

From The Caribbean to Mexico,
To Ecuador and Cuba;
The world turns around,
Right down to South American ground.

And in the beautiful paradise of it all,
Where the water is blue and aqua divine;
The sand is pure white,
And coconut trees sublime.

And there's a girl and a coffee,
Or a fruit drink at the bar;
Of the effort for labour and intensity,
And the cities and what we all ate.

And it's green and it's great in years gone by,
When the Aztecs and Incas where Indians that die;
Because the gold was taken by the English,
Who sailed across to discover and not relinquish.

And I wonder why the Amazons so long,
Or why it never stops meandering around;
While the Anaconda and toucan compare,
Is it better to eat or just think and dare,

Now as we wind down to the bottom of the cape,
Where man fears to sail and was once ruled by ape;
We discover the tide and seasons of the moon,
When once it was all wild and rain forest now afternoon.

Signed,

The Long Trip South