

# Cuban Crime Of Passion

Jimmy Buffett

Well, now Billy Voltaire was a piano player up from Miami way  
He used to play in the bars, he could sound like the stars  
Ladies would pay and pay  
One night he did wind up playin' in Havana town  
Nobody knew, least Billy Voltaire that these were his final sou  
nds

He met up with Meritta, a dancer in from the Coast  
Half woman, half child, she drove him half wild  
He loved that lady the most  
One night he did find her in the arms of Shrimper Dan  
So he pulled a knife, took poor Danny's life  
And then he turned his own cold hand

And it's just a Cuban crime of passion  
Messy and old fashioned  
Yeah, that's what the papers did say  
It's just a Cuban crime of passion  
Añejo and knives a slashin'  
Yeah but that's what the people like to read about  
Up in America, up in America

Well now they never found Meritta, some people say she got ill  
Billy Voltaire had no one to claim him, he was buried on pauper  
's hill  
And no one talks about 'em no more, it happened just a week ago  
But people get by and people get high  
In the tropics they come and they go

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