

## Cuba

Jude.

Babe I'm leaving the country  
You know I just gotta go  
This record company bull-shit  
They break my heart, they rape my soul  
And they're only after the dollar  
And they're dollars, they're dollars  
They're house in the hills  
I'm gonna break free of this saccharine sunshine  
Go my way to where the blood can spill

So come on down to Cuba  
Come play in the sand  
We can drink and go scuba  
We'll make love out on the beach  
And then we'll run out  
Away from the world  
And I will be your jungle hero  
And you, you, you can be my girl.

I'm gonna go down to Cuba  
I'm gonna make me some brand new friends  
I'm gonna wait for the country to open  
And when the music-mother-fuckers try to move right in  
I'm gonna be there already waiting  
With my long-range rifle and a perfect plan  
And when they're all walking on the guitar mat  
I'm gonna say