

Fidel's Fantasy

War

Wake up, Fidel... wake up
It's time for your fantasy, ha, ha, ha
Come back, Fidel
Come back to the time when your land was free and happy
Come back to love

There was a girl
Remember her name?
Remember Anna!
Remember her brown body and her hair black as the wing of a raven
Remember the nights in the sugar cane, Fidel... huh?
Where is Anna now, Fidel?
Where could she be now?... your young lover
She's not free, your not free, love is not free

Come back, Fidel... come back with me!

Remember when you brothers loved you and cheered
As you walked down the streets of the great city!
Where are your brothers now, Fidel?
In a friendly land to the north?
Why, that's the greatest fantasy of all, Fidel
Are they really happy there, having left
Their homes and families... ha, ha, ha... Fidel?
They're not free, your land's not free, your not free

And what about the children, Fidel?
Do you remember their laughing faces... their running feet?
They liked for you to read to them... oh yes
Not from the thoughts of Mao,
Or the writings of stodgy old men
Like Lennon and Trotsky
But the fables of Aesop, Grimm, and Hans Christien Andersen
Yes, Fidel, they too have a flair for fantasy
But now that's all that you have, Fidel... ha, ha, ha, haaaaaa

Oh, Fidel, you mustn't wake up
Do you know what's waiting for you in the world of reality?
Sleep is fleeting, Fidel
Your fantasy is ending... ha, ha, ha
I must go, Fidel
Good bye for now... ha, ha, ha, haaaaaaaaa
Good bye, Fidel, good bye... ha, ha, ha, haaaaaaaaaaaaa