for fifteen Cuban minutes
La bodega did ignite
Bongos y tumbadoras
Kept us up all night
Mojitos by the minute
The crowd stacked at the door
Niños, dogs, and roosters
Frolicked on the floor
Fifteen Cuban minutes
Lots of give and take
Birthdays always come and go
But not a birthday cake

Fifteen Cuban minutes
Are easy to embrace
No calendars or watch to wind
No schedules to chase
In the land where time means nothing
This phrase, it cries, "Delay!"
Put it on a tee shirt
And everyone will pay
You say minutos Cubanos
Dejace la drama
Aqui no hay AC
Solo la ventana

Music makes us happy
It's in our chromosomes
No matter where we wander
Music takes us home
It started on the island
Dispersed by sweet songbirds
Who flew north 'cross the Gulf Stream
And everybody heard
Now the clock just keeps on ticking
I hear it everywhere I go
And I sing along in cars and bars
Along Calle Ocho
God bless Ricky Ricardo
And Little Ricky, too
They set my mind on island time
How about you?

The Greeks and the Egyptians
Had sundials in the sand
Now we have atomic clocks
That measure the Big Bang
Still I prefer the simple way
Let's take it to the street
More walking and less talking
Tap time with your feet

Fifteen Cuban minutes

Still stands the test of time
Like a Salas photograph
Or Kenneth Patchen rhyme
If you're looking for a launchpad
No news, just hearsay
Don't bother with the WiFi
Fuck Siri, ask Jose
Fifteen Cuban minutes
There's no end in sight
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